Bound by
P. Gilbert,
No 30, Union-Street
Stoneh

Ulrich Middeldorf

Gordon Falconer

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, G. WILKIE AND J. ROBINSON, G. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND G. GOULDING AND CO. SOHO-SQUARE.

1812.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

CONTENTS.

1. PINDARIANA 1

2. NIL ADMIRARI..... 253

3. LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH 299

4. ODES TO INS AND OUTS 341

5. TALES OF THE HOY 379

6. THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION 429

7. PITT AND HIS STATUE 497

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/worksofpeterpind04pind

PINDARIANA;

OR,

PETER'S PORTFOLIO:

CONTAINING

TALE,	ODE,	SONG,
FABLE,	ELEGY,	PASTORAL,
TRANSLATION,	EPIGRAM,	LETTERS;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA, &c.

Non satis est, pulchra esse poemata. HORACE.

To me a tuneful line is dear;
And yet, it only wins the *ear:*
Verses should win the *heart* too; *dulcia sunto.*
Such Verses sure success command:
The game is in the Poet's hand;
Spadillio and Manillio, Basto, Punto.

TO THE PUBLIC.

READER,

PLEASANT and numerous are the volumes in *ana;* viz. *Scaligeriana, Thuana, Huetiana, Menagiana, Chœvreana, Carpenteriana,* &c.: to which I have added, for thine amusement, *Pindariana.* May the spirits of Chaucer, of Shakspeare, of Cervantes, of Rabelais, of Sterne, of Fontaine, of Tibullus, of Horace, of Martial, of Theocritus, and my great old Cousin of Thebes, have entered my Portfolio, and animated my Leaves!

Ah! may no eye wax dim upon my page;
The lid, all heavy laden, dully closing;
The drooping head, as though from palsied age,
Reclining lumpish on the breast, and dozing;
While from th' ungrasping hand, tremendous sound,
The poor *forgotten* Volume greets the *ground!*

May no fastidious Critic be able to say of my Lucubrations, what the *blaspheming* Doctor Johnson, with his *oracular* and *growling pomposity,* asserted of the *sublime* Ossian; "that *as good* a *thing* might be written by *many men, many women,* and *many children!*"

Grieved should I be, could my poetic spawn
Produce one melancholy, damning yawn.

Oh let me feel the Muse's warmth divine!
Perdition seize a soporific line!
Ne'er may the leaden lumber load my brain!
Avaunt the sleepy Verse! confound the Song
That dragging, heavy, Snail-like, crawls along!
Oblivion, bid thy mud o'erwhelm the Strain.

I hate it, as old Snuffle I abhor:
The parson who, with one unvarying tone,
Sets all the jaded Audience in a snore;
Such the strong opiate of his drowsy drone.

Nor, O ye Powers of Poesy! be mine
The roaring, blustering, mad, and bullying line,
As though the Muses all were *lying-in*
Of some wild *Calibanish* mountain-form;
An earthquake, or volcano, or a storm:
So huge the sound, so horrible the din.

Nor let me prove so pompously obscure
(A mode of writing I detest, abjure),
With stiff inversions the poor sense to *screen*
From every aching brain, and poring eye;
And in a rage to make the Reader cry,
"Why, what the devil can the booby mean?

Thus too with epithets to cannonade us,
As if the beast were vomiting a *Gradus!*"

Let me not act the Goose, screaming and waddling,
Poking his silly head, in mud-pools paddling.
No: with a lofty pinion let me rise;
Face with an Eagle-wing the solar beam,
Drink with undazzled gaze th' effulgent stream,
And with the rush of Whirlwinds sweep the skies:
Thence, in an instant be the humble Wren,
Twittering his love-notes sweet to Mistress Hen.

O Versatility, I hold thee dear:
The Proteus power be mine, to take each shape;
Skip like a Will-o'-wisp; be here, be there;
Now the grave Moralist, and now an Ape:—

Now roar the Savage of the Libyan shade,
Where Horror listens to the shrieking Ghost;
Now *Pompey* in Belinda's bosom laid,
Or whining, pawing for a piece of toast:—

Now roll the Monarch of the stormy Deep,
The floundering terror of the finny race;
Now the slim Eel, of ponds so lucid, creep;
Now leap a Salmon, and now glide a Plaice.

Thrice-happy change of soul-delighting Song!
This were my talent, blest would Peter be.
But who, alas! is *thus* divinely strong?
Shakspeare, that envied power I mark in thee.

Let me inform thee, Reader, that *no order* will be observed with respect to the various Pieces. Thou wilt receive them as they leap from the Portfolio; so that there will subsist as little connection between one and another, as between Lady Mary and the Graces, Lord Thurlow and the Lord's Prayer, Signor Marchesi and *creation*, Sir Joseph Banks and Philosophy, Sir William Hamilton and the Secrets of Mount Vesuvius, Judge Kenyon and a *whole* Bottle of Port, Judge Buller and Reprieve.

Various will be the Subjects of the Muse; Ode, Elegy, Fable, Tale, Ballad, Epigram, &c. A version, at times, of parts of the venerable Classics, whose spirit has been but feebly transfused through our modern languages, will be given;

Whose *oaks* so lofty (what abomination!)
Are changed to paltry *broomsticks* by translation:
Their Pyramids, a little Village Spire;

Their Skies, blue Paper; their ear-rending Thunder,
With Lightnings darting danger, blazing wonder,
A poor Coal Coffin bouncing from the fire;
Their Cities, Emmets' Nests, a Spider's Hole;
Their Mountains, what? the Mansion of the Mole.

Too oft the Roses of th' Athenian vale
Resign their blushes for a deadly pale;
An Attic Sun converted in a trice
To a dull torpid Cake of shivering Ice;
A Rill, their Oceans that no longer roar;
Their Storms, a Wind's small Whistle through a door;
The sun-clad Eagle, a weak flickering Bat;
And Afric's Royal Brute, a squeaking Rat.

The *tender passion* will make a prominent figure on the canvas; and why not, as it is one of the most prominent features of Nature? Who is there that has not sacrificed to the Amorous Goddess?

When dew-clad Evening's modest blushes fade,
And Nature sinks amid the deepening shade,
And Labour pauses on the fainting light;
When beetles hum, and bats in circles skim,
When hills and hamlets, trees and towers, grow dim,
And Silence steals upon the gloom of night;

With joy I tread the secret grove,
To meet the Idol of my Love.

What a monster, who never felt the soft emotion!

Ah! whence art thou, of Wealth the slave?
Go, seek the haunted gloom, the grave;
Whose eye, on Money taught to roll,
Admits not Beauty to the soul:
Fly thou the day, who scorn'st the Fair;
For thou wert born an Imp of Care.

But who art thou, with anxious eye,
With panting hope, and melting sigh,
Who biddest tempting Gold depart,
And only woo'st the Virgin's *heart?*
Go thou where Beauty holds her throne;
For bliss was form'd for *thee alone.*

Next to the contemner of the charming Sex, is the savage who abuses it. Poor Marian! sweet is thy song of sorrow:—

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

Since truth has left the Shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song;
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And, ah! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair!
How oft for Marian cull'd the bower,
And fill'd my lap with every flower!

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear;
The crook he gave, in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vowed a constant flame,
And carved on every oak my name!
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.

Rich fragments of the Tragic and Comic Muse, not forgetting the Muse of Ballad, *yclept* Opera, will occasionally pour their coruscations through the Work. Moreover will I present thee with delicious scraps

of Criticism: thou shalt likewise have Apophthegms; so that a part of my labours may with propriety be baptized "the Wisdom of Peter." The Wisdom of Solomon is well known. Plato and Xenophon, the two famous disciples of Socrates, gathered the good things of their sublime Master; fancying every Sentence that dropped from his mouth, a Gem of inestimable value. Pythagoras uttered sage maxims for the benefit of posterity. Nor did the good Marcus Aurelius think it beneath his dignity to turn collector. The Eastern hemisphere glitters with apophthegmatic Constellations; and now behold a Bard resolved to add a Star to that of the West!

Reader, thou shalt have *more* than all this. Thou shalt be presented with some of the Travels of the Bard; who, like the Hero of the Odyssey, *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.* But expect no wonders; as I am neither a Mandeville, a Psalmanazar, nor an Abyssinian Bruce. Unfortunately I have met met with no "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

How many Numbers I shall offer thee, is a mystery even to *myself.* Should we not be eaten up by the

threatening and hungry *sans culottes;* by the blessing of Apollo and the Nine Ladies, a handsome Volume or two may be produced: and to give thee my sentiment on the *sans culottes* subject, I really think we shall *not* be devoured.

Howl thyself hoarse, wild War: of *this* fair Isle
The happy Natives shall for ever smile,
While by thy rage the Kingdoms bleed around;
Safe as the chirping Birds amid the Oak,
That bids defiance to the tempest's stroke,
And keeps with stern sublimity his ground.

Adieu.

PINDARIANA.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE CRITICS.

Now Winter gathers all his glooms,
And faintly Sol the World illumes;
  Weak wanderer, skirting pale the southern sky:
Yet squinting on the old blue road,
In summer with such splendour trod,
  Now far, alas! above his watry eye.

Well, just as Winter comes, so drear,
Behold the Man of Rhymes appear!
  Much like the Woodcock, bird too often *bit*;
When out are dogs, and sportsmen dire,
To try to fit him for the fire:
  Doom'd soon to turn, poor fellow, on the spit.

Lo, from his sheltering shade he vainly springs!—
With bleeding breast, crush'd legs, and broken wings,

And scatter'd plumes a cloud, and hanging head,
Down falls the *emigrant*, a lump of lead:
Soon seized by Tray, expecting much applause;
Who, wriggling, brings the prisoner in his jaws.

Thus *may* it most unfortunately be,
Most venerable Greybeards, with poor *me*;
Condemn'd, for want of poetry and wit,
To turn perchance upon your piercing spit.

Yet, Sirs, I thank you for all favours past;
Hoping moreover they won't be the *last:*
And, Sirs, whatever fate you may allot me,
Thanks, thanks, that *hitherto* you have not shot me.

So much to the *liberal* Critics. What shall I say to the *illiberal?*

Rake, if you please, the Kennel of your Brains,
And pour forth all the loaded head contains;
I shall not suffer by it, I am sure:
Nay, my poetic Plants will *better* thrive,
Exalt their heads and smile, be all alive;
As *mud* is very excellent *manure.*

Brother-authors, attend unto the wisdom of Peter. Are the cries of the malevolent and envious against you; be silent, and let your Works fight their own battle. Are they good for nothing; let them die. Possess they merit; they need not be afraid: bid your Minds then sit calmly on their thrones, amidst the hurly-burly of *critical* attacks.

Go take a lesson from the glorious Sun;
Who, when the elements together run
In wild confusion, earth and wind and water,
Looks on the tumult down without dismay,
Nay, bright and smiling, seeming thus to say,
"Lord! bustling *gentlefolk*, pray what's the matter?"

HYMN TO THE GUILLOTINE.

DAUGHTER of Liberty, whose knife
So busy chops the threads of life,
And frees from *cumbrous* clay the spirit;
Ah! why *alone* shall Gallia feel
The beauties of thy ponderous steel?
Why must not Britain mark thy *merit?*

Hark! 'tis the dungeon's groan I hear;
And lo, a squalid band appear,
With sallow cheek and hollow eye!
Unwilling, lo, the neck they bend!
Yet, through thy power, their terrors end,
And with their *heads* the sorrows fly.

Oh let us view thy *lofty* grace!
To Britons show thy *blushing* face,
And bless Rebellion's *life-tired* train.—
Joy to my soul! she's on her way,
Led by her *dearest* friends, Dismay,
Death, and the Devil, and Tom Paine.

Be deaf, O Man, to the insinuations of Pride. It is the poisonous Weed of the Heart, that suffers not a Flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.

Boast not of the Antiquity of thy line; for, to thy mortification, be it known, that the *family* of *hogs* was created *before thee.*

What can the *wisest* boast? alas, how little!
Then, Pride, be sparing of thy saucy spittle;
Nay, do not squirt it in the *humblest* face:
The wheel of Fortune is for ever turning;
Joy's Birthday-suit may soon be chang'd to Mourning;
Nimrods become the *victims* of the chace.

Yes, Pride, I hate thee, canker of our nature:
Why look contemptuous on a *fellow-creature,*
Because it is a *monkey* or a *pig?*
They too have *qualities,* or I'm mistaken:
What Man *excels* a Hog in *making bacon?*
What Mortals, like a Monkey, dance a jig?
What *man,* from bough to bough, like *Jacko* springs?
Ingenious rogue! who twists his tail, and swings.

Dare we despise, because they cannot *preach,*
Forsooth, ungifted with the powers of speech?

That were a joke indeed to make a song:
Ah me! what numbers of the human race
Most *fortunately* had *escaped disgrace,*
Had Heaven *forgot* to give their mouths a *tongue!*

In vain I preach: Pride laughs at all I say;
Resolved, the fool, to keep her *distant* way.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

A WINKING, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
From Time's strong battery; to whose lofty nose
A *rotten* Reputation was a *rose;*
Lived in a country town: there spit her spite,
And dwelt on Scandal's stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was she;
In genealogies, an epicure:
Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree;
From that of splendour, to the most obscure.

Madame Georgina Howard was her name;
An appellation always carrying fame,
As every Howard *kins* with Norfolk's Duke:

Moreover, every Campbell of our Isle,
Cobler or chimney-sweeper, claims Argyle;
And *eke* to Queensbury doth a Douglas look;
Boasting a certain portion of that blood,
Not to be wash'd away by Noah's flood.

" *Cousin* of Norfolk" would she often name,
When conversation ask'd for no such *kin:*
" Cousin of Norfolk" then *untimely* came;
Nay, by the head and shoulders was lugg'd in.

This Lady, on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her servant Betty held,
Who walk'd before this Dame, to show the way;
When thus it happen'd, *sadly* let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking *Eld:*—

As her two eyes so dim could only *stare,*
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Against *some* head *her* poking head she popp'd.
Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she stopp'd,
Drew back, and bent for *once* her rusty knee:
" I beg your pardon, Sir," said she.

Then followed Mistress Betty. " Bless us, Bet,
Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met,

Whose face I bounced so hard against with mine?"
Bet could not for her soul the laugh resist:
"A *gentleman!* a *jack-ass*, Ma'am, you kiss'd;
I hope you found Jack's *kisses* very fine."—

"An *ass!*" with anger swelling, screech'd the Dame:
"An *ass!* Lord! Betty, I shall die with shame.
Give me a knife; I'll spoil the rascal's note:
Give me a knife; I'll run and cut his throat.
Betty, don't say a word on't, that, alas!
I curtseyed, and ask'd pardon of an *ass*."

EARLY PROPENSITIES.

How early, genius shows itself at times!
Thus Pope, the pride of Poets, *lisp'd* in Rhymes;
And *thus* the great Sir Joseph (strange to utter!),
To whom each insect-eater is a fool,
Did, when a very little boy at school,
Munch *spiders* spread upon his bread and butter*.

* Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, who has often declared this rare fact of himself; and who is so *improved* in power as to be able to devour an *alligator*.

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

Come, Cynthia, to thy Shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant Winter shade the scene;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And every warbler mourns his reign.

Yet what to *me* the howling wind?
Thy Voice the Linnet's Song supplies.
Or what the cloud to *me*, who find
Eternal Sunshine in thy Eyes?

KISSES.

Hawser. Dear Susan, "one kind Kiss before we part."

Susan. Not the thousandth part of one, Mr. Lieutenant, I assure you. Keep your distance, pray, *kind* Sir. Kisses indeed! I wonder what fool first invented the nonsense.

Hawser. Nonsense! Sense, Susan: rapture, Susan.

SONG.

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the Lass we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing:
May his soul be in Heaven (he deserved it, I'm sure)
Who was first the inventor of Kissing!

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man;
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpast:
Well, since the sweet game with Creation began,
To the End of the World may it last!

[*Catches Susan, and kisses her.*

I DO not love a Cat: his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you: turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgivingness; seeming to say, "Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever." But the Dog is my delight: tread on *his* tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feeling; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps

up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done; nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that Master will think of it no more. Many a time, when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt to it, then, wriggling his tail, and with eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaped up against me, whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him with a scamper through the woods or in the field; for many a time he has left a warm nest, among the snows of winter, to start pleasure for *me*. Thus is there a *moral obligation* between a Man and a Dog.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old Shepherd's Dog, like his Master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet, where'er Corin went, he was followed by Tray:
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When, fatigued, on the grass the old Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun; 'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful Companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his *last* bed;
For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour:
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, closed his eyes, and, ah! closed them
for ever.

Not long after Tray did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor Swain,
"Oh bury me, Neighbours, beside my old Friend!"

NOTWITHSTANDING the general contempt of poor Sternhold and Hopkins, of *psalm-inditing* memory, I do not deem them beneath the dignity of *some* imitation. I fear that too many a Poet of the present day is affected (if I may coin an expression) with a *phusiphobia*, or a dread of nature and simplicity; and, if I may judge from the difficulty of comprehending their meaning, they fancy Obscurity to be the genuine parent

of the Sublime. In the following Ballad I have endeavoured to steer between the two; assuming a little liberty with historical truth, respecting Jenny and the celebrated Auld Robin.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

THE night was still, and full of fear,
And all the World seem'd dead;
When, pondering on poor Robin Gray,
I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,
The Moon, that wanderer pale,
In at my window peep'd, and shined
So faint against the wall.

I closed my eye in vain to sleep,
And sighed "Ah well-a-day!"
For then I dwelt on my dear Love,
My buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,
All dreary and forlorn,
My hair did drink the briny tears
That down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a Cloud, like Ink so black,
The Moon's pale face o'ercast;
The window shook, and Horror howl'd
Amid the hollow blast.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,
Their lofty heads bent low;
And 'midst their mighty branches roar'd,
As if they scorn'd to bow.

But, like a Giant in his course,
The Storm went rushing on,
Scattering their limbs and leaves so thick,
As heedless what was done.

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,
And terrified the night;
And lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,
Made all the darkness bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn
Did sink with no dismay,
Since often it had wish'd to die
For dear Auld Robin Gray.

Now did a Spectre-form appear,
All aged, pale, and wan;
And, by his visage, I could spy
He was my lost Auld Man.

Now on my bedside did he sit,
As harmless as a Dove;
And, though he had two hollow eyes,
They look'd with tenderest love.

Forth from their sockets then did rush
Full many a Drop of woe:
So from the cave or rugged rock
The pearly Waters flow.

" Jesu!" I cried, and stretch'd my arms
To clasp him round the waist;
But nought of his poor Spectre drear
My longing arms embraced.

" O Jenny!" then he said, " in vain
Thy arms would clasp me in;
For Spirits, such as thou behold'st,
Have neither bones nor skin."

Full on his visage did I gaze,
All hurried with surprise;
And, eager to devour each look,
My soul rush'd through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,
That press'd so often mine:
But 'twas in vain, 'twas nought but air;
Which made my heart to pine.

And yet his hands so shrivell'd were,
As made of flesh and blood.—
But God knows best what should be done,
And God is very good.

" And art thou happy then," I cried,
" In this thy present state?"—
He smiled like Angels then, and said,
" God well hath changed my fate.

" Let innocence, O Jane! be thine,
And peace shall dwell with thee;
And, when just Heaven shall call thee hence,
With Robin thou shalt be."

With that he look'd a sweet farewell,
And raised each wetted eye:
Then glided off; and, as he went,
I heard the kindest sigh.

"Adieu!" I cried, half-choked with grief,
"Soul of my soul, adieu!
My bosom throbs to leave this world,
And thy dear flight pursue.

"But Robin, Robin, stay awhile;
Ah! stay awhile," I said:
"As Jemmy is come home from sea,
May I with Jemmy wed?"

But Robin answer'd not a word,
But off his Ghost did go;
Which made me wonder: but perhaps
His Ghost had answer'd, "No."

Auld Robin's kindnesses to me,
While we in love did live,
Deserve more *streams* from these sad eyes,
Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he sought his grave,
Did wear a dismal gloom;
And all who did the burying see,
With eyes so red went home.

The honest tribute of their tears,
I thought was sweetest fame;
And when I die, God grant my bier
Be sprinkled with the same!

The harmless Children too, in bands,
Did pour their little sighs;
And on the coffin near the grave
They strain'd their watry eyes.

And when into the earth below
His corpse at length was given,
They look'd towards each other's eyes,
And sigh'd, " He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they sat them down,
And lisp'd his name with praise,
Till all the little wights did wish
To be Auld Robin Grays.

ODE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Love is a pretty passion, to be sure;
And long, say I indeed, may Love endure!
Yet now and then to Prudence should it look;
Yes, take a little leaf from Wisdom's book.

Our Boys, alas! begin *too soon* to sigh,
Mourn the pierced heart, and lay them down to die;
Just like expiring Swans, with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too soon the Girls abuse of pens the nib,
And pour their little groaning souls on paper:
Love should not come till Time removes the bib;
Misses should learn to *walk*, before they *caper*.

Love, though it deals in *sweets*, has many *sours;*
It does not *always* furnish *happy* hours,
Putting us *oft* in *dismal* situations:
The novelty sets people's souls a longing.
What thousands to their ruin thus are thronging!
Indeed we see the evil in all nations.

I fear, Love does at times a deal of harm.
It keeps the World alive, it is confess'd;
So far indeed I like the pleasing charm:
Yet, yet, through Love, what thousands are distress'd!

"Give me," exclaims the Youth, "but heavenly kissing,
And lo, I seek nought else; for nought is missing:
Let me for ever dwell on Chloe's lip;
On Chloe's bosom let me only lie;
There pour in sweetest ecstasy the sigh,
And, like the Bee, the honey'd treasure sip.

"I heed not fragrant wines, nor flesh, nor fish:
Chloe is all I want, and all I wish."

And thus again the raptured Nymph exclaims:
"Sweet are of Love the sighs, and dear the flames;
Love smiles away the darkening clouds of life.
Love feels no rains, nor storms, nor pinching cold;
Love wants not fire nor candle, meat, clothes, gold:
All bliss is centred in that one word, *wife*."

THE OWL AND THE PARROT.

An Owl fell desperately in love, poor soul!
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole;
A Parrot the dear object of his wishes,
Who in her cage enjoyed the loaves and fishes:
In short had all she wanted, meat and drink,
Washing and lodging; full enough, I think.

Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail:
Poll cannot bear, poor heart! to hear him grieve;
So opes her cage, without a "By your leave."
They're married, go to bed with raptured faces,
Rich words, and so forth; usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet;
Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:
At length they both felt *hungry*. "What's for dinner?
Pray what have we to eat, my Dear?" quoth Poll.—
"Nothing, by all my wisdom," answer'd Owl:
"I never thought of *that*, as I'm a sinner.

But, Poll, on something I shall put my *pattes:*
What say'st thou, Deary, to a dish of rats?"—

"*Rats,* Mister Owl! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats?*
Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,"
Whines the poor Bride, now bursting into tears.—
"Well, Polly, would you rather dine on *mouse?*
I'll catch a few, if any in the house:
Thou shalt not starve, Love; so dispel thy fears."—

"I won't eat rats, I won't eat mice, I won't;
Don't tell me of such dirty vermin, don't:
Oh that within my cage I had but tarried!"—
"Polly," quoth Owl, "I'm sorry, I declare,
So delicate, you relish not our fare:
You should have thought of that before you *married.*"

This Fable aptly also will apply
To Frenchmen, *sans-culottes* men.—Aye! how? why?

The French are changeful fellows, all must grant;
Cameleons; but, ah! changing for the worse:
Poor ignorants, scarce knowing what they want;
Bartering too often blessings for a curse.

All good in one word, " Novelty," they see;
So strong within them is of change the leaven:
A Frenchman's fluttering soul would feel *ennui*
Even 'midst the blessed constancy of *Heaven.*

AN ANACREONTIC.

TO A KISS.

Soft Child of Love, thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone;
Lost in the moment thou art won.

Yet go, for wherefore should I sigh?
On Delia's lip with raptured eye,
On Delia's blushing lip, I see
A thousand full as sweet as *thee.*

A PANEGYRIC ON TEA,

BY KIEN LONG.

WRITTEN IN HIS TENT, DURING A HUNTING-EXCURSION, NEAR MOUKDEN.

Mei-hoa chê pou yao
Fo-cheou hiang tsie kié,
Soung-che ouei fang ny ;
San pin tchou tsing kûé.
Pong y tché kio tang,
Ou tché tcheng koang hiué,
Houo heou pien yu hié,
Ting yen y cheng mié.
Yué Ngueou po sien jou,
Tan lou ty tchan yué,
Ou yun king tai pan
Ko ou, pou ko choué.
Fou fou teou lo ty
Ho ho yun kiang tché
Ou-tsuen y ko tsan
Lin-fou chang ché pié.
Lan ku Tchao-tcheou ngan

Po siao Yu-tchouan kiu
Han siao ting sing leou
Kou yué kan hiuen tsué.
Joan pao tchen ki yu
Tsiao king sing ou kié.
Kien-long ping-yn
Siao tchun yu Ty.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE PRECEDING IMPERIAL PANEGYRIC ON TEA.

The Flower *mehó* is not so bright,
And yet it gives the eye delight;
It likewise has a charming smell:
The Pines too are a pretty fruit,
That much indeed my palate suit,
And much in flavour too excel.

Get an old Kettle, if you please,
For such a thing is found with ease,
That has three legs, and therefore shows
Its ancient services: then fill
With water; and, what's best, the rill,
The lucid rill, from melted Snows.

Heat in this kettle, to your wish,
The Water, fit to boil a fish,
Or turn the blackest lobster red:
Pour then the water on the Tea;
Then drink it; and 'twill drive, d'ye see,
All the blue devils from your head.

Far from the toil of state-affairs
I steal away, to drown my cares,
For which I take of tea a cup;
And then I snap the rich *fochu*,
Fine to the taste, and to the view;
And then again the Tea I sup.

Now on the rare *mehó* I gaze;
Now of the ancients, with amaze,
I think, and also with delight:
And now upon the great Otsén,
The best and frugallest of men,
Who lived on pine from morn to night.

With envy on this mighty man I think;
And then I drink:
Then I crack nuts, and eat the kernels too;
Then think on that great gardener, great Linfou.

When, lo! I pass from great Linfou
To that great prince, yclept Tchao-tcheou;
Then upon You-tchouan I ponder:
Thus do I sit, and eat, and drink, and wonder.

The *first*, my fancy plainly sees
Surrounded by all sorts of trees;
Now tasting *this* rich fruit, now *that* so fine:
I mark the *second* quaffing the rich water;
But, knowing very little of the matter,
Thank Heaven *his* vulgar taste was never *mine*.

I hear, I hear, the evening drum,
Sounding aloud, "Go to bed, Tom."
Good me! how pleasant is the starry night!
Lo, on each dish, and silver spoon,
And plate, and porringer, the Moon
Peeps through my tent with friendly light.

Now this is charming, I must own;
My stomach too so easy grown.
And now I'll take a nap.—Thus ends my Song,
Composed by me (a humble Bard) Kien Long.

ODE TO COFFEE.

IN THE MANNER OF KIEN LONG.

Delicious Berry, but, ah! best
When from the Eastern Ind, not West;
Nought richer is, I think, than *thee.*
Into a roaster, with my hand,
I put thee, and then o'er thee stand,
And then I catch thy smell with glee.

And now I shake thee round about;
And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out,
And then I put thee in a mill;
And, when to powder thou art crush'd,
Into a tin pot thou art push'd,
To feel the boiling smoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose
The fragrant fluid sweetly flows;
And now I put the lily cream,
And sugar too, the best of brown;
And, happy, now I gulp thee down,
Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On Hastings now my senses work;
And now on virtuous Edmund Burke,
Who calmly let Sir Thomas scape:
And then unto myself I say,
"Is Honour dead? ah, well-a-day!"
And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on Sir Joseph Banks I ponder;
And now at his rare merit wonder,
In flies and tadpoles deep:
And now to many a drowsy head
I hear the drowsy Blagdon* read;
And *then* I *fall asleep.*

ODE.

When Flattery sings, Age opes his eyes so clear,
And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,
So *wondrously* inspired, he lists, and sees.
When Flattery sings, pale Colic's pains are off;
Consumption pants not, but forgets his cough;
And Asthma's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.

* Sir Joseph's right hand, and Secretary to the Royal Society; who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the Royal Society to slumber.

Stung is the soul with Hyp's *rope-offering* evils,
Flattery's a Talisman to drive the devils.

Sweet on the listening ear of stilly Night,
As warbling dieth Philomela's song;
So on the ear of man, with rich delight,
The lulling music flows from Flattery's tongue.

Show me the man, and I will thank thee for it,
Who says with truth, "Poh! Flattery? I abhor it."—
'Tis a *non-descript*, by Sir Joseph bred;
A Soho *monster*, born without a head.

Flattery's a perfect mistress of her art,
With picklock keys to open every heart.

What mortal can withstand the fire of Flattery?
No one: 'tis such a most successful battery.
No head, however thick, resists its shot;
Yet each pretends to mock it: what a sot!

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

"Come down, you toad," cried Susan to a Spider,
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And wanton swinging by his silken rope;

"I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room.
You're now upon some murder, I presume:
I'll *bless* thee; if I don't, say I'm no pope."

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
Determin'd on a fatal push,
To bring the Rope-dancer to ground,
And all his schemes of death confound.

The Spider, blest with oratory-grace,
Slipp'd down, and, staring Susan in the face,
"Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in *that* heart?
O barbarous, lovely Susan! I'm amazed:
Oh! can that form, on which so oft I've gazed,
Possess of cruelty the slightest part?

"Ah! can that swelling bosom of delight,
On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,
Nay, with these fingers *touch'd* too, let me say,
Contain a heart of cruelty? No, no:
That Bosom, which exceeds the new-fall'n Snow,
All softness, sweetness, one eternal May."—

"How!" Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd brain:
"How, Impudence! repeat those words again.
Come, come, confess with honesty; speak, speak:
Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?"—

" Susan, by all thy heavenly charms, I did.
I saw thee sleeping by the taper's light;
Thy cheek so blushful, and thy breast so white:
I could not stand it, and so down I slid."—

" You did, sweet Mister Spider? so you *saw!*"—
" Yes, Susan: Nature is a powerful law."—

" Arn't you a murderer?" gravely Susan cries:
" Arn't you for ever busy with that claw,
Killing poor unoffending little Flies,
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"—

" But, Susan, don't *you* feed on gentle *lamb?*
Don't *you* on pretty little *pigeons* cram?
Don't *you* on harmless *fishes* often dine?"—
" That's *very true,*" quoth Susan; " true indeed:
Lord! with what *eloquence* these Spiders plead!
This little Rascal beats a grave Divine.
It was no Snake, I verily believe,
But a sly Spider, that seduced poor Eve.

" But then, you are so *ugly.*"—" Ah, sweet Sue!
I did not make myself, you know too well:
Could I have made *myself,* I had been *you,*
And kill'd with envy every beauteous Belle."—

" Heavens! to this Spider what a witching tongue!
Well, go about thy business; go along:
All animals indeed their food must get.
And hear me: shouldst thou look with longing eyes,
At any time, on young fat luscious Flies,
I'll *drive* the little rascals to thy net.

" Lord then! how blind I've been to form and feature!
I think a Spider *now* a *comely* creature."

VERSES

TO A WHITE SATIN PETTICOAT,

BELONGING TO MISS MOLLY M****, BUT SPOILED BY THE AUTHOR'S INADVERTENT STUPIDITY, IN THROWING ON IT A CUP OF COFFEE.

O FAIR protectress of the fairest Maid,
How shall the Poet for his crime atone?
So lately blest as thou, I'm sore afraid
I have no recompense to offer; none.

But Molly parts with thee with *pitying* eye:
Then from this moment do not dare *complain.*
Nay more, the Nymph surveys thee with a *sigh:*
Then *boast*, the *envy* thou of every Swain.

THE TINKER

AND

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

THE meanest creature *somewhat* may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing *in vain.*

Upon a day, a poor and travelling Tinker,
On Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,
Pass'd in some village near a Miller's door:
Where, lo! his eye did most astonish'd catch
The Miller's Daughter peeping o'er the hatch;
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *started,*
Just like a frighten'd Horse; or Murderer carted,
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope:
Turning his brain about, in a brown study,
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy,)
"Sbud!" quoth the Tinker: "I have now some hope;
Fortune, the jade, is not far off perchance."—
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of *love*, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embraced and squeezed Miss Grist, and thus began:
" My Dear, my Soul, my Angel, sweet Miss Grist,
Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like *you* before!"—
Then, "nothing loth" (like Eve), the Nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought *opportunity* should not be *miss'd;*
Knowing that Prudery oft lets slip a joy:
Thus was Miss Grist too *prudent* to be *coy.*
For really 'tis with Girls a *dangerous* farce,
To flout a Swain, when offers are but *scarce.*

She did not *scream,* and cry, "I'll not be woo'd:
Keep off, you smutty fellow; don't be rude.
I'm meat for your superiors, Tinker."—No:
Indeed she treated not the Tinker *so.*

But lo, the Damsel, with her usual *squint,*
Suffer'd her Tinker-lover to imprint
Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in Love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or even a reprimand.

Soon won, the Nymph agreed to join his bed;
And, when the Tinker chose, to church be led.

Now to the Father the brisk Lover hied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
Grinding, and taking *handsome* toll of corn;
Sometimes indeed *too handsome* to be *borne*.

"Ho, Master Miller!" did the Tinker say.—
Forth from his cloud of flour the Miller came.—
"Nice weather, Master Miller; charming day:
God's very kind."—The Miller said the *same*.

"Now, Miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about.
'Tis this then; know, I love your Daughter Bess:
There, Master Miller, now the riddle's *out*.
I'm not for mincing matters, Lord! d'ye see:
I *likes* your Daughter Bess, and she likes *me*."—

"Poh!" quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,
"Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her:
Ugly as is the Devil I needs must think her;
Though, to be sure, 'tis said, 'twas *me* that *made* her.

"No, no; though she's my Daughter, I'm not *blind:*
But, Tinker, what hath now possess'd thy mind?

Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by Gad :
But tell me, Tinker, art thou drunk or mad ?"—

"No, I'm not drunk, nor mad," the Tinker cried,
"But Bet's the Maid I wish to make my Bride ;
No Girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel."—
"Why, Fool," the Miller said, "Bet hath a hump ;
And then her Nose, the nose of my old Pump."—
"I know it," quoth the Tinker, "know it well."—

"Her face," quoth Grist, "is freckled, wrinkled, flat ;
Her Mouth as wide as that of my Tom-cat ;
And then, she squints a thousand ways at once :
Her Waist, a Corkscrew ; and her Hair how red !
A downright bunch of Carrots on her head.
Why, what the devil is got into thy sconce ?"—

"No devil's in *my* sconce," rejoin'd the Tinker ;
"But, Lord ! what's that to *you*, if fine *I* think her."—

"Why, man," quoth Grist, "she's fit to make a Show ;
And therefore sure I am that thou must banter."—
"Miller," replied the Tinker, "right ; for know,
'Tis for *that very thing*, a *Show*, I want her."

MELANCHOLY.

HERMIONE.

A SIGHING solitary Form I roam;
A Tear on Nature's universal Smile.
Thou Genius of my natal hour, whose hand
Pierces my moments with the thorns of woe,
When will the measure of my grief be full?
When will the silent asp of hopeless love
Withdraw his fang of torment from my heart?
How lately joy was mine! but where is joy,
That cheerful pour'd a sunshine o'er my soul?
Gone, like the last, last Sun, to sink in night,
Nature's last night, and gild a morn no more.

Enter CAMILLA.

My loved Hermione, I heard thy sigh,
And left my sleep to soften thy affliction.
Why killest thou that gentle Frame with weeping?
Sorrowing, thou seemest to delight in woe,
And feed existence upon sighs and tears.

HERMIONE.

Camilla, the dread silence of the hour
Suits but too well the colour of my soul.
Night, who to others brings the balm of sleep,
And happy dreams to sooth the peaceful breast,
Pours on my wakeful eye far different guests;
The foulest, darkest demons of despair.
Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is hush'd,
I wander restless: sadly now I sit,
My brimful eyes for hours both motionless,
Swimming with woe, towards the passing Moon;
Who on me, as she lonely glides along,
Casts a pale beam of melancholy light,
That seems a ray of pity on my fate.

DRUID HYMN TO THE SUN.

O SACRED Fount of Life to all!
Before thy glorious beam we fall,
And strike with raptured hand the Lyre:
To thee we lift our wondering eyes;
To thee the Hymn of Morn shall rise,
And bless thy mounting orb of fire.

Chorus.

Hail to that Orb, from whose rich fountain flow
Beams that illume and glad the World below!

Unseen by thee, had Nature mourn'd;
No smile her Ethiop cheek adorn'd:
Pale Night had spread her spectred reign,
And death-like Horror ruled the scene.

Chorus.

All hail the beams that Night destroy,
And wake an opening World to joy;
Bright spreading o'er the vast of gloom,
That chase the Spectres to their tomb!

TO CHLOE.

Chloe, no more must we be billing;
There goes my last, my poor last shilling:
  Vile Fortune bids us part.
Yet, Chloe, *this* my bosom charms;
That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
  I still possess thy heart.

Fortune's a whimsical old Dame,
And possibly may blush with shame

At this her freak with *me:*
But should she smile again, and offer,
Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,
I'll send the key to *thee.*

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my doors!
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
And lo, thy guiding Dog my care implores!
Oh haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! shall Misery seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
I am *thy* debtor, much to *thee* I owe;
For learn,—the greatest blessing is, to *bless.*

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quivering lip, to fancy seem to say,
"A more than *common* Beggar we bespeak;
A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
And, press'd by weight of years, thy palsied head,
Though silent, speak with tongues that *must* be heard;
Nay, must *command*, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the Village-lads the soften'd soul,
To aid the victims of life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them roll;

Teach them, that Poverty may Merit shroud;
And teach, that Virtue may from misery spring;
Flame like the Lightning from the frowning cloud,
That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

Oh let *me* own the heart which pants to bless;
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the Poor.

When Heaven on man is pleased its wealth to show'r,
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow;
To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe!

Lo, not the little Birds shall chirp in vain,
And, hovering round me, vainly court my care:
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,
And hear while Summer spreads her golden store;
Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids you mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before!

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *some* flowers the road of life for *me*,
Ah! can humanity desert my mind?
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace;
Nay, thy Companion too shall comfort know,
Who shivering shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his loved hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a sheltering grove:
A Hermit there, exalt to Heaven thy praise;
There shall the Village Children show their love,
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd Friend, the Bird of Morn,
Charm thee with orisons to opening day;
And there the Red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
With tears, behold thy gentle Spirit go,
And wish to join its passage to the skies.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO MY LUTE.

What shade and what stilness around!
Let us seek the loved cot of the Fair;
There soften her sleep with thy sound,
And banish each phantom of care.

The Virgin may wake to thy strain,
And be sooth'd, nay, be pleased, with thy song:
Alas! she may pity the Swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
What a joy, what a rapture, were mine!
Then for ever thy fame would I speak.
O my Lute, what a triumph were thine!

Ah! whisper kind love in her ear,
And sweetly my wishes impart:
Say, the Swain who adores her, is near;
Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Farewell, oh farewell to the day
That smiling with happiness flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart;
In anguish I move from the Fair:
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair?

Love frowns, and how dark is the hour!
Of rapture, departed the breath.
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of death.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the Bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the Lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;
Nay, I envy the Nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet, once more let me dwell:
One look (the *last* comfort) be mine.
O Pleasure and Delia, farewel!
Now, Sorrow, I ever am thine.

Tax not, O Parson, the great Author of Nature with cruelty to his creatures.

Too often dost thou impudently endeavour to put off *thy folly* for *his wisdom.*

Thy anathemas are not *his* anathemas; nor is *his* morality *thy* morality.

Oh think not, that, like the Lord Mayor of London, he punisheth the sale of every article on the Sabbath-day, except *milk* and *mackarel.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

Sir Harry, a high Priest, and deep Divine,
Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to shine,
On a Good Friday evening took an airing:
Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound
Did the two ears of this *good* Priest *astound;*
Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some *small* swearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight so sly,
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye;
Where, lo! a band of rural Swains were blest.
Too proud to join the crew, he waved his hand,
Beckoning to this unholy playful band:
Forth came a Boy, obedient to the Priest.

"What wicked things are ye all doing here,
On this most solemn day of all the year?"—
"Playing *to* skittles," said the simple Lad.—
"Playing at skittles, Devils! Are ye mad?

" For *what ?*"—" A Jack-ass, Sir," the Boy replies.—
" A Jack-ass!" roars the Priest, with Wolf-like eyes:
" Run, run, and tell them Heaven will not be shamm'd;
Tell them this instant, that they'll all be *damn'd.*"—

" I *wull,* Sir Harry: *iss,* I *wull,* Sir Harry."—
Then off he set, th' important news to carry;
To warn them what dread torments would ensue:
But suddenly the scampering Lad turn'd round,
And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
" Sir Harry, must the *Jack-ass* be *damn'd too?*"

ODE TO A PRETTY BAR-MAID.

Sweet Nymph, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled chin,
And roses that would tempt a Saint to sin,
Daily to thee so constant I return;
Whose smile improves the coffee's every drop,
Gives tenderness to every steak and chop,
And bids our pockets at expenses spurn.

What Youth, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,
Shall on that lovely bosom fix his dwelling?
Perhaps the Waiter, of himself so full:

With thee he means the coffee-house to quit;
Open a tavern, and become a cit,
And proudly keep the head of the Black Bull.

'Twas here the Wits of Anna's Attic age
Together mingled their poetic rage;
Here Prior, Pope, and Addison, and Steele,
Here Parnell, Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Gay,
Pour'd their keen Prose, and tuned the merry Lay,
Gave the fair toast, and made a hearty meal.

'Twas here, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,
The Wits their Epigrams so happy penn'd,
And bade in Madrigals a Chloe shine,
A Mira, a Belinda, and a Phyllis;
Who boasted roses possibly, and lilies,
Such as now deck that cheek and breast of thine.

Nymph of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,
Give me another, and another steak:
A kingdom for another steak, but given
By thy fair Hand, that shames the Snow of Heaven.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling Lass!
And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass,
Touch it, and spread a charm around the brim.

Health to thy beauties, Nancy; and may Time
Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,
Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of diamonds dim.

Lo, from each box, thy lute-toned voice to hear,
Youth nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer:
Nay, wrinkled Age himself, with locks so white,
Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire;
Whose mouth, poor Cripple, watering with desire,
Opes *toothless* on thy beauties in delight.

Now for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger:
He feels himself a *pair* of *ages* younger.

Tell me again, O Nymph, *whose* happy arms
Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,
And to that bosom give brave girls and boys?
That lucky lot, alas! will ne'er be mine:
A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,
Must form the bounds, O Nancy, of *my* joys.

Yet if rich favours, far *beyond* a smile,
So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,
Thou wishest to bestow; in Love's name, *give* 'em;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I receive 'em.

ANACREONTIC.

SONG.

Who dares talk of hours? Break the bell of that Clock;
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands:
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only Pleasure's commands.

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed:
Waiter, bring us more wine; what a whim!
Say, that Time, his old master, for Topers was made,
And not jolly Topers for him.

O Man, be not puffed up with the pride of Offspring; as the *triumphs* of Papa are too often *smiled at* in secret by *wiser* Mamma.

ODE TO A HEDGE-SPARROW,

NURSING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

Ah, whining, anxious, restless Bird!
Thou art a *fool*, upon my word:
Now on the bush, and now upon the ground;

Now hovering o'er my head, and saying
Such bitter things; now begging, praying,
Poor wretch, surveying me so sharp all round;
Imploring me to leave the nest
Where all thy *dearest* wishes rest.

How busy thou in catching grub and fly,
As soon as dewy morning paints the sky;
Now twittering near the nest such strains of joy,
Proclaiming to the World a *hopeful* Boy!

Great is thy *triumph* in thy *fancied* Child!
Immense thy *pride;* thy *ecstacy* how wild!
Yet not one trait of *thee* doth he display:
Indeed thou never didst *beget* the Youth;—
And more, to tell thee an unpleasant truth,
His *father* will be here the first of May.

Not *singular* art thou; for, lo!
A *little* gamesome Knight *we* know,
Who *fosters* Children, loves them to distraction;
Shows them about from morn to night,
Drinking such draughts of rich *delight*
From every feature, so much *satisfaction!*

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,
Own nose, *own* dimple, in each *pretty dear.*—

But who's the *real* parent?—Amorous John,
Good-natured fellow, *made* them *every one*.

TO ANACREON.

Ghost of Anacreon, quit the shades,
And with thee bring thy sweet old Lyre;
To praise the first of British Maids,
Whose charms will set thy soul on fire.

But hold; 'twere better, keep away:
Of justice must thy Harp despair;
Which suited very well *thy* day,
That saw no Damsel half so fair.

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

(THE LINES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A FRIEND OF THE UNFORTUNATE ANTOINETTE.)

With radiance rose thy Morning Sun,
Fair promise of a happy Day;
But, luckless, ere it reach'd its Noon,
The Fiend of Darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,
And distant Nations pour thy praise;
While, raptured, on thy form divine
The eyes of Love and Wonder gaze?

The voice of Joy, for ever mute,
Must yield to sighs that mourn in vain;
And Pity come, with sweetest Lute,
To sooth thy sorrows with her strain.

The syren Hope, who won thy ear,
Must charm no more the dangerous hour:
The warning voice of Ravens hear,
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life, 'mid Horror's reign,
Where Murder's triumph cleaves the sky;
Where heaves with death the groaning scene,
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry;—

Yet what is life to spotless fame?—
And *thine* to latest time shall bloom.
The blow that sinks that beauteous Frame,
Gives all the Virtues to the tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

Fie, Sylvia! why so gravely look,
Because a kiss or two I took?
Those luscious lips might *thousands* grant;
Rich rogues, that never feel the want.
So little in a Kiss I see,
A hundred thou mayst take from *me*.

But since, like Misers o'er their store,
Thou hatest to give, though running o'er;
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
So prythee take them *back again:*
Nay, with good *interest* be it done;
Thou'rt welcome to take *ten* for *one*.

TO TIME.

O Time, 'tis childish, let me say,
To give, then take a grace away;
The Damsel from her charms to sever,
So pleased to keep them all *for ever*.

When Cynthia *tires* with conquering hearts,
And says, " O Time, *receive* my darts;"

Her beauties are a lawful prize:
Then take the Lightnings of her eyes,

Pluck all the roses from her cheek,
And root the lilies from her neck;
Her dimples seize, her smile, her air,
And with them make a thousand fair.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

Avaunt, thou squinting hag, whose listening ear
Seizes on every *whisper;* whose owl's-eye,
When Night's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,
Stares watchful of each form that passeth by!

Thou fiend, what business hast thou here on earth,
Dissension-breeder from thy very birth?
How much more of the Serpent than the Dove!
I cannot guess thine errand to this world:
By thee is Nature topsy-turvy hurl'd,
And nearly ruin'd the soft land of Love.

Speak I but to my Neighbour's Wife so kind,
And say, "Pray how d'ye do, my dearest Ma'am?"
Behold, a tempest swells the Husband's mind,
Who gives my sweet civility a damn;

For, lo, thy wickedness at once adorns
His trembling temples with a brace of Horns!

The instant thou behold'st a married pair,
Adieu, alas, the pleasures of the Fair!
Farewel, of Benedick the wedded *bliss!*
Scarce canst thou let the honey-moon go by,
When, hark, the keen reproach, the Lady's sigh!
Dead the fond *squeeze*, and mute the chirping *kiss*.

"Watch him," thou whisper'st in the Woman's ear;
"Open his letters, pick his pockets, Ma'am:
Somewhat will be *discover'd*, never fear;
Something to dash the *monster's* cheek with shame.

"Ken him amid the Harlots at the Play;
Nor let your eyes a single moment stray:
He catches a lewd squint, if *yours* are blinkers.
Make him look straight on, forward to the stage;
And, on refusal, tell him in a rage,
You'll give him, Coach-horse like, a pair of *winkers*."

ANACREONTIC.

Oh far from me those lightnings dart;
On others bid thy beauty shine:
Beyond the hopes of this sad heart,
I view that peerless Form, to pine.

While every Shepherd sings her praise,
'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain:*
Made a poor prisoner while I gaze,
I feel in every Smile a Chain.

ODE TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

Peter more than *suspecteth*, that a *few* Passages of his Works have given *Offence* to his fair Countrywomen. Peter's *Contrition* thereat, and *violent* Resolution.

Ladies, I should be sorry, grieved indeed,
Could I once write what you would *blush* to read;
But that same poet *cleped* Jean Fontaine
Was verily the *taste* and *admiration*
Of all the Ladies of the Gallic nation,
Quoted and toasted o'er and o'er again.

What! wound of *British* Maids the tender ear,
Who, when to Nymphs of other Realms compared
(And lo, on *numbers* have these eye-balls stared),
Are as rich Burgundy to dead Small-beer!

Our poet Pope against a *naughty word*
Protested, *seeming* too to shut his door:
Pronouncing all obscenity absurd;
That ribaldry was folly, nothing more.
Yet Master Pope, who Decency so flatters,
Plumps boldly into certain *wicked* matters.

Now this I do dislike in Master Pope:
At Gluttony a man should never bark,
On Dainties who is pleased his mouth to ope,
And guttling swallow Platefuls like a Shark.

Miss Heloise, that *warm* young Lass, I ween,
Says things that cover Modesty with shame:
I must confess, I never saw *nineteen*
Pour such an *Etna* forth of amorous Flame.

And lo, again, the Lock, the ravish'd Lock!
Too oft the lines give Modesty a shock;
Warm inuendos bid her blushes rise:
Yes, often I've heard Modesty declare
" That many a line indeed has made her *stare;*
She knew not where to look, where fix her eyes."

The Wife of Bath, and eke the lovely May,
Held language *horrid* for our *chaster* day.

Were Peter *now* to sing in such a style,
What lady-mouth would yield the Bard a smile?
No: frowns would fill their faces in its stead.
And yet, ye Dames so chaste, those Tales *are* read:
I see no lips with blushing anger ope,
And cry, "I loath the *nasty* leaves of Pope."

Nay more, my dear young Misses, and grave Dames,
Who read with *fear* my Songs of darts and flames;
Speak, is not Pope an *idol* 'mid your books?
Does not Saint Patrick's Dean, so void of grace,
Among your leathern favourites show his face,
Whose many a leaf should only lodge with cooks?

Since then the lightnings of the Ladies' eyes
Knock not the memories of *those* Poets down;
It striketh me indeed with huge surprise,
That Peter's *purer* line should feel a frown.

They *wounded* Modesty with verse unchaste;
I with a twig of Pindus scarcely *struck* her:
They stripp'd her naked; *I* just clasp'd her waist,
And delicately only touch'd her *tucker*.

Yet *is* there, *is* there *one* sweet British Prude,
Who will not read my Rhymes, mistrusting harm?
Let not my Volumes on the Nymph intrude,
And ring to Chastity the wild alarm;
Make in her pretty panting heart a riot,
Demanding *months* to bring it back its quiet.

Tales of a Damsel kind, and sighing Lover,
Holding of Love's choice spice a little,
Might be indulged to *warm* Dame Nature's kettle,
But not to bid it *boil* tempestuous *over*.

Even Age delighteth in an amorous tale:
Love warms his inside like a Pot of Ale;
Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat so cheery.
His eyes, that, Owl-like, *wink'd* upon the day,
Burst *open* with a keen and twinkling ray,
And, lo! he hugs and kisses his old Deary.

Why then forbid them? Such we must approve:
And woe to mortals who are foes to Love!
As long as this our System holds together,
Love will stand brush against all wind and weather.

Yet *should* my favourite British Maids and Dames
Refuse to read my Rhymes on darts and flames;

And other pretty little trifling things,
The fount from which such *natural* rapture springs;—

Ladies of France, I think my Song
To *you* in future must belong;
Yes, yes, for *you* the Bard shall form the strain:
And then (who knows? it may be so, I wot),
The Dames may cry, "Those Islanders have got,
Ye Gods, an absolute Fontaine.

"*Refuse* to read him! No, Heaven bless him; no:
Lord! let his wild imagination flow.
Banish the Loves! Oh what a Gothic sweep!
The World at once, so dull, would fall asleep."

So help me Grace, I ever meant to please:
Even now would I ask pardon on my knees.
If aught I've sinn'd, the Stanza must not live.
Bring me the knife; I'll cut the wanton page
Which puts my *lovely* Readers in a rage:
But hark! they cry, "Barbarian, we *forgive*."

A thousand thanks t'ye all, my *charming* creatures:
What goodness, kindness, reigns in *female* natures!

TO CYNTHIA.

What danger lurks in those bright eyes!
Lo, by their fire thy Poet dies.
Yet *bravely* let me meet my doom;
And, since to *thee* I owe my death,
I beg thee with my parting breath,
To let thy Bosom be my Tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

Ah! wherefore did I daring gaze
Upon the radiance of thy charms?
And, venturing nearer to their rays,
How dared I clasp thee in my arms?

That *kiss* will give my heart a pain
Which thy sweet pity will deplore:
Then, Cynthia, *take* the kiss *again;*
Or let *me* take ten thousand more.

Happy art thou, O Man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the *simple* fare; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled Leg of Mutton and Turnips, or Bacon and Eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an Alderman, and puttest pounds of Turtle into thy paunch; thou devourest an Apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot Sauces, thou gulpest Rheumatism and Gout.

Say not wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it is *beneath* a *gentleman* to pray for *bread*."

Curse not Sprats and Flounders: peradventure Sprats and Flounders might *blush* to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having *never* been favourites of *Fortune*.

Content sigheth not for Venison: she lifteth not her eye to Heaven for Turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the Sun at dinner-time; but preferreth *his* radiance, to the greasy light of a *candle.*

Read, and learn the inconveniences of luxury from a Dog.

THE LADY'S LAP-DOG AND THE COACHMAN.

Chloe, a favourite of a rich old Dame,
Was vastly delicate in all her frame;
Could put down nought at last, but nice *tid-bits:*
Nay oft, with much solicitation too,
Her Mistress was obliged to kiss and woo,
For fear poor tender Chloe might have *fits.*

Fat was our Chloe, like a Ball of Grease:
So round, a Foot-ball quite; and fair her fleece.

Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
And sleep o'er Chloe's eye-lids did prevail;
'Twas very difficult to say
Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail.*

At length it came to pass, that Chlo
Did sullenness and sickness show;
So heavy, leaving off her wanton capers;
Gaped, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise shew'd,
Was sick at stomach (may I dare say *spew'd?)*;
And seem'd, poor Dog, afflicted with the *vapours*.

My Lady took her pining to her arms,
Hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad *alarms*,
Fearing her poor dear little soul would die:
Chloe was all stupidity and lumpish;
Scarce lick'd her hand, so sullen and so *mumpish;*
And scarcely raised the white of either eye.

The Coachman's call'd: "Oh, Jehu, Chloe's ill;
Quite lost her appetite: she has no will
To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing.
Jehu, what can the matter be; d'ye know?"—
"I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miss Chlo."—
"Dear Jehu, what *delicious* news you bring!

"Take her then, take her, Jehu, to your room,
And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
And get her pretty *appetite* again."—
"Oh good my Lady, never, never fear;
I understand her case, 'tis very clear:
By Heaven's assistance, I sha'nt work in vain."

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miss Bitch;
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
To go with Jehu: still he bears her on.—
Arrived, kind Jehu offers her a Bone.

Miss Chloe in a passion seeks the door:
In vain; 'tis shut. She lays her on the floor,
And whines; gets up, all restless; looks about:
Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears;
So pleased and nimble at each sound she hears,
In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

Chloe, like Lightning, now resolves to pass,
Bounce from her jailer, through a pane of glass;
And, by a leap, no more in prison groan:
But, fearing she might *spoil* her pretty *chops*,
Nay, *break her neck* by chamber-window hops,
Chloe most *wisely* lets the leap alone.

Jehu now offered her a piece of Liver.
"Chloe, do you love Liver?" Jehu said.—
"The devil take," she seem'd to say, "the giver;"
So hurt the Dog appear'd: then turn'd her head.

"Well, Chloe, well; Heaven mend your proud digestion:
To-morrow I shall ask you the same question."—

The morrow (ah! a *sulky* morrow) came:
Chloe scarce slept a single wink all night;
Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite;*
Calling in vain upon my Lady's name.

"Well, Chloe, can you taste your Liver?"—"No:
No, thank ye, Jehu."—"*Leave* it, pretty Chlo."—
The day pass'd on: no eating; not a crumb.
Miss Chloe crawl'd about the room, so sad,
Sulky and disappointed, angry, mad;
Now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb:
At times, around on *barbarous* Jehu squinting;
Such looks! not much *good will* to Jehu hinting.

Another morning came; a Liver meal.
"Chloe, how stands your stomach? how d'ye feel?"—
"Jehu, I will *not* eat."—Jehu goes out:
What does Miss Chloe? With a nimble pace,
Runs to the Liver, without saying grace;
Gobbling away, with *appetite* so *stout:*
For *now* the Liver seem'd to meet her *wish;*
And, not half satisfied, she *lick'd the dish.*

Jehu returns, and smiles. Chloe grows *good;*
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread;
Rejects from Jehu's hand *no kind* of food,
Glad on a *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

Jehu with Chloe to my Lady goes,
And, triumphing, his little *patient* shows;
Not once discovering the coarse mode of cure:—
Jehu had lost his place *then*, to be sure.

My Lady presses Chloe to her breast,
Half-crazy, hugging, kissing her; so blest
To see her favourite Chloe's *changed* condition.
"Thank ye, good Jehu: Heavens, what skill is in ye!"—
Then into Jehu's hand she slips a guinea,
And Jehu's thought a *very fine physician.*

ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

Peter kindly congratulateth his Brother Poet on his lucky Deliverance from a Dungeon, and asketh him Questions concerning his poetical *Feelings:* Whether he meaneth to *exalt* Convention, and *debase* poor Britain?—Peter adviseth *the contrary;* and telleth the Poet unpleasant Truths, with a witty Comparison.—Peter painteth, with the Pencil of a great Master, the Portrait of a Frenchman; in which, Impudence, Insolence, Ignorance, and savage Cruelty, form the predominant Features.

THRICE-welcome from thy dungeon, poor Delille!
Imprison'd, much (I guess) against thy will,
By that unfeeling tyrant Robespierre:
Set free from this same death-encircled vault
By one (I fear me) not *without a fault;*
In short, I mean *as great* a rogue, Barrere.

Dead is all dalliance with the Muse, I wonder?
The Guillotine's high *flood* must *damp* thy fire:
The *axe* which falls upon its prey in thunder,
Must bid thee touch with *trembling* hand the Lyre.

But Bards, like Birds, can seldom cease from singing:
Yes, on the Muse's bells thou *must* be ringing;
Thou *wilt* indulge the fascinating chime,
Deaf to the *oracle* that cries "Don't rhyme."

Speak: wilt thou praise Convention for its *power;*
Swear Britain soon beneath its might must cower,
Just like the Wren beneath the Eagle's wing?—
Say no such thing.

However grating to a Frenchman's ears,
We Britons, I protest, have no such fears.
France, to be sure, is *huge;* our island *little:*
Yet spare upon our heads th' insulting spittle.

The colony of *teeth*, though small,
Are little folks of *resolution;*
And, when upon their prey they fall,
Do a vast deal of *execution.*

I do assure thee, my inquiring eyes
Have found the *lubbers* of the *largest* size.

'Tis pleasant to behold a Frenchman gape
On the World's map;
Astonish'd, on his view to see advance
Regions like *France!*

Thus, I presume, the solitary Mole
Deems the wide *universe* within his *hole.*—
Yet let Monsieur, so happy, prate away;
'Tis pity t' undeceive the popinjay.

Let the pert tripping Prig pronounce with pride,
Barbarian, savage, all the World beside;
It is his narrow nature, cease then blame:
In Afric I have seen on trees the Apes
Mocking at Man, with grins and antic shapes,
Who of *our species* thought the very same.

But *thou* shouldst show more sense, my friend Delille:
Then prythee take from me a little pill.
Perhaps 'tis somewhat *bitter*, never mind it:
It *cureth puppyism;* I hope thou'lt *find it.*

Pride not thyself because a *Frenchman-born:*
Thy fame is *then* upon the *hope-forlorn;*
Doom'd not, far-distant ages to explore.

Learn to *despise* thy Country: 'tis a fool,
Cruel, and of Hypocrisy's dark school,
Tyrannic, savage, rotten at the core.—

So much for France. Forgive me, lucky Bard;
But Vice should ever meet his fair reward:
Yes, let me drag the monster from his den.
This trifling Ode perchance may rouse thy gall:
If *angry*, bid thy rage on *Justice* fall,
The goodly Goddess who now guides my pen.

TRANSLATION FROM GALLUS.

At morn if Cynthia meet my sight,
'Tis sweet Aurora's blushing light;
And if at eve she cross my way,
The Star of Venus darts its ray.

A SECOND

ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

Peter proposeth very important Questions, and suspecteth Monsieur Delille of an Inclination to *whitewash* the *black* Faces of Devils.—Peter giveth a *sublime* Description of French Liberty.—Peter putteth Delille in Mind of Nature's niggard Allowance to every Man of *one* Head *only;* and of an *Inconvenience* arising from the Loss of it, on Account of the Difficulty of procuring *another.*—Peter sagely adviseth him to beware of Barrere, and think of a Return to his Dungeon.—Peter picturesquely describeth the Supports of French Liberty—foretelleth the humble State of the *mighty* Reformers.—Peter objecteth not to a general Intellectual *Illumination,* but seemeth to think that a *Frenchman's* Attempt must produce only a *national Conflagration;* Peter thus fancying every Frenchman a mad Quixote.—Peter again kindly inviteth his Brother Bard to England, and concludeth with a *flaming Trait* of Barrere.

WHO that could save his ship, would suffer wreck?
Who warble with a rope about his neck?
Who in the tiger's mouth would keep his head,
With power to draw it from a place so dread?

Who, 'midst the charnel's melancholy glooms,
Would mingle with the refuse of the tombs;
With legs to bear him to the fragrant day,
From reeking bones, and Horror's haunt, away?

And yet thy Song may stay perhaps to bless
A dark Divan of Devils; yes,
Full of their deeds may flow the flattering Rhyme:
Which Song may stoutly swear that "Athens, Rome,
Ne'er raised to Liberty an *equal* Dome,
So sacred, *so* stupendous, *so* divine!"

Yet what is it to Reason's sober eye?
A monstrous *slaughter-house* that taints the sky:
Within a day, perchance one little hour,
Thy *courteous* Song, which soothes with sweetest sound,
Turn'd by the People's thunder, will be found,
All of a sudden, Vinegar so *sour*.

What is the madding Million's shouting breath?
Black Murder's orgies, the wild howl of Death.
Then quit thy Country; yes, *disclaim* thy Mother:
Mind, on thy shoulders stands *one* simple head;
Mind me, but *one;* and when that one is fled,
'Twill puzzle thee, I think, to get *another*.
Since then this head is *not yet* gone;
Take Peter's counsel, man, and *keep* it *on*.

Barrere's red paws are ready now to start;
Perhaps to plunge in thy devoted heart.

Lo, at his voice (to Satan's near akin),
The Dungeon gapes perhaps to let *thee* in;
Opes his dark jaws, amid the spectred gloom,
For thee a *second* time to raise thy moan,
Breathe the vain wish, and heave the helpless groan:—
Thou'lt be well furnish'd both with *time* and *room*.

The Columns of your Liberty, Death knows,
Are Cannon, Swords, and Bayonets, and Spears;
The *angels* who this glorious pile compose,
Hyænas, Tigers, Jackalls, Wolves, and Bears:
Instead of Adamant for a foundation,
The groaning Carcases of half the nation.

Dread of Adversity the humbling pow'r;
Sharp are her whips of wire, and hard her bats:
What sad *humility* awaits the hour
When lordly Lions grind poor Mice with Cats;

When Jove's own Eagle leaves his sky for bogs,
Cracks snails with crows, and feasts with croaking frogs!
Yet this you *wondrous men* must do ere long,
If Truth (who seldom fails) awaits my Song.

Yes, be illumin'd, reverend age and youth.
With *you* I'd tear up Superstition's root;
Dark fiend, who from the sacred hand of Truth
Dares snatch her torch, and crush it under foot.

This were Dame Wisdom's act; but, let me add,
Wisdom and France are *foes*—for France is *mad.*

What voice to reason can a *Frenchman* bring?
Go, bid with Lullaby the Tiger sleep;
Bind with a Spider's Web the Whirlwind's wing;
And with the Wren's small plume keep down the Deep:
Wrap the black Surge within thy Hand, *so wise,*
And smother its wild Thunder on the skies.

Prythee take counsel, man, and haste away:
'Tis vastly *safer*, I assure thee, here;
Since Murder is the order of the day,
And venom feeds the heart of black Barrere:—
Barrere, who when in Hell he shows his face,
Each frighten'd Devil at once will *fly the place.*

FROM ANACREON.

UPON HIMSELF.

On fragrant myrtles let me lie;
And Love, my Slave, the wine supply.
Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom:

Time flies; and, since to dust we go,
Why *idly* bid the incense flow,
And spill the juice upon the *tomb?*

Ah! rather let me quaff the Wine,
And bid the Rose my brows entwine,
While youth, while health, the bosom warms.
Then prythee, Love, delight my heart,
Ere Death dispatch his certain dart;
And bring a Chloe to my arms.

MAY-DAY.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield:
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then, Lads and Lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail:
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.

Behold the Lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
" Let Love and Pleasure rule the year."

Lo, Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around the sky;
Embracing hill and vale and stream,
And warming Nature with his beam.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with Zephyr every flow'r:
Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to Love?

PHYLLIDA'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT has estranged thy affections from me? What have I done, that I should lose thee? But thou art *tired* with the object that loves thee; possibly, because *her* sole happiness is founded on *thine*.

Song.

When Night spreads her shadows around,
I will watch with delight on thy rest;
I will soften thy bed on the ground,
And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

Love heeds not the storm, and the rain;
On *me* let their fury descend:
This bosom shall scorn to complain,
While it shelters the life of a friend.

What tempts thee to wander away?—
To another, ah! dost thou depart?
Believe me, in time thou wilt say,
None e'er loved thee like Phyllida's heart.

Though resolved from a mourner to fly,
To memory thou still shalt be dear:
The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,
And the ocean convey thee a tear.

A THIRD

ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

The Lyric Bard proclaimeth the Folly of the present French—adviseth them not to harbour Passions degrading to Humanity.—Peter, with wonderful Fancy, portrayeth Prudence and Passion.—Peter taketh the Part of the late unfortunate Monarch and his Queen, and endeth his Ode with a beautiful and apt Comparison.—The Poet then illustrateth the Actions of the French by a most apposite Tale.

DELILLE, the World from laugh can scarce refrain:
Most Samson-like, ye've ruin'd a rare pile.
To see you building thus, *all hands*, again,
On an Owl's face so grave must plant a smile.

Sorrow, discard thy weeds, and dry thy tears;
Pity, disdain t' embalm them with thy breath:
They're sinking; lo, if aught like life appears,
'Tis Health's *stolen* rose upon the cheek of Death.

Once happiness was yours, my friend, indeed.
"We'll have no more on't," mad ye cried; "away!
Change, change! we'll cut off the great Nation's Head,
And *try* what the huge Trunk will say."

Off goes the head:
The Nation's dead!

Well, now 'tis done; the head is *off:* what then?
Ye seem to stare, like *disappointed* men.
Where was Dame Foresight? Ah, ye silly folk!
And yet it is too *serious* for a *joke.*

Since, then, the head is off; for freedom panting,
What is't ye look for?—" Lord, Dame Freedom's *wanting!*
Into a terrible mistake we fall,
For Tyranny's hard irons load us all."—
Indeed! ye just have found the secret out!
Ye're *wiser* than ye were, good folks, no doubt.

Alter not things when ruled by passion. " Why?"—
Because good Madame Prudence is not nigh.
Prudence keeps company that's vastly *sober:*
Prudence is mildly-breathing, smiling May,
So full of balmy blossoms, all so gay;
Passion, the mad, wide-wasting, wild October.

Prudence, a pretty, pleasing, stealing Rill,
Winning with easy lapse its winding course;
Passion, a Torrent rough, from hill to hill
Tumbling and tearing, drowning man and horse.

Prudence is also a fresh-water Eel,
So calmly gliding through the liquid glass;
Passion, a Porpus, tempests at his heel,
Floundering amid old Ocean's thundering mass.

Prudence is that small pleasing Worm of Light,
The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night;
A little Moon to many an insect race;
Who by her silvery radiance find their way,
Nibble the fairest flowers, and sip and play,
Gaze on their Loves, dance, ogle, and embrace:—

Passion's a Meteor, skipping here and there;
Hopping o'er hedge and ditch, and fen and pool,
Amidst his wild and fierce and mad career;
Making himself indeed a downright fool:
And, after all, what is this thing of caper?
A simple Child of stinking Mud and Vapour.

Why so enraged against poor *Louis Seize*,
Who pliable did every thing to please?
And why in league against his charming Queen,
Revenge and Madness, Malice, Envy, Spleen?

Revenge's company for ever shun:
Too much of danger frequently appears;
A kind of weak and overloaded Gun,
Bursting with horrid crash about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,
When, for a Penny's worth, we lose a Pound.
The Monarch eat a *little* of the State,
But should ye therefore madly give him *fate?*

We should not rage for trifling matters,
And blustering kick the World about:
It shows the folly of our natures,
For a Pin's Head to make a rout.

Lord! grant a little Fungus on the vine
And olive, yielding oil and juice and gladness;
Who'd root up the whole Tree for't? Nought but swine:
'Twere idiotism, stupidity, and madness.

The following simple well-known Story shows
What sad misfortune from such folly flows.

THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A KNIGHT lived in the West, not long ago;
Like Knights *in general*, not *o'erwise*, I trow.
This Knight's great Barn was visited by Rats;
In spite of poison, gins, and owls, and cats:
Like Millers, taking toll of the sweet corn,
Caroused they happily from night to morn.

Lo, waxing wroth, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls nor poison, could destroy the Rats;
"I'll nab them by a scheme, by Heavens," quoth he:
So of his neighbourhood he roused the mob,
Farmers and farmers' boys, to do this job;
His servants too of high and low degree;
And eke the tribes of dog, by sound of horn;
To kill the Rats that dared to taste the corn.

This done, the Knight, resolved with *godlike* ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the Barn he ran;
Much like the Macedonian, and fair Punk,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now 'midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick:
Soon from the flames rush'd forth the Rats so thick;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite.
The conquer'd Rats lie sprawling on the ground;
The Knight, with eyes *triumphant*, stares around,
Surveys the carnage, and *enjoys* the sight.

Not even Achilles saw so blest his blade
Dismiss whole legions to th' infernal shade.

But, lo! at length, by this *rat-driving* flame,
Burnt was the *corn;* the *walls down* thundering came;
The meaning of it was not far to learn:
When, turning up those Billiard-balls his Eyes,
That held a pretty portion of *surprise*,
"Zounds, what a blockhead! I have *burnt the barn.*"

AZID;

OR,

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

Poor Mora eye be wet wid tear,
And Heart like Lead sink down wid woe
She seem her mournful friends to hear,
And see der Eye like Fountain flow.

No more she give me song so gay;
But sigh, "Adieu, dear Domahay."

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream, bright gold to find;
Nor seek de field for flower so fair,
Wid garland Mora hair to bind.

" Far off de stream," I weeping say;
" Far off de fields of Domahay."

But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear?
Come, let we seek at once de grave:
No chain, no tyrant, den we fear.

Ah me! I hear a Spirit say,
" Come, Azid, come to Domahay."

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flower depart;
To please de Idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flower my heart.

Den let we die; and haste away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

TO CYNTHIA.

Ah, what an envious rogue is Time,
Who means one day to crop thy prime!
This were a barbarous deed, I vow.

If thus the Tyrant can behave,
Lord, let us *disappoint* the knave,
And let *me* take those beauties *now.*

THE

CRUELTY OF ENEAS TO QUEEN DIDO.

I FORGIVE man almost any crime, sooner than barbarous Ingratitude towards charming Woman. What a brute was the *pious* Eneas to his Mistress, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Carthage! How easily a Poet of Virgil's imagination could have given a tear to the eye, and a compassionate sigh to the soul, of his Hero, at parting with a Princess who had so hospitably entertained him, and so completely made him happy; and thus, by adding a shining, amiable, and consistent *trait* to his character, have rendered him an object of esteem, instead of eternal condemnation!—But let the base action be recorded on the pyramid of English Poetry, as well as of the Roman:—

When *good* Eneas left the widow Dido,
Most infamous towards her was his carriage.
"Madam," quoth he, "all men would act as I do:
You will not swear I ever *offer'd marriage*."—

"'Tis very true," cried Dido with a sigh;
Then from her eyes the tears began to roll:
And then she moved from him, resolved to die,
And make a Bonfire of herself, poor soul!
What did the *pious* Hero?—March'd on board;
Fell *fast asleep*, and like a Bull-frog snor'd.

THE WORLD.

This World's a charming World, I do declare:
The man who *understands* it, I suppose,
May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,
Convert with ease each Thorn into a Rose.

But folks *become* such idiots, or are *born*,
They change life's fragrant Rose into a Thorn;
On every smile of Sunshine fling a Cloud,
And then on *cruel* Fortune cry aloud.

ON GENIUS.

Dearly I like to see a Genius spring,
Mark his rich plumes, and eye his soaring wing;
But Death too soon arrests his eagle flight.
Not long upon the Meteor can we gaze:
From the dark element the lightnings blaze,
That breaks, and sudden shuts in pitchy night.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH COLLINS'S POEMS.

Amid these leaves, where Collins shines,
Love boasts, alas! no golden lines;
From Love the Bard was free:
What loss! what pity, that his eye
(To give his heart the sweetest sigh)
Beheld no Nymph like thee!

SONG.

FAREWELL to the fragrance of morn!
Farewell to the song of the grove!
I go from my Delia forlorn;
I go from the Daughter of Love.

I was told that I ought not to gaze
On the Beauty by which I'm undone;
But how could I hide from its rays?
What mortal can fly from the Sun?

FROM ANACREON.

ON WOMAN.

DAME Nature, from her store, so kind,
To Bulls the guarding Horns assign'd,
And arm'd with Hoofs the bounding Steed;
Teeth to the Lion's jaw she gave;
Fins to the Tenant of the Wave;
And clothed the little Hare with Speed.

But what should Nature grant the Fair?
Grant!—Beauty's fascinating air:
With *this* the Charmer takes the field,
And bids the World to Woman yield.

TO NANCY OF "THE ROSE."

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
And all the Poet's treasure see,
  My Garden house, my Temple rooms?
There shall I dwell on those black eyes,
And pour my tuneful soul in sighs,
  And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Will Nancy quit the noisy bar;
And sounds that thus with music war,
  Of vulgar coachman, drayman, porter;
That I may press thy purple lip,
And Love's delicious nectar sip,
  And in his prettiest language court her?

Ah, Nancy! now I hear thee say,
"Lord bless us! I'm the youthful May,
  And you are Autumn, Sir, September;

And therefore we by no means suit."—
Dear Nancy, *that's* the time for *fruit*,
Thou surely oughtest to remember.

Then blest together let us wing:
Love *only blossoms* in the *spring*.

FROM ANACREON.

Haste, let the roses bind our hair,
And merry jest and laugh prepare;
Behold a blooming Maid advance!
She waves the spear, with ivy bound;
And to the Lute's enchanting sound,
With tempting foot, begins the dance.

And, breathing balmy odours, lo
A Youth whose locks luxuriant flow!
The Lyre he sweeps; and sweetly sings,
Accordant to the tuneful strings.

And see, to mingle in our joy,
With golden locks, the Paphian Boy;
And Bacchus too, with beauteous mien;
And her, of all the Loves the Queen!

They come, in pleasures to engage,
That gild with smiles the gloom of age.

ODE.

A NEW, AND MORAL, AND SERIOUS THOUGHT.

How differently, at different times,
The self-same objects strike our senses!
Thus says Sir Oracle, the Man of Rhymes;
And thus to prove it he commences:—

Sweet are the blushes and the smiles of Morn,
The song of birds, and dew-bespangled thorn,
To Swains whose hearts are perfectly at ease:
Sweet are the splendours of the golden ray,
To Swains prepared to take their early way
To hill and vale, and wander where they please.

But not to Swains the morning smile is sweet,
Dress'd out in *irons;* doom'd, ere noon, to greet
The *rope* and *tree*, that much their spirits *flurry:*
They see, with *very, very* different eyes,
The Sun in all his golden robes arise;
And wish him *not* to travel in a *hurry.*

Sweet is the Parson's note to Swains at Church,
Who, lull'd to *slumber*, leave him in the lurch;
Whom neither manners nor religion check:
Yet, ah! most terrible would be, I wot,
That Parson's solemn *admonition* note
To those same Swains with *ropes* about the *neck*.

SONG.

When bleeding Nature droops to die,
And begs from Heaven th' eternal sleep,
Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,
And cursed the eye that scorns to weep.

How rich the tear by Pity shed!
How sweet her sighs for human woes!
They pierce the mansions of the dead,
And sooth the Spectre's pale repose.

SONG.

O cruel Maid, adieu, adieu!
Thy loss I ever shall deplore:
A thousand griefs my path pursue,
And joy shall gild that path no more.

Lost to the World, of hope bereft,
I view my fate with streaming eyes;
By Love forgot, by Friendship left,
By all deserted but my sighs.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O Love, thy temple is a crowded inn;
And, ah, how various are thy ways to *win!*

DEVONSHIRE-HOB'S LOVE.

Joanny my dear, wut ha poor Hob?
Vor I'm upon a coortin job.
Gadswunds! Iss leek thee, Joan:
I'd fert vor thee; iss, that Iss wud;
Iss love thee well as Pigs love Mud,
Or Dogs to gna a Bone.

What thoff Iss ban't so hugeous smurt,
Forsooth, leek Voaks that go to Curt?
Voakes zay I'm perty vitty.
Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,
Ha a long puss, and kep a wive,
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the best o' hearts,
Although no chitterlins to's sharts,
And lace that Gentry uze.
Thee'dst vend me honest; iss, rert down;
Although thee hadsn't not got a gown,
Ner stockings vath, ner shooze.

Now, Joanny, prythee dant now blish;
Vor zich, Iss wud'n gee a rish:
Dant copy voakes o' town.
No, Joan: dant gee thy zel an air;
And ren and quat, just leek a Hare,
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No; that's dam voalish, let me zay:
No; dant ren off, an heed away,
Leek Paltriges in stubble.
No, no; the easiest means be best:
Iss can't turmoil, an looze one's rest;
Iss can't avoard the trouble.

Now, Joan, beleek, thee waantst to know
About my houze-keppin and zo,
Bevore thee tak'st the nooze.
Why, vlesh an dumplin ev'ry day;
But az vor Zunday, le me zay,
We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumtimes we'll ha a choice squab-pie;
And zum days we wull broil and vry,
  And zum days roast, ye Slut:
An az vor zider, thee shat guzzle
Zo much, Joan, as will tire thy muzzle;
  Enow to splet thy gut.

Now break thy meend, zay "Dun, an dun:"
I'll make thee a good husband, mun;
  An, Joan, I'll love thee dearly.
Iss waant do leek our neighbour Flail,
That huffth his wive, an kickth her tail,
  An drashth her just leek Barely.

Joanny, Iss now have broke *my* meend;
Zo speak, an let the bisness eend,
  An dant stand shilly shally.
But if thee wutt'n, Lord, lay't alone;
Go, hang thy zel vor me, mun, Joan:
  I'll curt thy Zester Mally.

TOM AND DOLLY.

A STABLE-CANTATA.

Recitative.

Amidst his straw as Tom, a stable-swain,
Did sweep and sigh, but swept and sigh'd in vain;
Dolly the Cook peep'd in upon her Squire,
And begg'd a wisp of straw to light her fire:
Tom gave the wisp; and, leaning on his broom,
Thus woo'd the squabby Nymph, of bacon-bloom.

Air.

O Dolly, not a Horse nor Nag,
Of which my stable loud may brag,
  Can boast a Head like thine;
Nor has a Saddle got a Skin
So sleek as thy sweet cheek and chin,
  Or doth so nobly shine.

But thou art off, 'tis plainly seen;
Yes, Dolly, I have lost the rein,
  Thou mischievous contriver:

To gall, alack! my panting heart,
I'm sure thou art resolved to part,
And marry Dick the Driver.

Well, Doll, I cannot bear it long;
Love sticks into me like a Prong,
And sets my sides a bleeding:
I tell thee, Dolly, without fibs,
Thou hast so currycomb'd my ribs,
That I am *off* my *feeding*.

Queen of the Dripping-pan, oh say,
How canst thou hear thy Thomas *bray*,
Nor one kind answer utter?
How canst thou see thy Stable-squire
Roast at thine eyes, like Beef at fire,
Nor melt away like Butter?

But thou art grown so proud of late,
Thou *cutt'st* upon me like a plate;
As *short* too as a Crust:
And then, with *such* a scornful eye;
Thy shoulders, raised by pride so high,
All like a Turkey truss'd.

Sue, drive the driving-dog away;
Give my starved love a lock of hay,

For I'm in woful danger:
But if thou wilt not with me dwell,
Horses, and saddles, all farewel,
Brooms, hay-loft, bin, and manger!

Recitative.

Tom, having finish'd in a dismal tone,
Wiped his two dropping eyes, and gave a groan;
Then, sighing, said it was a cruel thing,
Thus like a Dishclout his poor Heart to *wring*.
The Nymph, as careless of the hole (how shocking!)
In Tom's poor bleeding *heart* as in her *stocking*,
Low curtseying to her solemn sighing Swain,
Return'd, with *equal* sweetness fraught, the strain.

Air.

Dear Thomas, I pity thy Love;
But, Thomas, thou wilt not *expire:*
Like a Ladle of Dripping 'twill prove,
That I frequently fling on the fire:—

It makes a most wonderful blaze,
And frightens the chimney, no doubt;
Sets the family all in amaze;
But, Thomas, it quickly *goes out*.

Before we were married a year,
Mighty Love he would lose all his forces;
And the musical tongue of thy *dear*
Would yield to the neigh of thy *horses*.

I believe that thou thinkest sincere,
This *sweet passion* would last all thy life;
But too many can tell with a tear,
They have thought the same thing of a *wife*.

Too often we find, to our cost,
That the passions are easily cloy'd;
That the object which *pleases* us *most*,
Is the object that *ne'er* was *enjoy'd*.

Love-matches may do very well,
In worlds where folks *never* want *meat*;
But in *this*, 'tis with sorrow I tell,
We are looking for somewhat *to eat*.

Dear Thomas, then let me alone
To my roasting, and boiling, and carving;
I don't like to live on a *bone*.—
Lord! nothing's more dismal than *starving*.

To thy stable then stick all thy life;
That will bring thee thy meat every day:
A houseful of brats, and a wife,
What would they? Why, *take it away.*

SONG.

O Nymph! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flattering tongue:
She lures thee to the haunts of Care,
Where Sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?—
Can those the hosts of Care control?
The Splendour which thine eyes behold,
Is not the Sunshine of the Soul.

To Love alone thy homage pay,
The Queen of every true delight:
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

SEA COURTSHIP.

SUSAN.

MADAM! madam! I have just received a poetical *billet-doux* from my furious Sea-caliban; impudence and humility, resolution and weakness, hope and despair, forming the sum total. Permit me to read it.

HAWSER TO SUSAN.

Miss Susan, I think it in vain
To groan any more for that face;
Your behaviour hath proved it so plain,
That to others I give up the chase.

Very wisely resolved, Mr. Lieutenant.

About love I shall make no more pother;
You know that I'm not very rich:
Yet I'd *man* you as well as another,
And stick to your timbers like Pitch.

Nice Sticking-plaster indeed!

I am out in my reckoning, 'tis clear,
As your frowns and your cruelties prove,
Since I thought to have anchor'd, my Dear,
In your Arms, that sweet Harbour of Love.

Very elegant, tender, and metaphorical!

And though you so scornful are grown,
Let justice be done, by the Lord!
You're a smart little Frigate, I own,
As a Seaman would wish for to board.

Thank ye, Mr. Lieutenant (curtseys).

Yet, Susan, before we depart,
I beg thou'lt not take it unkind,
Since your sneers have restored me my heart,
If I give thee a piece of my mind.

By all means, Mr. Hawser.

Instead of my *tears* and my *sighs*,
Which you laughing call'd *Love's water-gruel*,
Could *guineas* have rain'd from my eyes,
By God thou hadst never been cruel.

Impudent rogue!

And yet, should the wind chop about,
And thy mouth cease this damn'd squally weather,
Let us send for old Thump-cushion * out,
And swing in a hammock together.

Never, never, indeed, poor Swain.

DAPHNE,

OR,

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

FAREWELL the beam of early day!
Cold on the eye the Valley fades;
The Rivulet mourns upon its way,
And Spectres seem to haunt the shades.

These eyes, alas! no pleasure see,
Since Colin's love is changed from me.

Adieu the crook he gave my hand!
Adieu the flowers that deck my hair!
Go, Doves, and leave your silken band,
Since Daphne is no longer fair.

* The Priest.

Let nought by Daphne be possest:
The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow;
The knot of love he gave my breast,
Deep-blushing for his broken vow.

Let all his tokens meet his eye;
From Daphne all his gifts depart:
And let me send with these a Sigh,
To tell him of a broken heart.

MADRIGAL.

Ah! say not that the Bard grows old;
For what to me are passing years?
I feel not Age's palsied cold:
To-day like yesterday appears.

When beauty beams, the World is gay:
What mortal is not *then* alive?
Thus kindling at its magic ray,
Fourscore leaps back to *twenty-five.*

ODE TO TWO MICE IN A TRAP.

So, Sir and Madam! you at length are taken,
After your dances over cheese and bacon,
  And tasting every dainty in your way?
Now to my question answer, if ye please:
Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheese?
  What sort of a *defence* d'ye set up, pray?

Thus at free cost to breakfast, dine, and sup!
Even *mild* Judge Buller ought to hang you up,
  So *full* of the sweet *milk* of human nature.
What sort of fate, young People, should ye choose?
In purling Streams your pretty mouths *amuse;*
  Or feed the the Cat's *fond* jaws, that for you water?

I see ye are two Lovers, by your eyes;
I hear ye are two Lovers, by your sighs:
  But what avail your looks, or what avail
Your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,
Or what your parting agonies and fears;
  Since Death must pay a visit to your jail?

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,
And put your pretty noses through the wire:
Ay, peep away, sweet Sir, and gentle Miss;
No more the Moon shall mark your amorous fire
Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
And guide your gambols with her silver day.

Your prison-door now, Culprits, let me ope.—
Now, now! You're *off!* it is a *lucky* hop.
Ye're in the right on't, nimble Nymph and Swain.
Go, rogues; but if once more I catch you here—
What then?—What *then!* why then, I strongly fear,
Ye little robbers, you'll *escape again.*

Thus let me imitate Judge Buller's deeds,
Beneath whose sentence scarce a Felon bleeds;
Who as the fur of Foxes trims his gown,
The hand of Mercy lines his heart with *down.*

THE MISER AND THE DERVISE.

The Miser Sherdi on his sick-bed lying,
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, sighing,
Expecting every hour to lose his breath;

Enter a Dervise: " Holy Father, say,
As life seems parting from this sinful clay,
What can preserve me from the jaws of Death?"—

" A sacrifice, dear Son: good joints of meat,
Of lamb and mutton, for the Priest and Poor;
Nay, from the Koran shouldst thou lines repeat,
Those lines may *possibly* thy health restore."—

" Thank ye, dear Father; you have said *enough;*
Your counsel has *already* given me ease:
Now as my *sheep* are all a great way off,
I'll quote our holy *Koran,* if you please."

TO DELIA.

Delia, thou really dost not know thy worth:
Nature has made a very idle blunder,
To give thee roses, lilies, and so forth,
Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder.*

See *other* Girls, of far inferior charms!
Behold them spreading through the World alarms,
With not one quarter of thy ammunition;
Darkening the dangerous air with dreadful darts;
Transfixing Lovers' livers, heads, and hearts;
Putting the Beaus into a sad condition;

While thou, so idle, makest not Man thy game,—
As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim.

But, Delia, come; on *me* thy prowess try:
Let loose the Lightnings of thy coal-black eye;
Attack, pursue; I *like* the dangerous strife.
Sweet Nymph, 'tis ten to one thou lay'st me low;
Yet do not *kill* me, my dear generous Foe,
But make me *prisoner to thy arms* for life.

SONG.

Where Fortune reigns in splendid pride,
What madding thousands crowd her shrine!
With sweet Simplicity their guide,
O Love, how few resort to thine!

Yet when of Fortune's smile possess'd,
The sigh for *other* days they pour;
Some secret sorrow stings the breast,
And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But Love's pure joys unsullied last;
His Votaries taste a bliss sublime,
Sigh to regain the moments past,
And wish to clip the wings of Time.

SUSAN.

WHAT a pretty Hurricane about our ears! Well; thank Heaven, and our good old Ship for holding his head so long above water, we are not got down into Davy Jones's locker.

SONG.

GOOD Lord! when I think of the Storm,
And, old Neptune, thy horrible spleen,
That endeavour'd to make of this Form
A Feast for the Fish at nineteen!

It had given my poor heart some alarms,
As well as some grief to my Spark,
To have found, that, instead of *his* arms,
I had fill'd up the mouth of a *shark*.

Dear Neptune, a Sweetheart is mine;
Not a handsomer England possesses:
Shouldst thou bury these limbs in thy brine,
They will lose a whole world of caresses.

Oh, afford me one glance of my Lover!
Oh, grant but one kiss from my Swain!—
Thou shalt drown me a thousand times over,
If ever I trust thee again.

SONG.

From me since Hope hath wing'd her way,
To yield to luckier swains delight,
Ah! will not Comfort lend a ray,
To gild my bosom's dreary night?

Yes, yes: to sooth my burning breast,
As far from Delia's form I rove,
I'll boast that *once* this heart was blest,
And tell the story of my love.

TO VENUS.

O Venus! wherefore is my sigh
To Delia's beauty breath'd in vain?
Ah! why her cold and clouded Eye,
That Sun-like shone upon her Swain?

A time there was when thou wast kind,
And gavest success to every pray'r;
When every Sigh was sure to find
A Sigh congenial from the Fair.

A time there was when Delia's breast,
At all my griefs, with grief would glow:
The Nymph would lull the storm to rest,
And soothe with every charm my woe.

Yet, Venus, wheresoe'er she flies,
To Delia all thy blisses give:
In *me*, a *single* Shepherd *dies;*
In *her*, behold, a *thousand live!*

EPITAPH.

O Thou, removed from this World's strife,
Whose relics here below are laid;
May Peace, who watch'd thy harmless life,
In death protect thy gentle shade!

Yet not *alone*, around thy bier,
Thy Children's sighs unfeign'd ascend:
The mourner Pity drops a tear,
And Virtue weeps a vanish'd friend.

ODE TO A COUNTRY HOYDEN.

Dear Dolly, stay thy scampering joints one minute,
And let me ask thee, mad-cap Girl, a Question:
Somewhat of consequence there may be in it,
That *probably* mayn't suit thy high digestion.

Pray what's the meaning of the present glee?
To ride a nanny-goat, or ass, or pig?
Or mount an ox? or ride an apple-tree,
And on the dancing limb enjoy a jig?

Perhaps thou art infected with an itch
To plague a poor old Crone, baptized a *witch;*
To smoke her in her hovel, kill her cats:
Or lock her in, and rob her garden's peas,
Kick down the lame old Granny's hive of bees,
And break her windows in with stones and bats.

Perchance, to rob an orchard thou may'st long,
Or neighbour's hen's-nest of its eggs, or young;
Nay, steal the mother-hen to boot:
Perchance thou hasten'st, fond of vulgar joys,
To tumble on the haycocks with the boys,
And let them take, at will, the sweet salute.

Thou makest a long face, and answer'st thus:
" Lord then, about a *trifle* what a fuss!
As though a body might not ride a pig,
Or nanny-goat indeed, or ox, good me!
Or our old Neddy*, or an apple-tree,
Just for one's health to have a little jig!

" Or where's the mighty harm, upon my word,
In taking a few eggs, or chicks, or hen?
The farmers can't be ruin'd by't, good Lord!
Papa says that they're all substantial men.

" Or where's the harm to ride upon a gate?
To *snub* one so indeed, at such a rate!
I've tumbled from the trees upon the stones,
And never broke, in all my life, my bones.
See, Sir, I have not *one* black spot about me!
'Tis cruel then, for *nothing* thus to flout me.

" Or where's the mighty crime, I wonder, pray,
With Cousin Dick to tumble on the hay?
Just like a Baby with her Doll you treat one:
Marry come up; why, Cousin Dick won't *eat* one.
And then, forsooth, what mighty harm would come,
In having bits of fun with Cousin Tom?"—

Dolly, thy artless answers force my smile:
I readily believe thee void of guile;

* A name frequently given to a Jack-ass.

My lovely Girl, I think thou mean'st no harm:
But had I Daughters just like thee, let loose,
I verily should think myself a goose,
To mark each colt-like lass without *alarm.*

Doll, get thee home, and tell Mamma, so *mild,*
So fearful that a *frown* would *kill* her Child,
That not even *birch* to kill that Child is able;
And tell thy Father, a fond fool, from me,
To look a little sharper after *thee,*
Clip thy wild tongue, and tie thee to the table.

THE GRAVE OF EURIPIDES.

AN ELEGY.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN ON THE SPOT.

O THOU whose deeply-pictured scenes of woe
From Grecian eyes could force the pitying shower!
Permit a stranger's sigh unfeign'd to flow:
Indulge his hand to strew the sweetest flower.

I know I shall not by thy Shade be scorn'd,
Who boast my birth from Albion's free domain;
Where Nature's soul, like thine, in Shakspeare mourn'd;
Where Milton's Genius pour'd th' immortal strain.

Yet lo, a race of *this* degenerate age,
Sons of those sages, heroes, bards, whose fame
Gave splendour to the fair historic page,
Forget the glory of the Grecian name.

I mark you, Son of Athens, with a sigh;
Of Power, of Ignorance, the abject slave*:—
Fear on his cheek, and misery in his eye,
He wanders near thee, heedless of thy grave.

Where is thy fame? In Greece no more divine,
It pours on Albion's isle the radiant day;
There with a noon-tide lustre may it shine,
And gild my Country with unclouded ray!

Each night retiring, as I whisper peace,
With each adieu the tear will steal away;
To think that thou the Song of Gods shouldst cease,
And dying mingle with the meanest clay.

Though Greece forgets thee, yet on Fancy's wing
From distant Albion will I oft return;
Crown thy cold sod with all the blooms of Spring,
And envy the rich earth that holds thy urn.

* The present Inhabitants of Greece fully answer this description.

SONG TO CYNTHIA.

THE Youth by Love and Hope betray'd,
Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,
Learns to forget the scornful Maid,
And bravely breaks her galling chain.

" Farewell," he cries, " a fruitless flame!
A Nymph less cruel let me find:
The World holds many a blooming Dame;
An *equal* Chloe may be kind."

But ah! how hard the Lover's fate
Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye!
What Virgin shall *his* fires abate,
And sooth *his* bosom's hopeless sigh?

For, lo! the Loves, to make thee fair,
Agreed with every charm to part;
And all the Virtues too declare,
They robb'd *their own*, to grace *thy* heart.

HYMN TO LOVE.

Soul of the World, and essence of delight,
Of thee I think by day, and dream by night;
For I'm a bachelor, a *good old maid.*
Yet *now*, O Love, a pretty Woman's smiles
Could make me dance at least a dozen miles,
Without a stick indeed, or horse's aid:
Such rapture from thy bloom each moment feels;
Such mercury thou puttest in one's heels.

Did Jove prize charming Woman just like me,
Of charming Woman we should find a dearth;
In beauty what a desert there would be!
Scarce one sweet Female to delight our earth.

And then, O Cynthia, whom these eyes adore;
Whose form, and face, and mind, no rival know!
Yes, thou, fair Maid, to that untravell'd shore,
To charm the Thunderer, wouldst be doom'd to go;
And leave, alas! thy sighing Shepherd here,
Who never wants a Muse when thou art near.—

And now to *thee*, O Love, again I turn.
How canst thou hear an earthly Angel mourn,

A victim to the vultures of Despair,
A witless victim to the villain's snare?

How see vile Man her virtue undermine,
And bid the fairest form of Nature pine?
Why sufferest thou her bosom's softest sigh?
How canst thou, unrevenged, survey the Maid;
Hear her soul's grief, behold her beauty fade;
Nay (horror!), the poor lamb-like victim die?

Lo, poor deserted Julia (once how fair!),
With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;
Her gentle heart by Love's sad tempest torn!
She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around;
Now nails the eye of thought into the ground;
Now, drown'd in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn;
Pale as the Moon, amidst the midnight storm,
When rains and driving clouds her face deform.

She grasps the earth; the sod her fingers tear:
Now wearied, disappointed, to the skies
She lifts her lids of woe, and plaintive sighs,
(Soul-piercing sound!) "Alas, he is not here!"
Rich pearls of sorrow from their fountains stray,
And drop (too precious for the ground) away.

" How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow?"
She moans: now sits upon the bank and sings;
Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd sighs of woe,
And, pausing, mutters incoherent things.

Now plucking lilies from the sod, she cries,
"Sweet flowers, I once was innocent like you;
The tear, alas! a stranger to these eyes,
Nor blush my cheek, nor wound my bosom, knew."

Now with a smile, and now with melting wail,
She whispering tells of Colin's love the tale.

Again her mind is on the wing; she starts:
Hope to her eyes her eagle-beam imparts.

Sudden she springs from earth: "He's there, he's there;
I see him pass the flood: dear Colin, dear!
Thy Julia calls thee, 'tis thy Julia, stay;
Thy Julia calls thee; wherefore haste away?
Thy Julia loves thee: do not, cruel, fly;
Stay, or thy Julia's heart with grief will die.
If danger urge, that danger let *me* share:
Thou must not live, unwatch'd by Julia's care."

Sweet wretch! in vain her feet the Phantom chase:
Wildly she plunges 'mid the torrent's roar:
She shrieks, her arms her fancied Love embrace:
She grasps the gulf; ah! soon to grasp no more.

Lost Maid! in vain the Shepherds try to save:
Breath'd is her spirit in the whelming wave.
No longer doom'd Life's bitter cup to taste,
Behold her hours of woe for ever past!

Deaf to the song of Flattery now her ear,
Deaf to a Demon's whispers once so dear,
Cold too the bosom of the once warm Maid:
The heart that swell'd with Love's delicious sighs,
Still in its silent cell of darkness lies;
And dim her eyes in Death's eternal shade.
Those orbs that sparkling bade a World adore,
Ah, doom'd to sparkle, and to *stream*, no more!

Lo, on the bank her pale limbs stretch'd along,
Amid the sorrows of a rural throng;
A sight to strike the voice of Rapture mute,
And wake the tenderest string of Pity's lute!

Thee, thee, her murderer, Vengeance soon shall find;
Sure Blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind;
Pursue thee where the Desert grins with death:
For not to Man again shalt thou return;
A shrinking World thy Cain-like form shall spurn,
And, kneeling, curse thee with its keenest breath.

Smote and unburied shall thy carcase lie:
Afar, affrighted shall the vultures fly;

Of Fiends like thee, a *breathless* Fiend, afraid.
And lo, the frowning Genius of the Gloom
Shall shun the solitude that hails thy doom,
And bid each Savage seek a *distant* shade.

ODE.

'Tis a *strange* World we live in; but 'twill *mend:*
As every body says, "The World grows wiser."
Yet *certain* follies ne'er will have an end,
Of which I am a wonderful despiser.

Is it not cruel, when, with all his flame,
Genius performs a work, a man should bawl,
"To ask much for this *trifle* were a shame;
I know the fellow took *no pains at all.*
Poets work *nimbly, nimbly,* now-a-days:
Give a good pennyworth, good Master Bays."

I dare say the sad Bookseller, a Lane
Or Lackington, pour'd such unhallow'd sounds
On Milton's shrinking ear, with lips profane,
Who bought th' immortal Work for *fifteen pounds**!

* The Price actually given for the Paradise Lost!

Too many a ragged Brother of the Lay,
Too many a *fair* Historian, never doubt it,
Have heard a Bookseller so cruel say,
"Pray, Sir," or "Ma'am, *how long* were you *about it?*"

Thou beast! amid the Sons of Wisdom placed,
Who times of old, as well as modern, graced,
Couldst thou not catch a portion of their fire?
Rolls not thine eye upon their Works each day?
And canst thou from them *nothing* bear away,
To lift thy hog-like soul above the mire?—

Sore troubled by the tooth-ache, Lubin ran
To get the murderer of his quiet *drawn;*
An Artist in an instant whips it out.
"Well, Master Snag, hæ? what *has* I to pay?"—
"A shilling."—"Zounds! a shilling do ye zay?"
With a long staring face replies the Lout.

"Lord! why Ize did not *veel it;* 'twas *nort in it;*
You *knows* ye wern't about it half a minute:
To gee *zo much* Ize cursedly unwilling.
Lord! vor a tooth but yesterday old Slop
Did drag me by the head about his shop,
Three times, poor man, and *only ax'd a shilling.*"

SONG.

How changed is my Celadon's heart!
How alter'd each look of the Swain!
Now sullen he wishes to part,
Who call'd me the Pride of the Plain.

Of late, with what ardour he strove
Every hour that was *mine* to beguile!
How he grieved if I doubted his love!
And how blest if he gain'd but a smile!

To *me* he devoted his days;
And raptured on *me* was his tongue:
Thus Morning arose on his praise,
And Evening went down on his song.

Let me steal to the desert, and die,
Nor wound with reproaches his ears:
My *reproof* shall be only a *sigh;*
My *complaint*, but the *silence of tears.*

EPIGRAM.

See Clodio, happy in *his own* dear *sense!*
And, hark! the World cries, "Coxcomb in th' excess."
Now let me undertake the Fop's defence:—
What man could ever be content with *less?*

ANACREONTIC.

TO SYLVIA.

How canst thou smile at my despair,
And bid me *other* Nymphs adore?
Show me a Girl but *half* so fair,
And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye,
Since thus resolved to shun pursuit;
For Love will follow, like the Fly
That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

LISETTA.

In the name of the great God of Love, how shall I dispose of myself? Which of my Swains must wear the willow?

O Virgins, tell me how to choose,
For I'm a novice on it:
Poor Colin at a *distance* wooes,
And sends his soul in *sonnet*;—

While Lubin, to no forms a slave,
Won't stay to *write* for blisses;
But prints upon my mouth, the knave,
His wishes with his kisses.

If Lubin seize a rude embrace,
And I begin to clatter;
The rogue stares gravely in my face,
And asks me what's the matter?

Of kisses lately he stole three;
I shriek'd with might and main:
"Since ye don't like them," pert quoth he,
"Lord! take them back again."—

" No, no, I won't," says I, " keep off;
They please me *much*," I swore.—
" Oh, is it so?" cried he: "enough;
Then, Miss, you wish for *more*."

Poor Colin turns, if I but frown,
All white as any Fleece is.—
Lubin would give me a *green gown*,
And *rummage* me to pieces.

The one, so meek and complaisant,
All silence, awe, and wonder;—
The other, impudence and rant,
And boisterous as the Thunder.

This begs to press my finger's tip,
So bashful is my Lover:—
That savage bounces on my lip,
And kisses it all over.

O Modesty! thou art so sweet,
Not wild, and bold, and teasing;
And *yet*, each sister Nymph I meet
Thinks Boldness *not unpleasing*.

This is a wicked world, oh dear!
And wickedness is in me:
Though Modesty's so *sweet*, I fear
That Impudence will *win me*.

CORIN'S PROFESSION;

OR,

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

Now, Joan, we are married; and now let me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear Joan, I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume:
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur; for trust me, my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a throne.

Thou shalt milk our *one* cow; and if Fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan may milk *two*:

I will till our small field, while thy prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat a good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who would wish for *self only* to live?
One blessing of life, my dear Girl, is to *give*.

Even the Red-breast and Wren shall not seek us in vain,
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain:
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember;
That thy *May* was my own, when thou showest *December:*
And when age to my *head* shall his winter impart,
The summer of Love shall reside in my *heart*.

ODE TO UGLINESS.

DAUGHTER of Hecate, thou'rt undone;
Joy to my soul, thine empire falls:
No more, thou hobbling envious Crone,
Thy power the female world appals.

With smiles the Queen of Love appears,
No longer trembling for the Graces:
No more thy rude attack she fears
On faultless forms, and fairest faces.

Beauty will never lose her prime,
Nor mourn her losses, as of yore:
Defeated too thy brother Time,
The God of Wrinkle, wounds no more.

See Age display her ivory rows!
Her lip preserves its purple bloom:
Her bosom heaves with Alpine snows,
And kisses breathe the rich perfume.

The furrowed cheek, and hoary head,
No longer now, as usual, greet;
And, what our Grandmothers all dread,
The nose and chin no longer meet.

Time's power the good old Grannies *brave;*
And, ogling, dart their amorous fire;
Decline with *graces* to the grave,
And with the blush of health *expire.*

THE TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thousands sooner would affront
(Such is of sin the wonderful increase)
The Heaven's Eternal Ruler (fie upon 't!)
Than one poor brainless Justice of the Peace;
Or Country Squire who nothing knows but doxies,
Hares, acts of parliament, hounds, horses, foxes!

Nay further, which should scarcely be repeated
(And oh that groundless were the Poet's fears!),
God by *his own* sad Servants is *worse treated,*
Worse than our Country Gentlemen by *theirs.*
Ask of the Bishops else; whose *humble* souls
Sweet Mercy melts, and Charity controls.

To cheat the Devil, at times, I've no objection;
Not *Heaven:* 'tis such a *villainous* reflection.

A certain Traveller, in ancient days,
When Gods and Goddesses were thick as Hops,
Wishing, as he was beating the highways,
For somewhat dainty to amuse his chops;

Knelt down to Jupiter, and thus began:
" O Jupiter, as I'm an honest man,
I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r:
Amidst my travels, let me *something* find;
Little or much, good, bad, of any kind;
I vow to thee, thy Godship half shall share."
Then with grave sanctity he thump'd his craw;
Much as to say, " Great Jove, my word's a law."

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found
A handsome Bag of Filberts on the ground;
At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,
Plump down he squats, and falls at once to cracking.

To cut my story short, he crack'd and eat,
From every nut, each atom of the meat;
When, gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,
" Jove, sacred have I kept my word: for, see,
The *better half* indeed I leave to *thee;*
The *shells,* O mighty Ruler of the Skies!
There are they all, great Jove; survey 'em:
Shouldst thou suspect my honour, *weigh 'em.*"

SONG.

THE wretch oh let me never know,
Who turns from Pity's tearful eye;
Who melts not at the dirge of woe,
But bids the soul renew its sigh!

Oh say not with the voice of Scorn,
"The lilies of thy neck are fled;
Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn;
The roses of thy cheek are dead."

Too cruel Youth, with tears I own
The rose and lily's sad decay;
And sorrowing wish, for thee alone,
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet, though thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms;
Remember that each luckless grace,
O Colin, faded *in thy arms.*

ODE TO MY GOOD FRIEND, THE MOST MERCIFUL JUDGE BULLER.

O Buller, whose *fair* Heart, so *full* of love,
Melts, Snow-like, on the victim void of hope;
Whose Conscience stretches like the softest Glove,
To save the sighing Culprit from the rope!
To thee, in Virtue's stoutest armour strong,
Permit thy *friend* and Bard to pour the Song.

Oh let us drag the foes of Man to day,
And hang them, like *thy rats**, upon our Lay;
Murderers that strike the cheek of Horror pale,
Whose morals give contagion to a jail.

Illumined, ah! too oft by Fortune's Rays,
A pigmy Wretch is shown in yon huge house†;
Just as the Solar Microscope displays
A Mite, a Flea, a Bug, a dirty Louse.

A Judge *may* rise, despising Nature's groan;
A villain, in damnation sunk so deep,
That Vice, black Vice, shall ne'er be *idle* known,
But when the fur-clad Monster falls asleep.

* Hereby hangs a pretty little tale.

† Westminster Hall.

Just as the Hackney-coachmen curse aloud
Kind Sol, who dissipates a threatening Cloud,
Dark-hovering, wishing much his power to show,
And bid his deluge drown the World below;—

Just as the restless Demon of the Night
Lours on the maiden blush of orient Light,
And sculks into the charnel's murky shade;
A Judge *may* rise, whose scowl shall curse the smile
Of Justice, who so long has blest our isle,
And strike with ruffian fist the heavenly Maid.

Where is the Judge, in *murder only* brave,
Whose soul delights to feed the gaping grave;
Who on the Convict's pale cheek feasts his eyes;
Whose heartfelt sounds are Hope's expiring sighs?

Where is the *happy* Patron of the Rope,
Whose eyes on seas of blood would gladly ope,
Fresh hecatombs of carnage, every morn:
Whose ear could *live* on Virtue's deepest groan;
Stretch even to pain, to catch her last faint moan,
Poor writhing wretch, by every torture torn?

There's *no* such damned Judge; but let me say,
So foul a spirit *may* disgrace the day.—

Where is the Judge who, 'midst his shrinking vale,
Walks forth, ah! not to hear the Turtle's tale;
But with a *happy*, keen, and sparkling eye,
To see the Kite with fury sweep the sky;
Now in his iron talons bear along
The Lark which charm'd the season with his song?

To *such* Dame Nature never yet gave birth;
But such a miscreant vile *may* curse the earth.

Where is the Judge who courts the gloom of night,
Charm'd with the owl's and bat's and beetle's flight,
And sees with joy the spectred band pass by;
With rapture listens to their piteous wail,
Now follows hard to catch the mournful tale,
And sorrows when the Phantoms scape his eye?

A Judge like this, to bid poor Nature mourn,
Was *never yet*, thank Heaven, but *may* be born.

Where is the Judge who walks the foaming shore
At midnight, 'midst the ruthless tempest's roar,
When Fate and Horror ride the thundering deep;
Who for the Cormorant's broad pinion sighs,
To mingle with the tumult of the skies,
And join the whirlwind's wild resistless sweep;—

To hover o'er the darken'd scene of death,
And triumph in the seaman's shrieking breath;
Charm'd with each mountain surge, for life that raves:
Charm'd as the arm of Fate, with cruel shock,
Heaves the huge vessel on the groaning rock,
And rends it piecemeal 'midst a world of waves?

"There's *no* such man, nor *ever* was," you cry.—
Sweet Judge, dear dove-like Buller, so say *I.*
But *may* there not a Devil like this appear?
Life deals in monsters much too oft, I fear.

O Devon, parent of immortal men!
Oh, *should* thy beauteous bosom prove a den,
To hold and suckle *such* an Imp of Shame;
Know, to the Poet though thou gavest birth,
With soul-felt ardour will I wish thy dearth,
Renounce thy blasted soil, and change my name.

SYLVIA.

DASHWOOD, I dislike your jokes on Matrimony: you possess too much sense to treat with so much levity a state which the first Philosophers held sacred. But your jest *must* not be spared, though ruin be the consequence. After all your pretty professions, I am not

now certain that your passion is sincere. How am I to be convinced?

DASHWOOD.

Fie, fie, thou charming Infidel! Listen.

SONG.

DEAR Girl, I'm up to ears in love;
The fact, a thousand follies prove:
Yes, yes, I feel the dart.
Well; now I'm wounded, give the cure:
Thou'rt not a cruel Girl, I'm sure;
So try to ease the smart.

"Lord bless us! it is all a lie,"
I hear thee with emotion cry;
"I'm sure there's nothing in 't."—
Indeed there is, I'm sore afraid:
Nay, take the Symptoms, sceptic Maid,
That make it plain as print.

The instant that I see thee coming,
My heart against my ribs keeps drumming,
As if to caper out;
To make his *congé* at thy feet,
Pronounce himself thy slave so sweet,
And fight for thee so stout.

From those dear lips, delicious bliss,
If saucy Coxcombs steal a kiss,
My eyes so jealous roll:
Aside, I call the puppies names;
My Heart is Etna-like in flames,
Consuming to a Coal.

I cannot bear to be alone;
I yawn, I sigh, I gape, I groan,
And writhe as if with pain:
Now on a sudden seize a book;
Just half a minute in it look,
Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating, wild, I walk,
Nod to myself, and smile, and talk;
Now hunt for something lost;
Now sit, jump up; now stare, now wink;
On some deep problem seem to think;
Now vacant as a Post.

Now seize the violin, and scratch
A half a glee, or half a catch;
Now snatch the brush, and paint;
Now fling it down, and seize the flute;
Now hum an air divine; now hoot,
To make poor Music faint.

Now, full resolved to visit thee,
And take a social cup of tea,
And give my heart a plaster;
I draw my Watch, not over-cool,
Call him a little limping Fool,
And bid him travel faster.

Now bustling round the room, here, there,
I try to find my hat, and swear,
And wish him damn'd, and dead;
Now raging from my inmost soul,
I roar, "What thief my hat hath stole?"
Then find it *on my head.*

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my Dear.—
Love's symptoms now *too plain* appear;
There's nobody can miss it:
Yet if these symptoms are not love,
And *this* the passion fail to prove,
Why, what the devil is it?

Oh that I did not love thee, Girl;
And that my head, in this wild whirl,
Could keep a little steady!
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach:
Like drowning boys, I've lost my reach;
My sense is gone already.

Yet, Sylvia, know, the *single* elf
Has only *one* to serve ; viz. *self:*
But when he takes a *wife,*
A *hundred masters* then appear ;
And, what is very hard, my Dear,
His slavery lasts *for life.*

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Thus sung the Bard of old, and deem'd no fool,
" Sweet are the uses of adversity ;"
A Dame who kicketh from your rump your stool,
And, savage, showeth not one grain of mercy t'ye;
Bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail;*
Greets with wired whips, and *blesses* with a jail.

O Mistress of this *wisdom-teaching* pain,
With Pillory, Gibbet, Famine, in thy train,
Go knock, God bless thee, knock at *others'* doors.
By all my favourite Gods of Prose and Rhyme,
I feel not thy philosophy *sublime:*
Go, seek the zealot who thy stripes *implores.*

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife ;
Snatch from a Husband's happy arms a Wife ;

Blot from his soul each glimmering ray of hope;
Rack all his lovely Daughters with disease;
Poison his Sons; and, more thy rage to please,
Present the fainting Father with a *rope.*

But let *me keep* wife, children, peace, and land;
And learn thy lessons all at *second-hand.*

My taste is *dull;* yes, vastly dull indeed:
I *hate* to see a brother-mortal bleed.
I hate to hear a gentle nature groan;
And, Goddess, more especially *my own.*

Yes, yes, Heaven knows, my taste is more *confin'd;*
Prefers the Zephyr to the howling Wind:
Prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,
One hour's bright Calm, to *months* of Cloud and Thunder.

Thou possibly mayst be a good physician,
But *certes* dost not know my *weak condition.*
Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,
Would set my nervous system in a riot:
Rich cordial *drafts* would answer best, I trow,
Made up by Messieurs Hammersly and Co.

Thine " iron scourge" would really act in vain,
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain;

At disappointment much inclined to moan.
Whenever then, O Goddess, things we see
That with one's nature so much *disagree*,
Methinks 'twere better they were *let alone*.

To tumble from a house, or from a tow'r,
And break a luckless brace of legs and arms,
Would make one look most *miserably sour*:—
Yet are there men who deem all these *no harms*.

Then *seek* them, Goddess; souse them on the stones;
And, for their goodly *comfort*, crack their bones.

If in a *well*-stuff'd coach, *well*-overset,
A broken leg and thigh and arm I get,
I am not, I confess, of that *pure* leaven,
To crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,
Grace-like, "For what I have received this day,
I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heaven!"

O Mistress of the terrifying mien,
The boatswain's deep-toned voice and brawny arm,
Oh be not within *leagues* of Peter seen!
Thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot *charm*.
A stupid Scholar, Goddess, I shall be:
Thy conversations are *too deep* for *me*.

Yes, Madam, you are too *sublime* a Dame
For Peter's company, I speak with shame:
A little winning *wench* contenteth *me*,
Clep'd Fortune; a good-natured smiling lass,
Who constant lights my pipe, and fills my glass,
And makes my every day a jubilee.

This is the sweet Companion for *my* money:
Such is the little Syren I desire.
Thou art all Gall, and *she* all Milk and Honey:
'Tis *at a distance* I must *thee* admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,
The bleak wind whistling through a coat in tatters,
The flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuses,
Are things for which my bowels do not *yearn;*
For rot me, Madam, if I can discern
One atom of their several earthly *uses.*

Morality may wear a ruffled shirt,
I really think, and not his conscience *hurt:*
Morality may also like nice picking;
For, since the great All-wise has given us fowls,
Mankind were certainly a set of owls,
To dare to place *damnation* in a chicken.

Morality, I ween, may go well drest;
Keep a good fire, and live upon the best;
Throw by his wheelbarrow, and keep a carriage;
Visit the opera, masquerade, and play;
Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay;
Get *fifty thousand* with a Girl in marriage.

To eat from splendid Plate, or homely Manger,
Methinks the soul is just in *equal danger*.

Besides, 'tis *late*, O Goddess, in the day;
I'm not a subject *fit* for thee to flay:
To speak the truth, my nerves *too nicely feel*.
Go, search the motley mixture of mankind;
Some young *enthusiast* wild thou soon mayst find,
Proud of thy whips, and *glad* to *grace* thy wheel.

So great for *my own person* is my love,
And *hard* thy lessons, I can't now *begin* 'em.—
Besides, as I have hinted just above,
I'd rather *read of* battles than *be in 'em*.

SONG TO SAPPHO.

At length, O fairest Nymph, farewell!
Let sighs alone my passion tell;
With tears I quit thy arms.
Adieu each eve of pure delight;
Adieu each morn with rapture bright;
Adieu thy brighter charms!

Where'er by Fate condemn'd to stray,
Where Phœbus pours the golden day,
Or sleeps beneath the wave,
Thine image with my path pursue;
And, ever present on my view,
Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam; I strive in vain
To break, O beauteous Maid, thy chain.
Yet *why* my fetters part?
Even now thy sighs my sighs approve;
Even now thy love returns my love,
And yields me heart for heart.

INVOCATION TO SAINT CECILIA.

ON A LADY'S SINGING.

Descend, O Goddess! from thy sphere,
And listen to a British Maid:
A sweeter Sappho warbles here,
Than charm'd of yore the Lesbian shade.

Yet not like Sappho's mourns her strain,
Alas! with Love's desponding sigh:
To Delia's beauty bows each Swain,
And owns the triumph of her eye.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL FRIEND.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

How blest were the Nymphs and the Swains,
When Lycidas join'd in the Song;
The chief and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the Pleasures along!

Of late not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a musical sound;
The Breeze seem'd a Sigh of Despair,
And Pity sat mute on the ground.

But Nature (how sudden the change!)
At the presence of Lycidas smil'd;
Health was seen through the valley to range,
And an Eden sprung up from the wild.

The throstle was heard in the shade;
The linnet enliven'd the grove;
And Echo, long banish'd, sweet Maid,
Return'd with her stories of love.

Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,
That so lately with sorrow was rent;
And the voice of the Mourner so sad
Was lost in the songs of Content.

Just able to crawl o'er the stile,
And doom'd, ah! to labour no more,
Age would crawl from his cot with a smile,
And a blessing to leave at his door.

But the Shepherd for ever is gone:
Hark, his knell how it saddens the gale!
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown;
Fate envies the smiles of our vale.

Now let Mirth from each hamlet retire
To the region of silence and gloom:
Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
Since the Virtues will weep at his tomb.

APOLLO TO THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

Ye Sons of Anacreon, listen awhile;
'Tis Apollo, your friend, that sends greeting:
Of your pleasures we Gods are in love with the *style*,
And are mad to be down at your Meeting.

Father Jove with your sounds is so wondrously pleas'd,
That he swears at our *flats* and our *sharps;*
With the squalls of each Muse he'll no longer be teas'd,
So commands me to break up their Harps.

He has quite put a stop to poor Momus's fun,
And forbid his *jeux d'esprit* to flow;
Thus *our* Club is knock'd up, because we're outdone
By the mirth of you Mortals below.

Then accept my petition, a wish most sincere;
Let me join as the Laureat your throng:
Though I cannot, like Incledon, ravish your ear,
I can give you a pretty good Song.
As for example:—

SONG BY APOLLO.

A POX on all sorrow! On happiness seize.
Care, avaunt! nor our pleasures alloy:
Since Jove has given passions, and objects to please;
The meaning is, "Mortals, enjoy."

Jove's a God of ten thousand: the Monarch, I know,
Loves his bottle, girl, song, and a jest;
Has a monstrous regard for *choice spirits* below,
And is charm'd when his creatures are blest.

But he's vex'd when a fool takes it into his head
That he's *lost* if he meddles with *pleasure;*
And thinks too the fellow confounded *ill-bred,*
To *refuse* when he *offers* the treasure.

When a zealot has turn'd up the whites of his eyes,
With long phiz, and a puritan strain,
I have seen the God laugh; and in fun, from the skies,
Make up mouths at the blockhead again.

Then push round the bottle; let each give his song;
Wit, humour, and friendship, attend us:
And while for enjoyment our passions are strong,
Let us ask not his Godship to *mend us*.

Thus we'll revel, till Morning peeps into our glass:
Then to scenes of *new* rapture remove;
To embrace with devotion a Wife or a Lass,
And be blest on the bosom of love.

ODE TO A HANDSOME WIDOW.

See yonder Cloud, that mopes with mournful shade,
Black, black, as though it never would be bright!
Sol like a Bridegroom comes, a jovial blade,
Clasps her with warmth; and lo, her darkness light!
The dress of Cloud soon alters; for, behold,
Her gloomy sables change to pink and gold!

Daughter of Sorrow, thus perchance 'twill be,
If I mistake not Nature, soon with *thee*.—

Pale as the pale rain-loaded Lily's look,
And languid as the Willow o'er the brook,
  Exalt once more that drooping Form to joy.
Too long the lute of Woe, with dying sound,
And melting lullaby, thine eye hath drown'd:
  The trump of Rapture should his voice employ;
The sprightly Fiddle rouse his sister Dance,
And bid thy cold heart glow with Love's romance.

Thy lifted eyes *too eloquently* mourn,
  Deep-swimming in the silent fount of tears:
And then thy voice so musically lorn,
  Accusing Fate's *too cruel, cruel* shears,
Wakes all the soft emotions of my heart,
That sympathising fain would *mirth* impart.

But grief for Spouses lasts not Ladies long;
Yet *very* poignant: yes, though *short*, 'tis *strong*,
  When first the *best of husbands* breathes his last.
And if his *all* be left them, what a storm
Of sighs and tears their beauty to deform!
  Grief seems as *ever* he would ride the blast.

Yet *soon*, 'tis said, the winds of Woe are still;
And tears, from *torrents*, sink a *prattling rill*.—

Think what a pair of sparkling eyes are thine,
And do not drown their Cupids in the brine;
And think too on thy pretty dimpled cheek:
Think of thy flaxen hair, whose beauties flow
In broad luxuriance o'er thy breast of snow;
And think too of that soft and polish'd neck:
Think of thy lips, that kisses can impart,
So ready from their ruby beds to start.

Thus speak those Lips: "We *will* be kiss'd again."
And in the same sweet fascinating strain,
Thy polish'd Bosom says, "I *will* be press'd."
And then thy Cheek, the loveliest of our isle,
Exclaims, "I *will* resume the cheerful smile;
My bloom *shall* make some future Lover blest."

Oh listen to thy Locks, from Fashion hurl'd:
"We *will* look Christian-like, we *will* be curl'd;
We *will not* imitate a Cow's straight Tail."
And then thy all-subduing taper Waist,
So full of rich desires, and then so *chaste*
While others are so marvellously *frail:*
"I *will* be clasp'd by some smart Swain, I say;
Not, like a Cabbage-stalk, be flung away."

Thy Heart too speaks: "Though *now*, alas! forlorn,
There seems no reason for *eternal* sighing:
Owl-like, *a little* let me mope and mourn;
But not be *ever* swelling, groaning, dying."

Hark! from thy hand, which thou dost wretched wring,
"Give me," a Finger cries, "*another* ring."
Oh! canst thou hear it on such wishes dwell,
And not *indulge* it with the *bagatelle?*

Daughter of Grief, then hamper not thy Charms.
Who, really grown rebellious, pant for arms;
Give way then to the roving mutineers:
And shouldst thou say, "Lord! who will *take* 'em in?"
Trust me, *I'll* entertain 'em, every skin:
My bosom's open to the pretty Dears.

ODE.

Peter descanteth on the Precariousness of Life, wisheth to be at his own Disposal, and showeth no Objection to an *emendation* of Nature.

Ah! this our World's a world of sad mishaps;
Beset with Death's uncomfortable traps:
Hard squeezed, we sometimes get away to groan.

Now half the body's in the spiteful gin;
And now th' unlucky tail, to make us grin,
So that we dare not call our souls our own.

I do not like *entails:* I hate controul.
Jove, give me the *fee simple* of my soul:
Around this System let me range at ease;
To stay, or quit it, whensoe'er I please.

Amid the wonders of Creation's field,
Strange that existence should to *trifles* yield!—
Behold that promising Herculean Boy:
A zephyr on his infant cradle blows;
Lo! out at once Life's little candle goes,
The flame too of a Parent's hope and joy.

Thus shall the poor mean solitary Worm
Kill, in the acorn's kind protecting cell,
The small Oak-embryo, that had mock'd the storm,
And smiled upon the sulphur'd flash of Hell;
Had push'd its roots where Earth's deep centre lies,
And with its towering branches braved the skies.

'Tis a strange World we live in, to be sure;
A world of wounds, I fear, without a cure.
Dame Nature seems a sad unnatural *mother:*

Methinks 'tis hard, *one* Animal should die,
Groan out his last, and *ever* close his eye,
To treat with life and rosy health *another*.

'Tis strange indeed; yet true, though passing strange:
Where'er the foot or eye of man can range,
This *munching*, mad, *devouring* system reigns.
Oh! could our mortal palate feed on Roses,
As on their dainty Essence feed our noses,
This World were then a pleasurable scene.

'Tis murder, murder, now, from morn to night.—
Look at a simple act that yields delight,
The ploughman toiling through his fallowed ground:
Happy he turns the glebe for vegetation;
Yet in this act how many a harmless nation
Of Worms, poor reptiles, feel the grinding wound!
While rooks, and crows, and magpies, hop behind,
Alert and greedy, gobbling all they find.

That 'tis a *good* World, cannot be contended.—
I wish 'twere *mended*.

OSGAR'S PRAYER.

Elfrid, the beautiful Daughter of Osgar, was a captive among the Druids, and designed as a sacrifice to the Gods. Amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, he goes to the Druid mountain, in order to procure, by his supplications, and an offer of his own life upon the altar, his Daughter's liberty.

Osgar.

" Ye Winds, that, warring thus, around me rage,
Cease your rude thunders on the wretch who dies:
Poor is the triumph o'er desponding age,
Whose energy is only in his sighs.

" Ye forked Lightnings that around me flame,
Ye mark two languid Eyes that weep and pray:
Once, once, like you, high-kindling shone their beam;
Till Time, and dark Misfortune, dimm'd their ray.

" Forbear, alas! to thwart my way forlorn,
Wet with the falling tears of fondest love:
For *life*, I hear a captive Daughter mourn,
And court compassion from the Druid grove.

" My feebly bending form, and scanty hair
Grown white with grief, my tender cause should plead;
Wake a small pity on my deep despair,
And bid the Druids stay the bloody deed.

" If on their hearts my sorrows nought avail,
What, without Elfrid, life, poor life, endears?
Then kill me; then 'tis Mercy lulls the wail
Of one who counts the moments by his tears."

TO THE DRUIDS.

" SEERS of high knowledge, lo, a grief-worn man,
Whose only Daughter is his soul's delight!
For *her* a Father, woe-begone and wan,
With horror darkens even the shade of night.

" Fathers of Virtue, why this long delay?
Oh lead your willing victim to the shrine:
Quick let me close these eyes upon the day,
That, Elfrid, light may beam for years on thine.

" Haste with the knife of Fate, ye Druid bands;
And thus, my Daughter's prison-door unbar.
Forbear to bind with cords my wither'd hands:
To *struggle,* were with Elfrid's life to *war.*

" Her eye will drop a pearl on Osgar's tomb;
Her sighs be balm where'er my urn is laid:
Those let her give, and I will bless my doom;
I ask no happier offering to my Shade.

" Fathers of Knowledge, why this long delay?
Speak, am I not a victim for yon sphere?
When from your holy mandates did I stray,
And drew from Virtue's wounded eye the tear?

" When did I cease your temples to adore?
Or view'd unaw'd the Druids' ancient fire?
These rocks, these idols, I confess'd their pow'r,
And reverent sung their wonders to my Lyre.

" When was the faith of Osgar known to fail?
What injured Spirits of my slights complain?
What Spectre, midst the thunders of the gale,
On Osgar mournful call'd, and call'd in vain?

" Have I not walk'd with many a sheeted Ghost,
'Midst the dread silence of the midnight gloom;
On moonlight mountains met the haggard Host
(How wild!), with all their horrors from the tomb?

" Shrunk Penury, as crawling from the grave,
Ne'er left with sorrowing downcast eye my door:
Thanks to the Gods, who wealth to Osgar gave;
And taught its happy worth, to help the Poor.

" A Daughter's virtues are my only boast;
A sweet simplicity, unspoil'd by art:
Lo, with my Elfrid's life, a World is lost!
All, all forsakes me, but a breaking heart.

" Oh spare the terrors of a blameless Maid;
And let *my* sufferings her dear days prolong:
Oh be *these* limbs along your altar laid;
O'er bleeding Osgar hymn the Victim's Song.

" The sigh that wafts the parting soul away,
Retires from *others* with unwilling flight:
With *joy*, *my* Spirit shall desert its clay;
And bless you, Druids, for the cruel rite.

" Let not my Elfrid see my blood-stain'd hair,
Nor cheek so pale, which saves her precious breath.
A scene so sad, her gentle nature spare:
Her wounded heart, so soft, would weep to death.

" Yet would my Elfrid see no frown appear,
As sullen, sorrowing for the loss of life:
I'll teach my languid cheek a *smile* to wear,
And show its triumph in the tender strife.

" Enough of woe her drooping strength will prove,
When cold beneath the lonely turf I lie:
The bleeding history of a Parent's love,
Will often dim the crystal of her eye.

" Ye Gods, when dead, permit my Ghost to roam,
Peace to her turtle-bosom to impart;
To guard from pining thought her tender bloom,
And snatch from Woe's o'erwhelming floods her heart.

" Thus, thus, attendant be my watchful Shade,
Till Fate, commanding, seal her dove-like eye;
Then let me fondly clasp my darling Maid,
And add another glory to your sky.

" Oh deal the blow, and Elfrid's form release!"—
He said: the melting Druids heard his pray'r;
Revered his virtues, bade him go in peace,
And to a Father's fondness gave the Fair.

DELIA;

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

Lo, the Pride of the Village is dead!
Lo, the bloom of our vale is no more!
Now Sorrow sits dumb in the shade,
Where Rapture oft carol'd before.

Like the Morn she enliven'd the groves;
Like the Summer, gave life to the Swain;
For her smile was the seat of the Loves,
And her voice the sweet song of the plain.

O Delia! divine is thy name;
Thy merits we all shall revere:
We shall dwell with delight on thy fame,
And think of thy loss with a tear.

Even our Children shall lisp in thy praise:
Their instructress shall Innocence be;
Who their little ambition shall raise,
To resemble a Fair-one like thee.

Though lodged in a church-yard so drear,
Which the yew-tree surrounds with its gloom;
Thy virtue a *sun* shall appear,
And thy graces be *flowers* on thy tomb.

MADRIGAL.

How sweet is every Shepherd's Song!
How fair the vows that load his tongue!
His soul with every sigh expires:
His bosom flames with furious fires.
This every day we *seem* to see;
But *when* will Love and Truth agree?

When Spiders, for the harmless fly,
In silent ambush cease to lie;
When Foxes keen with poultry *play*,
And from the lambkin run away;
Then may the World with wonder see,
That Love and Truth at last agree.

SONG, BY SYLVIA.

When first my Shepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languish'd, look'd and sigh'd;
"Good Heaven!" thought I, and then turn'd pale,
"How often men for love have *died!*"
Then pondering well, thought I again,
"'Tis pity *kill* so sweet a Swain."

With *such* a warmth my hand he prest,
My Heart was fill'd with wild alarms;
That bouncing, bouncing at my breast,
Cried, "Take poor Colin to your arms."
And then my Tongue began its strain,
"'Tis pity *kill* so sweet a Swain."

Now Wishes rise, his cause to plead,
The Mutineers, in saucy bands;
And roar, "For shame to strike him dead,
And have a *murder* on your hands!"—
"Wishes, you're *right,*" quoth I, "'tis plain."—
"What then?"—*What then!* I *saved* the Swain.

ODE TO THE SUN.

O THOU, bright Ruler of the Day,
To whom unnumber'd millions pray,
And, kneeling, deem thee all divine;
Eternal foe of inky Night,
Who puttest all her imps to flight,
Receive the Poet's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,
That gilds the hill and vale and stream,
And trees and cots and rural spires;
And, happy, 'mid the valley's song,
I listen to the minstrel throng,
And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the Lords of this huge place*
Care not three straws for thy bright face;
Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load:
When *thou* gett'st up, *they* go to bed;
And when the night-cap's on *thy* head,
They stare, and flit like Owls abroad.

* London.

Yes, yes, indeed they oft protest
That thou'rt a most intruding beast;
And lo, in triumph thus they say:
"Behold our navy, Britain's pride!
From pole to pole our vessels glide,
And sail as safe by *night* as *day*.

"Want we a fruit, of flavour fine,"
Exclaim the Great, "behold, the pine
Is better warm'd by *coal* and *tan*.
Not even to one exotic plant
The Sun a perfect *taste* can grant:
Deny the stubborn fact who can."

The Footmen too, with *winking* eyes,
Abuse thy journey up the skies;
Messieurs Postilions, *Mesdames* Cooks:
Content to lie abed all day,
They hate, alas! thy rising ray,
And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driven,
The Great retire from routs, their heaven,
And break up in a horrid passion;

And cry, " In times *of old*, indeed,
The *tasteless* world a Sun *might* need ;
But *now* the fool is *out of fashion*.

" About his business let him go,
And light on *other* Systems throw,
Vulgars that never *wax-lights* handle :
Nay, while a *mutton*-light remains,
A Sun with us no credit gains,
But yields to every Farthing Candle."

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER CHILDREN,

JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

From my prison with joy could I go,
And with smiles meet the savage decree,
Were it only to sleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for *me*.

But from *you*, O my Children, to part!
Oh! a coward, I melt at my doom:
Ye draw me to earth; and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

List, list not to Calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears;
And when at my fate ye will sigh,
My Ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah! take my last breath.
Dear Babes of my bosom, adieu!
May the Cloud be dispers'd by my death,
And open a Sunshine for you!

TO A LADY

WHO WISHED NOT TO BE ADMIRED.

Ah, foolish Delia! since you hate
That people of your charms should prate;
Give *me* that face, that air divine,
And in exchange accept of *mine*.

Thus shall I gain my heart's desire,
And set a raptured World on fire:
You'll too be pleased (no longer doubt ye),
As folks *won't say one word* about ye.

SONG.

Dear Phyllida, do not my passion despise;
Ah! wherefore disdain all my vows and my sighs?
Can Cruelty dwell with the Dove?
O Phyllida, think not I mean to deceive:
Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe;
For Truth is the Daughter of Love.

Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store;
The eye that beholds thee, at once must *adore*,
Nor wish from thine altar to rove.
Distrust not, I beg thee, the power of thy smile:
The Swain who now woos thee, is void of all guile;
And Truth is the Daughter of Love.

Yet, Phyllida, let me confess in thine ear,
I would fly from thy charms, which so much I revere,
But their magic forbids me to move:
And yet, as *inconstancy* governs the Fair,
Perhaps thou mayst *smile*, and thus end my despair;
Hope too is the Daughter of Love.

ODE ON FRENCH TASTE.

'Tis laughable to see a Frenchman swell;
Proud of his tragic idol, Pierre Corneille,
Baptized forsooth *le Grand!*
But our fop-neighbours see things with *strange* eyes:
Alas! Sublimity ne'er left her skies,
To take a Frenchman by the hand.

She is indeed a very *different* Dame:
A meretricious noisy Lass, I ween;
A bouncing Giantess, with eyes of flame,
And such a daring and Medusa mien!

Trick'd out in flaunting lace, and stiff brocade,
With cabbage-roses loaded, glaring, vast;
Such is the Frenchman's song-inspiring Maid:
The name of this bold Brobdignag, Bombast.

Sublimity's a sweet majestic Fair;
So simple in her form, and speech, and paces;
So elegant her manners and her air:
A Juno dressed by all the easy Graces.

TO TIME.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Come hither; prythee haste, old Time,
And see what joys among us reign:
The bottle, music, girls, and rhyme,
And Friendship's soul, delight the scene.

Then hither prythee, Time, repair,
And taste the pleasures Gods should share.

The Tuscan juice profusely flows:
We sing of Love, and Delia's charms.
When Morning warns us to repose,
We clasp a Favourite in our arms.

Ah, could our joys for ever last!
But, Time, thy minutes fly too fast:
Yet wouldst thou pass *one* evening here,
Thou'dst make each hour a thousand year.

SONG.

Ye *gentil* Squires, give over sighs,
To gain regard in Ladies' eyes,
And make them doat upon ye;
For Love has long been kick'd to door,
Because the little God is *poor:*
Who's welcome without money?

Try, *gentil* Sirs, a *different* scheme;
For truly 'tis an idle dream
To woo with words of honey:
Change (if ye wish *their* hearts to fix)
Your Hearts into a Coach and Six,
And *coin* your Sighs to Money.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Lone Minstrel of the moonlight hour,
Who charm'st the silent listening plain;
A hapless Pilgrim treads thy bow'r,
To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe,
To me whom Love hath doom'd to pine!
For, mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*.

DINAH;

OR,

MY LADY'S HOUSEKEEPER.

Just forty-five was Mistress Dinah's age,
My Lady's housekeeper; stiff, dry, and sage,
Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality:
A pair of flannel cheeks composed her face;
Red were her eyes; her nose of snipe-bill race,
Which took a deal of snuff, of Scottish quality.

Her small prim mouth bore many a hairy Sprig,
Resembling much the Bristles on a pig:
She likewise held a handsome length of Chin,
Tapering away to sharpness like a Pin.

Her teeth so yellow much decay bespake,
As every other tooth her mouth had fled;
Thus, when she grinn'd, they seem'd a Garden-rake,
Or Sheep's Bones planted round a floweret bed.

Her Hair *(clept* Carrots by the wits) was red,
Sleek comb'd upon a roll around her head:
Moreover comb'd up very close behind;
No wanton ringlets waving in the wind.

Upon her head a small mob-cap she placed,
Of lawn so stiff, with large flower'd Ribbon graced,
Yclept a Knot and Bridle; in a bow
Of scarlet flaming, her long chin below.

A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,
Around her scraggy neck, with parchment skin,
Was, fair and smooth, with starch precision drawn,
So that no prying eye might peep *within*:—

Yet *had* it peep'd, it had espied no swell,
No lovely swell; no more than on a cat:
For, lo! was Dinah's Neck (I grieve to tell)
As any Tomb-stone, or a Flounder, flat.

Now on this handkerchief, so starch and white,
Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.
A large broad-banded apron, rather short,
Surrounded her long waist, with formal port.
On week-days were black worsted mittens worn:
Black silk on Sundays did her arms adorn.

Long, very long, was Mistress Dinah's waist;
The stiff stay high before, for *reasons chaste*.
A scarlet Petticoat she gave to view.
With a broad-plaited back she wore a gown
Of stuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,
And oft a damask, well *beflower'd* with blue;
Moreover, this same damask gown, or stuff,
Had a large sleeve, and a long ruffle cuff.

Black worsted stockings on her legs she wore;
Black leather shoes too, which small buckles bore,
Composed of shining silver, also square,
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice, that whistled through her beard;
And tunes, at times, were most discordant heard,
Harsh-grating on poor John the Footman's ear;
Harsh-grating on the ears of House-maids too,
Postilion *eke*, who cursed her for a shrew,
And Kitchen-wench, whom Misery taught to *swear*.
All, all but Jehu, felt her powerful tongue;
Whose *happier* ear was sooth'd by *sweeter* song.

No company but Jehu's did she keep;
In horse-flesh, and a coach, profoundly deep;

My Lady's coachman, stout, and young, and ruddy.
Great friends were they: full oft, indeed, together
They walk'd, regardless of the wind and weather;
So pleased each other's *happiness* to study.

For Friendship to a Zephyr sinks a Storm;
Turns to a Pigmy, Danger's Giant form:
Nought casts a dread on Friendship's steady eye.—
Thus did the Couple seek the *darkest* grove,
Where Silence and sweet Meditation rove;
Where Sol intrusive was forbid to *pry*.

Greatly in Sentences did she delight,
So pious, putting people in the right:
And often in the Prayer-book would she look;
Where *Matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,
Because she oftenest *here* God's word did read,
The *sweetest page* in all the blessed book.

All on the Bible too did Dinah pore,
Where chaste Susanna nearly was a whore,
By wicked Elders almost overcome:
King David's actions too did Dinah read,
A man of God's own heart; but call'd indeed
A wicked fornicating rogue by *some*.—

Of Solomon admired she much the Song;
Could read the monarch's Wisdom all day long.
And where's the wonder? Lo, the gallant Jew,
Of mortal hearts the great Queen Passion knew:
Thus sung he of the Sparrow and the Dove,
And pour'd *instruction* through the voice of *love*.—
John Bunyan read she too, and Kempis Tom,
Who plainly showed the way to Kingdom-come.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away
Susan the Kitchen-wench, for harmless play.
With Dick the Driver; likewise harmless Dick,
Because he took from Susan's lips a kiss;
Because too Susan gave him up the bliss
Without a scream, a *faint-fit*, or a kick.

If John the Footman's eye on Lucy leer'd,
My Lady's maid, she watch'd him like a Cat;
And if the slightest word of love she heard,
Quick in the fire indeed was all the fat:
Off were the couple trundled, man and maid;
John for a rogue, and Lucy for a jade.

If e'er she heard of some forsaken Lass
Who lost, by dire mishap, her *maiden* fame;
At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brass,
Strumpet, and every coarse opprobrious name.

Small was the mercy Dinah kept in store
For sinful flesh; the *smallest* for a whore.

So modest Dinah! if she saw two Cats
Ogling and pawing with their pretty *pattes*,
Kissing, and *squinting* love, with frisking hops;
Fired at the action, what would Dinah do?
Slip down her hand, and slily take her shoe,
Then launch in thunder at their amorous chops.

With Pigeons 'twas the same, and other Birds:
All who made love, came in for bitter words;
Poor simple souls, amidst the genial ray,
Whom simple Nature call'd to simple play!
But Dinah call'd it vile *adulteration*,
A wicked impudent abomination.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,
By Dinah pour'd, created great surprise:
Ill, very ill, in bed, alas! she lay;
A dreadful colic. Her good Lady wept,
Gave her rich cordials, to her bedside crept;
When Dinah begg'd that she would go away.

Down went my Lady to the parlour straight,
Fearful that Dinah soon would yield to Fate;

And, full of sorrow as my Lady went,
Sighs for her Maid's recovery back she sent.

Lo, Doctor Pestle comes to yield relief!
He feels her pulse; is solemn, sage, and brief;
  Prescribeth for the colic: nought avails.
On Dinah, lo! the dire disorder gains;
Stronger and faster flow the colic pains,
  Fear, trembling, paleness, every soul assails.
"Poor Dinah!" sighs each mouth around the room,
Join'd to a lengthening face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor Dinah pours a death-like groan.
A ghostly terror seizeth every one:
  My Lady hears the cry, alas! below.
She sends for Doctor Pestle. Pestle straight
Runs to my Lady.—"Doctor, what's her fate?
  Speak, is it death, dear Doctor; yes or no?"—

"Not *death*, but *life*," cries Pestle, "forced that squall:
A *little Jehu*'s come to light, *that's all*."

TO CHLOE.

Let Sorrow seek her native night,
For why should mortals court the tear?
Joy, joy, should wing each moment's flight,
And Echo nought but rapture hear.
I'll gather wisdom from the Dove,
And make my life a life of love.

While youth sits sparkling in thine eyes,
And lips are rich with many a kiss;
Aloud the voice of Nature cries,
"I form'd those charms alone for bliss:
Go, Nymph, learn wisdom from my Dove,
And be thy life a life of love."

THE YOUNG FLY,

AND

THE OLD SPIDER.

In this original and beautiful Fable, the Poet alludeth to the arts of men, who, by Flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for Innocence. The Bard moreover showeth, that Prudence may *smile* at the machinations of a great rogue.

Fresh was the breath of Morn: the busy breeze,
As Poets tell us, whisper'd through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light.
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire
That gilded every country house and spire;
And smiling put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a Spider who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art, upon a spangled thorn;
At length, with gravely-squinting longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young Fly,
Humming her little orisons to Morn.

"Good morrow, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant Grim.—
"Good morrow, Sir," replied Miss Fly to *him*.—

" Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about."—
" I'm much obliged t' ye, Sir," Miss Fly rejoin'd:
" My eyes are both so very good, I find,
That I can plainly see the whole *without*."—

" Fine weather, Miss."—" Yes, *very very* fine,"
Quoth Miss; " prodigious fine indeed."—
" But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline
To put within my bower your pretty head?"—

" 'Tis simply this,"
Quoth cautious Miss:
" I fear you'd like my *pretty head* so *well*,
You'd keep it for *yourself*, Sir: who can tell?"—

" Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my Dear,
And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain."—
" I've a sore finger, Sir; nay more, I fear
You really would not let it go again."—

" Poh, poh, Child! pray dismiss your idle dread:
I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head.
Well then, with one kind kiss of *friendship* meet me."—
" La, Sir!" quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
" I fear our *salutation* would be *long*;
So *loving* too, I fear that you would *eat me*."

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

MADRIGAL.

When Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the Shepherd's song!
How happy too the rural Maid!
How light the minutes wing'd along!
But Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,
The watchful Jealousy appear;
And pale Distrust with troubled mien,
The rolling eye, and listening ear!
For Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah! shall we see no more the hour
That wafted rapture on its wing?
With *murmurs* shall the Rivulet pour,
That *prattled* from its crystal spring?
Yes, yes; while Love forsakes the vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

TO CHLOE.

Five thousand years have roll'd away,
And yet ten thousand Blockheads say,
" O Pleasure, thou'rt the devil."
While Nature bids them joy embrace,
They fling the blessing in her face.—
Now this is most uncivil.

But I'm not one of those, thank Heaven;
Ingratitude was never given
To my good heart, I'm sure:
Would Chloe yield a thousand kisses,
Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,
And beg a thousand more.

ODE TO A COUNTRY SQUIRE,

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

Great Squire, you're now upon the eve of marriage;
And, O *great* Squire, I know you are a *hog:*
Indeed so sad a brute in all your carriage,
You'll freely give your Wife up for a Dog.

This day will yield a Fair-one to your arms,
Whose Dower are all the Virtues, and her Charms.

Forced by the frown of Poverty to wed,
With deep regret I see th' unwilling Fair
Dragg'd from her Lover, to thy hated bed;
Sold by a cruel Parent to Despair:—

See her deck'd out by garish, idle Art,
To captivate thy vulgar savage heart,
And live a Tyrant's *slave*, a servile Wife.
How like the victim Lamb, in ribbons drest,
Led from its vale and sport, so lately blest,
To lose its sweetly-inoffensive life!

Now, Squire, I'll tell you how 'twill be ere long:
(Oh could the thunder of the Poet's song,
Preventing, dash thine iron cheek with shame!)
Thou'lt quarrel with her virtues, peerless Beauty!
Bid her " like Spaniels, understand her duty;"
Upbraid her with the want of *wealth* and *name*:—

Wilt say, she came a *beggar* to thy house;
That through *mere charity* thou took'st her in;
Tell her " she crawls about thee like a Louse,
Eternally a torment to thy skin."—

How dares thy fancy nurse the lying thought?
How durst, alas! thy villain tongue declare,
That, when to *thee* the beauteous Maid was brought,
Thy offer'd hand with *honour* clothed the Fair?

Know, with the *virtues* of the charming Maid,
Know, with her *beauties*, thou'rt too well repaid;
Even by a *smile*, that all our envy draws:
Ah! when she yieldeth to thy lips her kiss,
And bosom yields thee (too sublime a bliss),
The luckless Virgin barters Gems for Straws.

At length thou'lt leave her for a wench, thy Cook:
She will enjoy thy cash, and love-clad look;
The turnspit-*bastards*, to thine eye be *dear*.
Thy Wife, with sweetness bordering on divine,
Pale wretch! in secret solitude shall pine,
Mourn to the wind, and drop the silent tear.

To Heaven, for help, she lifts the brimful eye:
Kind Heaven *resumes* the gift its bounty gave.
With happy heart thou hear'st her parting sigh;
And drunken, madding, dancest o'er her grave.

Thy Cook-wench soon becomes thy *proper* mate,
And leaves thee soon for Lads who clean thy stables;
Noses thee, pulls thine ears, and pounds thy pate;
And, with much justice, on thee *turns the tables*.

Ma'am Cook shall oft contrive to see thee skipping,
To hide thee from her rage, from room to room;
Urged by a ladleful of broth or dripping,
Or by the *strong persuasions* of the *broom*:—

To plague a little more thine aching head,
And keep thee, mournful devil, upon thorns;
Shall take thy own Postilion to her bed,
And, threatening, dare thee once to mention *horns!*

THE COMPLAINT OF MIRZA,

TO

SELIMA HIS MISTRESS.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

WHERE is the Nymph of Sardi's green domain,
The Nymph whom every Bard of Persia sings?
To find the wanderer out, and sooth my pain,
Sweet Bird of Morn, to Mirza lend thy wings.

But wherefore seek the Nymph of Sardi's vale,
Who sullen flies where Horar's waters roll;
Scorns all my plaints, that mourn along the gale,
And scorns the surge of grief, that sinks my soul?

Ah! can that cheek where Beauty's summer dwells,
Retain a smile while Mirza's sorrows flow?
Ah! can that heart, that every softness swells,
Forbear to heave on Mirza's songs of woe?

Come, like the Morn, pure Virgin of delight,
And blushing chase the cloud of Mirza's fears:
Come, like the Sun upon the dews of night,
And with thy radiance smile away my tears.

HAWKING,

A BALLAD, MADE AT FALCONERS' HALL, YORKSHIRE.

Come, Sportsmen, away; the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair:
Bold Thunder and Lightning* are mad for the game,
And Death and the Devil† are both in a flame.

See, Backers‡, a Kite, a mere speck in the sky!
Zounds! out with the Owl: lo, he catches his eye.
Down he comes with a sweep: be unhooded each Hawk;
Very soon will they both to the gentleman *talk*.

They're at him; he's off: now they're o'er him again.
Ah! that was a stroke: see! he drops to the plain.

* Names of two Hawks. † Names of Hawks. ‡ The head Falconer.

They rake him, they tear him: he flutters, he cries;
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! Let fly: how he flutters and shambles!
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles:
Out again; overtaken; his spirits now flag.
Flip! he gives up the ghost: good night, Mister Mag.

Lo, a Heron! let loose: how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
Egad, he shifts well: now he feels a death-wound;
And with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling to ground.

Thus we Falconers sport: now homeward we stray,
To fight, o'er the bottle, the wars of the day;
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest with a *dove* in our arms.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Peter protesteth against Physic.

Sweet Nymph, of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,
Who, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen
Ere Sol illumines the grey world below;

Now, Doe-like, skipping wild from vale to vale,
Enamour'd of the rills and freshening gale,
From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance flow.

Oh! 'midst those hills and vales contented stray:
Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away;
Doctors, too much like Man-traps, lie in wait.
They'll tell thee, beauteous Nymph, ten thousand lies;
That they can *mend* thy bloom, and sparkling eyes:
Avoid, avoid, my Dear, the dangerous bait.

Like the *first* Woodcock of the year;
The instant that he dares appear,
The country's up to kill him, dog and gun:
So when thou showest, Nymph, thy rosy face,
I see at once an Esculapian chase;
And, oh! if caught, thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at his shop
Rich immortality in his dear Drop:
Another dire impostor, bawling louder,
Swears that it lodges only in *his* Powder.

These ragamuffins have the name of *quack*,
Prepared to put thy beauties on the rack.—
But then, the *regulars!* Ay, what are *they?*

The *regulars*, my Love, are *gentlemen*
Whom very justly, nine in ten,
I with an eye of no small *dread* survey.

The Regulars in physic, I'm afraid,
And all th' *ir*regulars who ply the trade,
Are just like men that form an army:
Whichever at you lifts his gun, alas!
Will soon convince you what must come to pass;
The shot will very comfortably *warm ye.*

Indeed the only difference will be this,
(Nor Quack nor Regular the mark will *miss*,
The art of killing they are all so pat in:)
On *broken English*, fate by *that* you seek;
By *this*, upon the wings of mongrel *Greek*,
And piebald *Latin.*

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming Lass,
To keep, like Babylon's great King, *at grass;*
And thou wilt find it not an idle notion:
'Tis fair, that I should try to save thy life.—
And know, that Death is never half so rife
As when the country swarms with *pill* and *potion.*

O blooming Wanderer of the breezy hills,
Beware then of those potions and those pills;

Be Kisses all *thy* Physic, rose-lipp'd Health:
Kisses, *my* easy nostrum, ne'er are *rife;*
For ever pregnant, lovely Nymph, with *life,*
And *sweeter* when they are enjoyed by *stealth.*

I've built a neat snug cottage on the plain:
Prythee drop in some evening on thy Swain.

TO CHLOE.

Chloe, I live, and live for thee alone;
Trust me, there's nought worth living for beside:
Nought for thine absence, Chloe, can atone;
Though Phœbus shines, and Nature pours her pride.

Lo, full of innocence the Lambkins bleat;
The Brooks in sweetest murmurs purl along;
The Lark's, the Linnet's voices too, are sweet:—
But what are these to Chloe's tuneful Tongue?

With every balm, the breath of Zephyr blows;
But thine can yield a thousand times more blisses:
I own the fragrance of the blushing Rose;
But, ah! how faint, to balm of Chloe's Kisses!

Ye Gods! I mark thy frown, and scornful eye;
And now thy bridling chin of scorn I see:
And now I hear thee, so contemptuous, cry,
"What are my kisses, saucy Swain, to *thee?*"

True, dearest Chloe: yet each kiss divine
Which dwelleth on thy lips so very teasing,
Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,
And rapturous prove, *superlatively* pleasing.

Love is a *generous* God; and 'tis his pleasure
To see the gold he gives, in *circulation.*
Then cease to *hoard* such quantities of treasure;
And be afraid to put him in a passion.

Thy beauties should the angry God divide,
And throw among thy sex, 'twould be alarming;
And not a little mortify thy pride,
To meet, dear Chloe, *every* woman *charming.*

ODE.

Peter praiseth Constancy.

Th' unsteady mind is my abomination;
I curse the whiffling and inconstant passion:
From me, dear Constancy, don't, don't depart.
I love the cooing Turtle and her Mate:
The Proteus Mutability I hate,
A demon when he holds the human heart;
A fluttering straw, to wander so inclin'd,
Keeping the company of every wind.

Old Customs let us not exchange for new;
They sit so easy, just like an old Shoe:
And let us not, as though from Wisdom's schools,
Fancy our forefathers were arrant fools.

Even in religious matters folks love *change:*
Scheming *new* roads to Heaven, they wildly range;
Hunting, with noses all so keen, about.
I like an honest constancy in souls,
In spite of Interest, that our race controls,
Turning, like Pudding-bags, Men *inside out.*—

In Ireland, not long since, th' unlucky Cattle,
And that sad plague call'd Murrain, had a battle;
When Murrain proved a most victorious foe:
For Ram and Ewe, Squire Bull and Madame Cow,
And lusty Mister Boar and Mistress Sow,
Were by this rogue in multitudes laid low.

Numbers indeed resign'd their breath,
To fill the gaping tombs of death.

Now in the parish, midst the murrain's rage,
Which all the farrier's skill could not assuage,
Lived a good Priest, Father Macshane;
Famous afar for wonder-working pray'rs;
Minding not Sins one pin, though thick as Hares:
Safe were the souls of the *profane.*

One Sunday, he desired to say his masses
Amidst the field; where Beasts of various classes,
Infected by this Murrain, might appear.
His *congregation* followed, to be sure:
Bull, Cow, Pig, Sheep, surrounded him for *cure;*
Yielding his masses an *attentive* ear.

What happen'd? Disappointed was the Devil;
Father Macshane's good prayers destroy'd the evil:

Bull, Cow, and Sheep, so hungry, grazed the plains,
And Pigs, half-famish'd, fell upon the grains.
In short, their healths and appetites return'd:
Father Macshane,—what?—laugh'd, while Satan mourn'd.

Proud of his deed, the holy Father went
To a rich Protestant, with good intent,
To make the murrain from *his* cattle fly.
" Father Macshane," the Farmer cried in scorn,
" *My cattle* all were *church-of-England born,*
And in that *holy faith* they all shall *die.*"

A LITTLE SKETCH

OF

A CERTAIN MOST MERCIFUL AND *LITTLE* JUDGE.

—Hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Hic niger est.

Lo that *be*-periwigg'd black Knave in scarlet,
The robes deep blushing for their Master's soul,
With what solemnity he sits, the varlet!
With what *sublimity* his eye-balls roll!
With what a grave pomposity he blows,
What has been often *pull'd*, his mean *pug-nose!*—

With what a sanctity pronouncing *death!*
How *pleased* in secret swells the fatal breath!
Religion-clothed, each sentence moves along;
While thirst for murder prompts the villain's tongue.

Look at this *judge*, this fellow, *out* of court!
The very first in Roguery's hawk-eyed school;
A knave, committing crimes of *every* sort;
To whom Hypocrisy's an arrant fool.

"There's no such *man*," the World exclaims.—That's true;
But such a *monster* every day we view.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Is it not astonishing that the Life of so great a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds should not have been written? a Painter who possessed more of the charming Art than almost any single professor that ever existed.

But Fame proclaimeth Mister James Boswell to be *big* with the Biography of this celebrated Artist, and ready to sink into the *straw*.

See Johnson's angry Ghost, ye Gods, arise!
He drops his nether lip, and rolls his eyes;

And roars, " O Bozzy, Bozzy, spare the *dead!*
Raise not thy biographic guillotine;
Decapitate no more with that machine,
Nor frighten Horror with a *second* head:—

" From Reynolds' neck the ponderous weapon keep:
Cease, *Anthropophagus*, to murder sleep."

There is a wonderful energy, as well as sonorous sublimity, in this polysyllabic expression of the Ghost of our immortal Moralist and Lexicographer, not obvious to the *minora sidera* of Literature. The word *anthropophagus* is a derivative from the Greek, signifying *man-eater;* and Mister James Boswell having regaled most plentifully on the Carcase of Doctor Johnson, and meaning to make as hearty a meal on the Body of Sir Joshua Reynolds, furnisheth the perturbed Spectre with an appellative of fortunate propriety.

Johnson and Reynolds, lo, for ever lost!
Of no *great man* has Bozzy now to boast;
Of no *rich table* now can Bozzy brag:
Indeed, like faded Beauties, he will say,
" Envy must own *I've had* my *shining* day."—
What wert thou?—an illuminated rag!

But what's become of boastful Bozzy now?
Deep sunk in mournful solitude art thou.
Amidst thy small tin-box, so drear and dark,
No *courted* Genius casts a lucky spark:
Nothing to gild thy solitary tinder,
Save the rude flint and steel of Peter Pindar.

AN EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Though here in death thy relics lie,
Thy worth shall live in Memory's eye;
Who oft at night's pale noon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn;
With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a Brother's doom.

ODE ON THE CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

Peter reprehendeth Rational Creatures, for their violent Anger against Inanimates.

HAPPY the man whose heart of such a sort is,
As holds more Buttermilk than Aqua-fortis:
  But, Lord! how passionate are *certain folk!*
How like the Sea, reflecting every form,
So placid; the next instant in a storm,
  Dashing against the inoffensive rock;

Mounting towards the skies with such a thunder,
As though it wish'd (the leveller!) to bring under
Sun, moon, and stars, and tear them into tatters!—
Such passions verily are serious matters.

Men in morality should ne'er be idle,
But for those passions make a strong curb-bridle.

When lofty Man doth quarrel with a Pin,
In *man* resides the folly or the sin;
  Not in the *brass*, by which his finger's spitted:
For with a small philosophy we find,
That, as a Pin is not endowed with mind,
  Of malice call'd *prepense* Pin stands acquitted.

Thus then, his *awkwardness* must bear the blame ;
And thus, to persecute the Pin's a shame.

Many inanimates, as well as Pins,
Suffer for others' fooleries and sins.

How oft a drunken blockhead damns a Post,
That overturns him, breaks his shins or head ;
Whose eyes should certainly have viewed the coast,
And have avoided this same Post so dread :
Whereas he should have spared his idle cries,
And only damn'd his own two *blinking eyes.*—

A little Welshman, Welshman-like indeed
(Hot as Kian, that is to say),
A bachelor, and therefore every need,
Was, for subsistence, forced to *him* to pray :

This Bachelor, to satisfy withal
His gullet,
Put into a small pot (indeed *too small*)
A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd ;
So out they poked themselves, so sleek and white:
The Welshman curs'd her legs, with wicked mind ;
And push'd them in again, with monstrous spite.

The Pullet, liking not the pot's embrace
So *very warm*, (indeed a natural case,)
Poked forth her shrinking legs *again*, so fair;
With seeming much uneasiness, in troth,
Objecting to her element of *broth*,
And wishing much to take a little *air*.

The Cambro-Briton waxing red and hot,
And highly *foaming* too, just like the Pot,
Ran to the legs, and shoved them in once more:
But, lo! his oaths and labour all were vain,
Out poked the Pullet's boiling legs again;
Which put the Welshman's passions in a *roar*.

What will not mortals, urged by rage and sin, do?
Mad at defeat, and with a devilish scowl,
He seizes with ferocity the Fowl,
And, full of *vengeance*, whirls her *out of window*.

TO MISS HARRINGTON,

OF BATH.

"Alas, alas, I've lost a day!"
Good Titus once was heard to say;
And sorely, sorely to repent it.
What was it made the Emperor groan?
I'd give a good round sum, I own,
To be inform'd how 'twas he spent it.

Dear Titus, quickly leave thy tomb;
Enter of Harrington the room,
Whom Music and each Grace reveres:
I'll answer for't, thou wilt not say,
"Alas, alas, I've lost a *day*;"
But, "Gods! I've found *five hundred years.*"

ANACREON TO HIS LYRE.

SENT TO A LADY.

"Fain would I strike the Harp to Kings,
And give to War the sounding strings;
But, lo! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of Love.

" In vain I quarrel with my Lyre;
In vain I change the rebel wire:
Boldly I strike to War again,
But Love prevails through all the strain.

" Oh! since not master of the Shell,
Ye Kings, and Sons of War, farewell!
And since the Loves the song require,
To Venus I resign the Lyre."—

'Twas thus, O Nymph, with Attic tongue,
The gay Anacreon pour'd the song,
A Bard beloved by *me:*
And who the Poet's Harp can blame?
Perhaps old Greece could boast a Dame,
With every grace like *thee.*

ODE.

Peter modestly, delicately, and tenderly, pleadeth against the *excessive* Damages lately given for certain illegal *Liberties* in Love-matters.

A MAN may, in the cold dim *eve* of life,
By way of Sunshine, take a pretty Wife,
To warm him, as King David did of yore*;

* Here is a flagrant error of the Lyric Bard. It was not a *wife*, but a *pair* of pretty black-eyed *Hebrew lasses*, whom the Monarch chose for his *loving* companions.

Kiss her neat little finger, pat her cheek,
Toy with the snowy beauties of her neck:—
No more.
Preventing thus each rake of flesh and sin
From impudently stepping in.

Thus toying, mumbling, chuckling, the *old fool,*
Who wanteth much the birch of Cupid's school,
Expects his Wife so soft, and so divine,
To fancy every sublunary *bliss*
In every toying monkey-trick and kiss,
And round his neck her arms with *rapture* twine;
Just like the fragrant Pea, with blooms so thick,
That curls her tendrils round a *rotten stick.*

For *him* to raise his hedge, and bar his gate,
Is natural; sad is *trespass* on th' estate:
For who, alas! can sit with silent ease,
And see a neighbour's pig among his peas?

But why should Kenyon be afraid of horns,
Who married a poor squeal starved Cat for *money?*
Heavens! what should put the Judge's breech on thorns?
Where, for the *wasps,* alas! is Madam's *honey?*

'Tis *sweetness* tempts the insects from the skies:
Gall needeth not a flapper for the flies.

So furious is this Judge against Crim. Con.,
That poor Adultery is just undone:
Afraid to write, or squeeze, or wink his eye;
Nay, waft the soul's soft wishes on a sigh.

Woe to the wicked *cornu*-factors now!
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds,
For *him* to pay who milks his neighbour's cow;
Stealing by night so slily to his grounds.

"Oh, tis so *vile*, so *wicked* an affair!
Dreadful, a neighbour's honour to ensnare;
Take his dear Spouse without his leave, indeed!
What! of his bosom steal the tender Wife!
The Pigeon to his feet, prolonging life;
Of sinking *age* the sweet supporting reed!

"Oh that the law would make such doings *death!*"—
Thus roars the *jealous* Judge, with thundering breath.

O Kenyon! rave not thus, with anger pale,
But let thy *favourite* Justice hold the scale.
What though we must *condemn* the smuggled bliss?
Ten thousand pounds is *too much* for a *kiss*.

THE ADDRESS OF THE FAIRIES

TO THE

LADIES OF R—, IN CORNWALL:

LEFT ON THE DIAL-PLATE IN THE GARDEN.

Ye gentle Maids of Camborne's Druid vale,
Admired and loved by all our elfin train;
Your worth with wonder and delight we hail,
And pen unseen for *you* the tuneful strain.

Beneath these oaks our happy court we keep,
When Midnight rules the world with solemn sway:
While *you* forgetful sink to silent sleep,
We blithesome gambol 'mid the moonlight ray.

Sweet is the spot where Innocence is seen;
Dear is the valley where the Virtues dwell:
By *such* allured, we trip this dewy green,
Far from the sound of Riot's savage yell.

Health, rose-lipp'd Health, shall crown this crystal rill,
And bid with every balm your zephyrs blow;
Unceasing song shall charm the echoing hill,
And Plenty robe with bloom the vale below.

Thus wing'd with joy shall glide your golden hours,
Till for yon Skies ye bid the World adieu;
And when at last ye leave these blissful bowers,
Your little weeping friends will wander too.

OBERON, PUCK, BLOSSOM, MAB, &c.

TO CHARLOTTE,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BEHOLD another year succeed!
But, Charlotte, thou hast nought to dread,
Since Time will every beauty spare:
Time knows what's *perfect;* and well knows,
'Twould take him *ages* to compose
Another Damsel *half so fair.*

TO CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA, I own my heart is lost,
And dare confess it with a *boast;*
It does a *credit* to my sighs:
For who like *thee* displays a face,
Or who like *thee* abounds with grace,
Or sports like *thee* a pair of eyes?

But, ah! 'tis folly to complain,
Because I hear no sighs again,
A soft, a sweet return for *mine:*
Love is a *rogue,* who bade me gaze;
And, when he saw *my* bosom blaze,
Refused to raise a spark in *thine.*

HYMN TO SILENCE.

O Silence, to our earth by Wisdom given,
Yet from the *fashionable* circles driven
To breathing zephyrs, and the limpid stream,
Whose murmurs sweetly sooth the shepherd's dream!
For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,
When Folly stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh! how I wish thy presence, when the Squire
Impertinently bursts into my room;
Hallooing from the kennel's howl and mire,
And casting o'er my day a midnight gloom!

Yet if his sister Phyl comes giggling in,
And talks of fashions, opera, ball, and play;
Methinks, my ears can *bear* the varied din,
Which forceth thee, mute Maid, to run away.

Yet 'tis not *long* I wish thee thus apart;
So much thy presence glads, *at times*, my heart:
For when I clasp the Nymph, so fair and young,
And steal a sweet acquaintance with her *lip*,
I wish *thee* in the room at once to skip,
And gently take possession of her *tongue*.

CECILIA.

Cecilia, as 'twas Christmas time,
Resolving on a flight sublime,
Prepared to pass her holidays in Heaven:
The Goddess then brush'd up her wings,
Pick'd up her trinkets, her best things,
Her harp, and songs, and pen by Phœbus given:—

When in rush'd Music. "Madam, no;
Indeed you must not, shall not go."—
"Poh! hold thy tongue," the Goddess cried, "thou Ninny.
Think'st thou I'll quit dear Bath, my pride,
And not an *equal charm* provide?
Thou stupid creature, to forget Rauzzini!"

SONG.

Ah, Delia! I will not *complain,*
That another is blest in thy charms;
Yet allow me to *envy* the Swain
Whom Delia can take to her arms.

I confess that no merit is mine,
That of Delia I ought to despair;
Since thy Virtues, dear Maid, are divine,
And thy Form like an Angel's so fair.

On Fate let me fix all the blame,
Who show'd me thy form of desire;
When I caught from thy beauty a flame
That only with life can expire.

Yet, Delia, before I depart,
Ah! do not one favour deny:
Though Fortune denies me thy *heart,*
Let thy pity accept of its *sigh.*

MADRIGAL.

Sweet Girl, the man's a downright fool,
That asks for constancy in love.
Variety's a charming school:
How natural for the heart to rove!

A form like thine can never cloy;
And lo, thy graces, what a plenty!
Then tell me, why should *one* enjoy
The beauties that suffice for *twenty?*

AN APOLOGY FOR INCONSTANCY.

TO PHYLLIS.

"How 'tis thou governest *above*,
I know not verily, O Love;
But, to my grief, this truth I know,
That Folly leads thy dance *below*."

'Twas thus I spleenful cried, when first my heart
From thy black sparklers felt the stinging dart:
In dismal crape I dress'd up many a ballad;

Mad at sour looks, I look'd for nought but smile,
Not dreaming once that *vinegar* and *oil*
Produced a *fine effect* upon a *salad.*

My wary wisdom now is on its guard;
And every day I, Peter, am *prepar'd*
To catch my little Syren out of humour:
A disappointment at a ball perchance,
Not standing up the *foremost* in a dance,
Which forms a feast for wide-mouth'd Madame Rumour,
May give thee fidgets, put thee out of sorts.—
What slighted Lady loveth such reports?

Grant that thine Eyes, with sullen clouds o'ercast,
Let fall, alas! a hearty shower of rain:
Soon will those Suns (for long it cannot last)
Peep out with radiance on the World again.
When, lo! their beams will seem a great deal brighter;
My spirits also dancing ten times lighter.

Life is too mawkish, if 'tis always *sweet:*
At times, a *disappointment* is a *treat.*—
Some scout this doctrine. Psha! the vapid asses!
Lord, *drown* them in a hogshead of *molasses.*

When Majesty was in a monstrous passion,
And grimly Thurlow thunder'd out "Damnation!"
And Leeds and Hawkesbury join'd their jowls together;
Brewing, like witches of Macbeth, foul weather:—

I cannot truly say my heart was *light;*
Indeed the Bard found *something like* a fright;
Indeed I *trembled* at the gathering gloom:
But when the cloud so harmless pass'd away,
My spirits, all so frolicsome and gay,
To dance their jig had scarcely *elbow-room.*
I laugh'd at each dark terrifying mien,
And mock'd the dread that rush'd through every vein.

Yet is it possible, ye tuneful Nine,
(Doubtless, the thought the great Apollo shocks,)
That Verses vended by a Bard *divine,*
Can put his *sacred* legs into the *stocks?*—
Yes, and his *sacred* head into the *pillory;*
So say the law archives of Lent and Hilary.

Some Moderation kick, like fools, to door,
And wish their passions always in a *roar.*
Ah! would those madmen wisely time employ,
They ought to be *economists* of joy.

Too frequent and too violent a motion,
Will tear the best machinery to pieces.—
This doctrine to young Masters is a *potion*,
A nauseous potion too to love-sick Misses.

Beyond th' extravagance of Rhyme,
Beyond the flight of thought sublime,
I chase not blisses thus beyond all measure.
Rapture's a fiery Hunter to bestride;
Indeed I wish not *madman-like* to ride,
But *calm* on that sweet Filly christen'd Pleasure.

Phyllis, I will not *always* have thy smile;
At times, I'll give thee liberty to *pout:*
Such is my plan, the minutes to beguile;
Sometimes *in* Heaven, my Love, and sometimes *out*.
Variety affords a zest to life.—
But, mum!—we must not say this to a *wife*.

HYMN TO LIFE.

PARENT of pleasure, and of many a groan,
I should be loth to part with thee, I own,
Dear Life!
To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife;*
Should Heaven e'er deem me *worthy* of possessing
That *best*, that *most invaluable* blessing.

Some people talk of thee with much *sang froid*,
As one too pitiful to be enjoy'd;
But thou'rt a most delightful Girl with *me.*
A hundred thousand pretty things are thine;
Indeed, of golden treasure thou'rt a Mine:
Thy manners greatly with my heart *agree.*

I love thy sweet acquaintance, from my heart;
Will make a bargain with thee, not to part
Till Fate shall strike our System off its hinges:
Consenting to a little gout sometimes;
That spoils my appetite to meat and Rhymes,
Those very sharp *memento mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being:*
The things of this our World are well *worth seeing*,

And, let me add moreover, well worth *feeling;*
Then what the devil would people have,
These gloomy hunters of the grave,
For ever sighing, groaning, canting, kneeling?

I cannot rise from thee as from a feast,
As Horace says, *utì conviva satur.*
No such matter:—
I'll answer for myself at least.

No, when it comes that thou and I must part,
Life, I shall leave thee with a sighing heart;
Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
With lingering longing looks, says Gray.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd!—
To see the handiworks of God,
In sun, and moon, and starry sky;
Though last, not least, to see sweet Woman's charms;
Nay more, to clasp them in our arms,
And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh;
Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
Supposing that thou gavest us nothing more.

Yet, thus surrounded, Life, dear Life, I'm *thine;*
And, could I *always* call thee *mine,*

I would not quickly bid this World farewell:
But whether here or long or short my stay,
I'll keep in mind, for every day,
An old French motto, *Vive la bagatelle!*

Before us Heaven hath placed the Tear and Smile;
Each may be won with very trifling toil:
But if there be in Nature such a mule,
Who, willing with misfortune to be curst,
Should, like an idiot, madly choose the *first*,
In God's name let him suffer like a Fool.

Misfortunes are this lottery-world's sad Blanks;
Presents, in my opinion, not worth *thanks:*
The Pleasures are the Twenty-thousand Prizes,
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

ODE TO ADMIRAL HOTHAM.

Thrice-happy man, on whom Dundas and Pitt,
With all the energy of human wit,
And all the powers of *sacred truth* beside,
Have lavish'd the wild torrent of their praise,
Deck'd thy bald head with Glory's brightest rays!
Haste from thy vessel with *unwounded* hide;

Thy Vessel, which, *like thee*, 'mid war's alarm,
And *mighty* danger, met no *mighty* harm.

Great Tar, at once thy course for England shape;
England, broad staring, quite upon the gape
To meet the Victor, by whose arm Dundas
Declares what *marvellous* things have come to pass.

Yet, as we bear thee through the streets along,
Amid the stunning shout, and howling song;
Suppose a Patriot sage should cross thy way,
And, claiming silence, ask in manly tone,
"*What* for these honours, Hotham, hast thou *done?*"—
Hotham, now *what the devil* wilt thou *say?*

FROM THE PERSIAN OF EMIR JOHAD.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Sweet Child of Summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
To sip each odour, sport'st on silken wing;
I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,
While with the birds the vales of Serdi ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom,
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
Now from the tender violet waft perfume;
Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou, my bliss is greater still;
I kiss the bosom of the brightest Fair:
The charms of Adel all my senses fill;
And, while those charms I press, her love I share.

But thou a mutual passion canst not know;
No fond endearments can return to thee:
While I, beloved, with constant rapture glow.—
Sweet Child of Summer, come and *envy me.*

ODE TO THE LION SHIP OF WAR,

ON HER RETURN

WITH THE EMBASSY FROM CHINA.

Dear Lion, welcome from thy *monkey* trip;
Glad is the Bard to see thee, thou good Ship:
Thy mournful ensign, half-way down the staff,
Provokes (I fear me much) a general laugh.

What sad *long phizzes* thou hast now on board!
A high and mighty *disappointed* Lord;

And lo, a *disappointed* doughty Knight,
Whose buds of hope have felt a horrid blight.

Say, wert thou not *ashamed* to put thy prow
Where Britons, Dog-like, learnt to crawl and bow;
Where *eastern* Majesty, as History sings,
Looks down with smiles of *scorn* on *western* Kings?

Ah me! 'tis universally allow'd
That Eastern monarchs are prodigious *proud;*
Unlike the *humble* Monarchs of the *west,*
Such kind and pliable and gentle creatures!
So placid, of their souls, and sweet, the features;
Where nought but Virtue is a welcome guest!

Your Eastern Despots, in their lofty station,
Expect the censer of rich adulation
To burn for ever underneath their noses:
This incense boasts a certain *opiate* power;
Whose pleasant, *stupefying*, plenteous shower,
The optics of the understanding closes;—

Producing too a charming gaudy dream,
In which Kings *think* they hold the World's *esteem;*
Think too the conscience *sound,* though full of *holes;*
And Virtues, thick as Herrings, in their souls.

O Flattery, thou attendant on Inanity,
Thou meat, drink, clothes, and furniture, of Vanity,
'Tis cruel to attack a *feeble* head
(Yes, cruel; likewise let me add, a shame);
Who *never* makest *mention* of its name,
Poor, easy, gaping cuckoo, when 'tis *dead*.—

Once more to thee, O Lion, to return;
A subject form'd to bid all England mourn.

Oh think upon thy Britons, how disgraced,
As to the palace of Jehól they raced,
So shabbily, so tawdrily array'd*!
The Natives, with horse-laughs, the tribe remarking†;
While, grunting, kicking, braying, howling, barking,
Hogs, dogs, and asses, join'd the Cavalcade‡!

* Mr. Anderson supposes the Clothes for the *suite* of the Ambassador were *second-hand* things purchased from the Servants of the French Ambassador Luzerne, or from the Play-houses; perhaps from Monmouth-street.

† "I cannot but add to the obstacles which we received from the curiosity of the Chinese people, some small degree of mortification at the kind of impression our appearance seemed to make on them; for they no sooner obtained a sight of any of us, than they universally burst out into loud shouts of laughter." *Vide* Anderson's Narrative of the British Embassy to China.

‡ "We found ourselves," says Mr. Anderson, "intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs; which broke our ranks, *such as they were*, and put us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession therefore was at an end; and the Ambassador's palanquin was so far advanced before us, as to make a little *smart running* necessary to overtake it."

Not Staunton, with his Doctor's gown and cap,
Could from the Populace obtain *one* clap;
Nor poor Macartney, with his star and ribbon:—
Child-like, he might as well have had a bib on.

Ah me! before ye sail'd, a *friend*,
I told ye all how things would end*.

Tell me, *who* plann'd this silly expedition?
That brain was surely in a mad condition:
Say, was it Avarice, the lean old jade,
Who, though half Asia's Gems her Corpse illume
(Sol's Radiance on a melancholy Tomb),
Can join with Meanness in her dirtiest trade?

Who told our King, the Embassy would thrive,
Must be the most egregious fool alive:
God mend that courtier's *head*, or rather *trash-pot!*—
Perhaps he cried, "Upon the rich Hindoo
Your glorious Majesty has cast its shoe;
And China next, my Liege, must be your *wash-pot*."

* See my Epistle to Lord Macartney, (vol. iii. p. 134.) in which I prophesied somewhat *more* than came to pass, as the Embassy was *bonâ fide* not literally *flogged*; but says Anderson, "we entered Pekin like *paupers*, we remained in it like *prisoners*, and we quitted it like *vagrants*."

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

Child of the summer's golden hour,
Who, happy, rovest from flow'r to flow'r,
Now sportive winnowing 'mid th' expanse of air;
Oh welcome to my little field!
Each leaf of fragrance may it yield!
Yes, dwell with *me*, and Nature's bounty share.

No black Sir Joseph* with his net,
And Jonas†, whelm'd with dust and sweat,
Shall rudely chase thee far from my protection;
Wild-leaping every fence and ditch:
So rank the Virtuoso itch
For making a rare Butterfly-collection.

Yet round thy paper-gibbet laud would flow,
Amid the Knight's *brave* breakfasts in Soho;
With rapture shown to Toast-and-muffin Sages:
With *thee* too would the Royal Journals ring;
And even thy pretty mealy painted wing
Employ description sweet, for fifty pages.

* Banks.

† Jonas Dryander, the Knight's *sine quo non*.

Yet what, alas! is Praise to people *dead?*
A Panegyric on a lump of Lead:
Precisely so.
Ye Gods, then, let me all *my* praises *hear;*
For verily 'tis wisdom to prefer
One Grain *above ground,* to a Pound *below.*

Rare Child of Ether, prythee then agree
To choose the offer'd field, and dwell with *me:*
Here will I mark thee, 'mid thy meals, how chaste;
So busy on the flowers of golden hue,
And silver daisies moist with morning dew,
How innocent, how simple thy repast!

Ah! different far from *us,* who grossly lave
Our lips in beef and mutton's sanguine wave.

While *we,* a race barbarian, cruel, *slay;*
From *hog* too form the dinners of the day;
From hog, that lodged of yore the imps of evil*.—
Intrepid *he* who ventured *thus* to dine:
Methinks the man who dreamt of eating *swine,*
Must really next have thought of eating *devil.*

* The *history* of the Herd of Swine is universally known.

ODE ON MODERATION.

"Some folks are mad, and do not know it,"
Says *some one;* I forget the Poet:
And verily the Bard was in the right.
Wild as a Puppy chasing Butterflies,
The World hunts Transport with keen nose and eyes;
Deceitful Lass, who often proves a *bite.*

The calm, cool, philosophic hour;
The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r;
The grove's, the valley's sweet and simple song;
Morn's virgin blush, and Evening's setting ray;
On more than half the world are *thrown away,*
Whose Joys must like a Whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let *me* begin and end Life's chapter;
Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture:
Calm let *me* walk, not riotous and jumping:
With due decorum, let my heart
Perform a sober quiet part;
Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping.—

Rapture's a Charger; often breaks his girt,
Runs off, and flings his Rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the Couple start,
Love plays his gambols through each throbbing heart:
Squeezing and hugging, kissing, on they go;
Wild, from the chaise, they poke their heads to John,
"Make haste, dear John, drive on, drive on, drive on:
Lord! Lord! your horses are so *very* slow."

And while for Gretna Green each *turtle* sighs,
The Blacksmith* seems an Angel in their eyes.

But when this Blacksmith has perform'd *his* part,
Possession quells the tumults of the heart;
The heart with foaming bliss no more *boils over*.
Now *leisurely* into the chaise they get:
They ask no John to *drive*, no horse to *sweat;*
No eye's keen sparkle shows the *burning* Lover.

No kisses 'midst the jolting road they snap.
Celia now takes a comfortable *nap*.

* Also a *divine*, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making *matrimonial chains* as well as *horse-shoes*.

Down on her cheeks her Locks dishevell'd flow;
Not vastly smooth, but much like Locks of Hay;
Her Cap, *not much* resembling Alpine Snow,
Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

The Youth too, with his noddle on his breast;
His Hair all careless, much in Hay-like trim:
As though *sweet* wedlock's joys had lost their zest;
As though a dull indifference damn'd the *whim;*
With mouth half-shut, that heavy seems to say,
"The Devil take the Blacksmith and the day,
That tied me to that *trollop,* now my Wife,
Just like a Jack-ass to a Post, for *life.*"

THE PRAISE OF ANECDOTE.

Blessed be the *retailers* of Anecdote, who afford so much pleasant and light food to the mind. Blessed more particularly be Master John Nichols, compiler of the Magazine of *quantity:* and *eke* his wonderful co-adjutor, Doctor (not Mister) Richard Gough; who so often giveth that old devourer Time a vomit, to make him disgorge

> A furbelow of good Queen Bess's tail;
> A taylor's thimble, and a rusty nail.

Important is the most trivial Anecdote of an *extraordinary* person; and, when consecrated by age, it becomes invaluable.

Thus of himself sayeth the celebrated Monsieur Menage, one of my great *precursors* in *Ana;* who, if I may be in the fashion of alliteration, could give dignity to a dunghill, grace to a gutter, prettiness to a pig-sty, honour to a horsepond, and majesty to a mouse. "When I boarded at Angers," says this *extraordinary* man, "the Mistress of the house quarrelled with the

Maid for the loss of a pound of butter, which, by some means or other, had sneaked out of the way. The Girl declared that the Cat eat every bit of it. The incredulous Mistress swore it was false; and, to be convinced, she put the Cat into a pair of scales: when, lo! the Animal, to the Maid's confusion, weighed only *three quarters* of a pound!"

"It is a fortunate thing," says Monsieur Menage in another place, "to be acquainted with celebrated people." The smallest Anecdote of a man of *consequence*, adds a Gem to the Treasures of history. Adopting this idea, I shall from time to time communicate to my Readers, pretty little stories of *great* people.—To begin with his present Grace of Leeds; who is musician, politician, and poet.

'Twas in that season of the year
When Oratorios sweet appear,
And *human* warblers all divinely sing;
Unlike the little Birds, I wot,
Who *close* in frost and snow the throat,
And chant in *summer only*, and the *spring*;

that, being in the Green Room of Covent Garden, I stumbled on his Grace of Leeds; who, notwithstanding

his having been the burthen of one of my merry Songs, voluntarily and smilingly addressed the Bard, that is to say, *me*, the Lyric Peter, Ο ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. The unexpectedness of the salute, produced a *palpitation* mixed with a quantity of *reverence*. "When were you in Cornwall last?" said his Grace, with a simper.—"About two years since," replied I: "pray when was your Grace in that province?"—"Last year," answered the Duke. "The Duchess accompanied your Grace, I presume?" quoth I, in a pretty, tender, unpresuming, and winning tone. "She *did*," rejoined his Grace, with the most affable smile and conciliating manner.—"Godolphin is wildly situated," quoth I: "if I mistake not, Cornwall was made the scene of the *diableries* of the old Spanish and Italian writers of romance."—"Hem, hem," rejoined the Duke, with a smile, and a nod; which seemed *to me*, though intended as tones and signals of assent, to imply more *ignorance* than *knowledge*, which every *great* man is *too great* to confess. His Grace now turned the discourse to Shakspeare, and Dryden, and Pope, and some more modern Authors, with a pretty volubility, and some critical remark, which, though not in the true spirit of Longinus, was really not contemptible: for the Duke is a bit of a Poet; witness an *unfortunate* Prologue or two,

and some *fortunate* amatory Stanzas that won the heart of the Duchess.—Part of the *natural history* of a Poet, is a *desultory disposition*, leaping from earth to heaven in his frenzy. Here the *converse* of the proposition took place; for, after a sublime quotation from Shakspeare, the Duke abruptly descended to the humbler subject of his *nose!* "How came you, Sir, in your Ode, to attack my nose?" This was a thundering question; for thou knowest, Reader, if thou hast perused *all* my Lyrical lucubrations, that his Grace's proboscis has been the subject of a poetical smile*. "My Lord Duke," answered I, "when your Grace, Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Thurlow, Lord Sidney, and others, your Colleagues in administration, took it into your heads to attack me, I thought a *poor* Poet had a right to the laws of retaliation."—"But why attack my *nose*, Sir; why attack my *nose?*" The conversation now took a turn to his Grace's knowledge of the Poets; from which he made many quotations, and spoke them with propriety. On a sudden he quitted the Classics, and reverted to his favourite and wounded feature: "But why attack my *nose?* is there any thing *uncommon* in my *nose?*" I answered, that, at the time I mentioned it, I was not *certain* whether he had a *nose*

* See Vol. iii. p. 87.

or no, as its existence was only fancied from *report;* but that I knew his Grace had *power*, and meant to employ it against me with *hostility*. This answer produced no reply. The Duke stood mute and simpering for a few minutes, and then broke out on a sudden, "I will introduce ye to the Duchess." We immediately quitted the Green Room, arm in arm; and repaired to a stage-box that held her Grace and Sister, Miss Anguish. The introduction was respectful, *solemn*, and *awful;* when, behold, the Duke, unable to quit his favourite topic, turned the *solemnity* of the meeting into *farce*. "My Love," quoth the Duke to the Duchess, "I have been asking the Doctor what provoked him to attack my *nose*." Then turning to me, "Pray, Doctor, what provoked you to attack my *nose?*" Driven to the necessity of a compliment, I replied, that "had I seen his Grace's Nose *before* I wrote the Odes, I should most certainly have composed a *panegyric* on it instead of a *satire*, as the Nose was really a *very good* Nose indeed." The Ladies smiled; the Duke was pleased; and I leaned over the box, to show the Audience into what *good company* Fortune had thrown me. The conversation grew more cheerful: several ingenious *impromptus* were exchanged. At length I took my leave, with a *profound* bow of thanks for the

honours I had received. His Grace returned my bow; the Ladies *also* most condescendingly bowed to my bow; and forth I went, with exultation, to communicate this sudden *peripetia*, or change of fortune, to all my acquaintances.

GENTLE READER,

Wouldst thou not have imagined that the *war hatchet* was buried for ever? Such was my too credulous opinion; but *fronti nulla fides*. The very next public dinner his Grace gave, what did he? He exhibited a *ludicrous* account of our interview; applauded his own *amazing* magnanimity, wit, and condescension; and *laughed* at the Poet. Dashed from the pinnacle of my ambition (for I *expected* a *high place* in *administration)*, and mortified by the disappointment, I sat me down, and, in the true spirit of sorrow, wrote the following pathetic Stanzas.

THE SONG OF DISAPPOINTMENT:

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

Hope whisper'd fine things in my ear;
I believed her, though trick is her trade:
She told me that Fortune was near,
Who had always behaved like a jade.

Great names, *little* people astound.
How witching the title, "Your Grace!"
"My Lord Duke, Lady Duchess," what sound!
Big with honour, and *dinner*, and place.

In fancy I join'd the Duke's table,
Where his Grace so *instructively* chats;
Despising my garret, that stable,
My joint-stool, and my penn'orth of sprats.

In fancy I *joked* with his Grace,
And felt a huge torrent of *bliss:*
Then I flatter'd the Duchess's face,
And whisper'd love-stories to Miss*.

In fancy his Grace I beheld,
Heard his mouth with sound criticism ope;
That mouth most deliciously swell'd
With quotations from Dryden and Pope.

In fancy I heard him aloud
Read his Prologues so sweet to his guests;
Saw *wonderment* stare from the crowd,
And *rapture* burst wild from their breasts.

* Miss Anguish.

Now I heard him delightfully thrum;
Now in praise of *old* music a raver;
Now Handel's *huge* choruses hum;
Now a critic on crotchet and quaver.

In fancy, a Bonfire I blazed;
At *my* wit heard them call out "*encore;*"
While the room with *astonishment* gazed,
Prepared every moment to *roar.*

But the Duke has secreted his face;
To the Bard what a terrible blow!
And gone are the smiles of her Grace,
And the smiles of each Anguish *al-so.*

But I'm not deluded *alone;*
To *another* he sadly behaved:
Doctor Jackson, by *promises* won,
Cut his curls from his pate, and was *shaved.*

Though the Doctor look'd smart with his locks,
Sublime too, and swarthy, and big;
He was told, when a Bishop, his flocks
Would expect a *full bushel* of *wig.*

A Wig was accordingly bought,
As a Cauliflower large, and as fair;
Where the Barber too, blest with good thought,
Wove *religion* and *pomp* in *each hair*.

In short, 'twas so solemn a *quiz*,
So form'd for *concerns of the soul;*
People scarce could decide on its phiz,
Which look'd *wisest*, the *cavon* or *jowl*.

But after this grand operation
Of clipping and *wigging*, I trow,
Sore balk'd was poor *Con's** exaltation.—
But *why*, none with certainty know.

Some thought *Heaven* with the *wig* was displeas'd;
But people may think as they list:
Others said (with maliciousness seiz'd),
Heaven hated the *pride* of the Priest.

So the Doctor no Bishop was made,
Nor at present a Bishop is *he;*
And it also may safely be said,
That a Bishop he never will *be*.

* Con, *i. e.* Consequential Jackson; a constant appellative bestowed on him at the University of Oxford.

But the Duke too is thwarted I ween,
Who looks *up* like a Hawk to the Crown;
But, alas! our good King and good Queen
Have never vouchsafed to look *down*.

Now to Duke and to Duchess adieu;
Adieu to my honours *like-wise!*
The vision departs from my view;
And Hope, the false flatterer, flies.

My teeth too are robb'd of sweet picking;
(Ah, teeth to good eating *attach'd!*)
And thus have I counted my chicken,
Poor blockhead, before they were hatch'd.

NIL ADMIRARI;

OR,

A SMILE AT A BISHOP;

OCCASIONED BY

AN HYPERBOLICAL EULOGY ON MISS HANNAH MORE,

BY DR. PORTEUS,

IN HIS LATE CHARGE TO THE CLERGY.

Est modus in rebus.—HORACE.

THERE is reason in roasting eggs.

Lo, Novelty shall lead the world astray,
And cast even *bishops* wide of Wisdom's bias.
A Mouse has proved the Lion of the day;
Witness that miserable imp Mathias.

ALSO

EXPOSTULATION;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Miss Hannah has no Eagle wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation would *befool:*
Alas! a poor Ephemeron is she;
A *humming* native of a Bristol pool.

LIKEWISE,

DUPLICITY, OR THE BISHOP;

AND

SIMPLICITY, OR THE CURATE:

A PAIR OF TALES.

MOREOVER,

AN ODE TO THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

AND, FINALLY,

AN ODE TO SOME ROBIN RED-BREASTS IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

TO DR. B. PORTEUS,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

MY GOOD LORD,

As your Lordship, in your late Charge to the Clergy, has almost exhausted panegyric to compliment Miss Hannah More on talents that are presumed to have *worked wonders* in the cause of Religion and *high-toned* Morality (to use your Lordship's *fiddling* figure,) I have taken the liberty of addressing a Poem to your Lordship on the subject of your *most extraordinary* Eulogium. Your Lordship's *innumerable* virtues, producing such an enthusiasm of love and veneration, *particularly* from the *unbeneficed members of the church* (the *constant* objects of your Lordship's condescending and kind *attentions),* are universally allowed; but in regard to your Lordship's claim to genius, taste, and the chair of Aristarchus, I fear it will be as universally denied. But *non omnia possumus omnes.* A Bishop

may be an abstemious, or a devouring Bishop; a generous, or an avaricious Bishop; a decent, or an *in*decent Bishop; a believing, or an *un*believing Bishop; a sober, or a boozing Bishop; a lazy, or a fox-hunting Bishop; for I have seen *all* those characters: he may, nevertheless, be no better than a *poor curate* among the *muses*.

I am, my Lord, &c. &c.

P. P.

THE

BISHOP OF LONDON'S PANEGYRIC.

"Mrs. Hannah More, whose extraordinary and versatile talents can equally accommodate themselves to the Cottage and the Palace, who, while she is diffusing among the lower orders of people an infinity of little Religious Tracts, calculated to reform and comfort in this world, and to save them in the next; is at the same time applying all the powers of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind, to the instruction, improvement, and delight, of the most exalted of her own Sex. I allude more particularly to her last Work, on Female Education: which presents to the Reader such a fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious observation, of a knowledge of the world and of the female heart, of high-toned morality, and genuine christian piety; and all this enlivened with such brilliancy of wit, such richness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion, such neatness and elegance of diction;

as are not, I conceive, easily to be found combined and blended together in any other Work in the English language.

"Of her little Tracts, no less than two millions were sold in the first year; and they contributed, I am persuaded, very essentially to counteract the poison of those impious and immoral pamphlets which, as I have already stated, were dispersed over the Kingdom in such numbers by societies of Infidels and Republicans."

NIL ADMIRARI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter prettily and poetically proclaimeth the pernicious Effects of Flattery.—He solemnly addresseth Doctor Portens, as of the celebrated School of Warburton; *loading* the Doctor with appropriate and complimentary Epithets.—Though Peter acknowledgeth the Bishop's *overmatch* for the *Devil* and *Sin*, he *denieth* his Powers over *Taste*—shrewdly hinteth that a *wise* Father may have a *foolish* Son—proveth the Bishop's want of critical *Acumen*, by his hyperbolical Praises of Miss Hannah More, a Rhyme-and-Prose Gentlewoman born at Bristol.—Peter, having narrowly searched Miss Hannah, and tried Miss Hannah by his own Touchstone, discovereth the metallic Nature of Miss Hannah's Genius.—Peter solemnly protesteth that he cannot wade *twice* through Miss Hannah's Works; deeming them, as Dr. Johnson would have expressed himself, Pages of puerile Vanity and intellectual Imbecility.

SOFT is the voice of Flattery; sweet her song:
Ah, much too sweet for man, *vain* man, I fear!
Her Oil of Fool too fluent glides along;
And, winding, drops with *death* into his ear.

O Porteus, of the Warburtonian school,
Meek, modest, generous, diffident, and humble!
'Tis said that *sometimes* Sages play the Fool;
But, *when* they stumble, with a *vengeance* stumble.

Though form'd to brighten all the human race,
Rare Flint and Steel, illumining the dark;
Though, like an Egg, so full of faith and grace,
Like thy great Prototype of Prior-park*;—

Though bravely furious for the fight, to tame
Old Nick, and eke his dirty Mother Sin,
With every sort of weapon one can name,
Even from the thundering Cannon to a Pin;—

Yet, Porteus, though a Giant with thy blows,
That Sin's and Satan's hides with glory baste,
A Dwarf art thou in fields of Verse and Prose;
A very Pigmy in the realms of Taste.

What though thou Rhyme hast *made?* It does not follow,
The Critic's laurel must thy temples shade.
A man may be descended from Apollo,
And yet a *novice* in the Critic trade.

Nay, man may scarce be equal to a *pun;*
Yet sprung from Phœbus, but without his art:
Less fit to guide the Chariot of the Sun,
Than that *more humble* vehicle, a Cart.

* The late Bishop Warburton, of *lamb-like* memory.

With sighs I tell thee of Miss Hannah More,
A mighty genius in thy Charge display'd:
Know, I have search'd the Damsel o'er and o'er,
And only find Miss Hannah a *good maid.*

Oft by my touchstone have I tried the Lass,
And see no shining mark of Gold appear;
No, nor one beam of silver:—some small *brass,*
And *lead* and glittering *mundic,* in thine ear.

A sorry Critic thou in Prose and Metre,
Or thou hadst judged her power a scanty Rill;
Which, if thou wilt believe the word of Peter,
Crawls at the *bottom* of th' Aonian hill.

Twice can't I read her labours, for my blood;
So *simply* mawkish, so *sublimely* sad:
I own Miss Hannah's Life is *very good;*
But then, her Verse and Prose are *very bad.*

No Muse e'er touch'd Miss Hannah's lips with fire;
No fountain hers of bright imagination:
So little doth a *genuine* Muse inspire,
That Genius will not own her a *relation.*

Miss Hannah's graces dazzle not the view;
No Bonfire she, no Sun's meridian blaze:—
A Rushlight 'midst th' illuminating few;
A Farthing Rushlight, with its winking rays.

Miss Hannah has no Eagle-wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation can befool:
Alas! a poor Ephemeron is she;
A *humming* native of a Bristol pool.

ARGUMENT.

Peter sorely complaineth of Miss Hannah's *cracked* Instrument — announceth Women *superior* to Miss Hannah.—Miss Hannah laugheth in her Sleeve at the Bishop's Praise.—Peter thinketh that Mount Parnassus would have shed no Tears, had Miss Hannah never written.—He blameth the Bishop for making a *Show* of Miss Hannah.—Peter exhibiteth his *Candour*, in condemning rather the *Flattery* of the Bishop, than Miss Hannah's literary *Imbecility*.—Peter rippeth up the Blue-stocking Club, for their foolish *Exhibition* of Miss Hannah.—He acknowledgeth the Power of Novelty; particularly with respect to a Pamphlet of one of the smaller *Rats* of the Queen's Closet, called Mathias.—He giveth the little *Animal* a good Drubbing.—Peter hinteth at some of Miss Hannah's *clerical Friends* in the Reviews—sensibly animadverteth on the *varnish-eating* Power of Father Time.

INDEED Miss Hannah hath a *so-so* Lyre;
So out of tune, it murders all the Nine:
She really playeth not with taste or fire.
No, Doctor Porteus; no, thou *great* divine.

Know, Porteus, we have women of renown,
Miss Hannah's *equals*, or my judgments fail:
Nay, numbers, I aver it, of whose gown
Miss Hannah is not fit to hold the *tail*.

With smiles her Eulogy Miss Hannah hears;
Laughs in her sleeve at all thy pompous praise:
In silence wrapp'd, perceives the Ass's ears,
And sits complacent while her Stentor *brays*.

Had Wisdom crush'd Miss Hannah's forward quill,
Had Silence put a gag on Hannah's tongue,
No crape had *mourn'd* upon the Muses' hill,
Nor Phœbus *blubber'd* for the loss of Song.

Hadst thou not fondly dragg'd Miss Hannah forth,
Placed her on high, and cried, "Behold a wonder!"
No soul had scrutinized the Woman's worth;
Safe from the World *her weakness* and *thy blunder*.

Thy praise of Hannah is a Pillar fair,
A lofty Pillar, but supporting *what?*
Why, on its head, supporting high in air
A mole, a grasshopper, a mouse, a rat.

Calm, but for thee, had Hannah pass'd along;
Oblivion ready, with her shroud and spade,
To sink her, with a prose-and-rhyming throng,
In sacred silence, and eternal shade.

But no; the Bishop stops her on her way:
Ah, wherefore? God Almighty only knows!
To gibbet her amid the blaze of day,
A piteous Carcase for the *critic* Crows.

People should not run riot with applause:
But, ah, how many praise without pretence;
Bawl for a Work with wide-extended jaws;
Of words a *deluge*, and a *drop* of sense!

I censure not Miss Hannah for sad Prose:
I censure not Miss Hannah for sad Rhymes.
God sees my heart: I only censure those
Whose *flatteries* damn the judgment of the times.

The *Bas-bleu* Club, grave Greybeards, those old Dames
All righteous, *cramm'd* to mouth with heavenly manna,
Ambitious of a Wit among their names,
Into their *magic lantern* clapp'd Miss Hannah;

Then bade the Bishop *look* with wondering eyes.
The Bishop's wondering orbs enjoyed the sight:
"A Giantess of genius!" Porteus cries,
Forgetting it a literary Mite.

Yet Novelty shall lead the World astray,
And turn *even bishops* off from Wisdom's bias:
A Mouse shall start the Lion of the day;
Witness that miserable imp Mathias*.

Behold! this human Snake, or human Toad,
Sly 'mid the windings of his murky hole,
Pour'd on the *shrinking* World his poisonous load,
And on the sighs of Merit fed his soul.

But lo! of short duration was his date;
Soon stopp'd the torrent of his wounding-lust:
Justice stepp'd forth to give the fiend his fate,
And crush'd him 'midst the reptiles of the dust.—

Though Hannah's Prose present us nothing new,
Though Hannah's Verse be lame insipid stuff;
Some *sable* Critic, in some *kind* Review,
Shall give the little paper-kite a *puff*.

* This poor little wretch (whose pamphlet was *misnomered* Pursuits of Literature, but whose true appellation should have been Pursuits of Rancour) dared not acknowledge *his own work*. The enormity of its falsehood and impudence was quite a novelty; and, in spite of its contemptible imbecility, gained the attention of the Public, *This*, Mathias mistook for fame: *still* he denied any connexion with the pamphlet; every paltry subterfuge was made use of, to escape detection. At length a few literary Hounds seriously pursued him, hunted him fairly to his hole, and put the Vermin to death.

At length comes Time, with Truth's pervading ray,
To separate the *living* from the *dead;*
Clears the dark clouds of Prejudice away;
And roasts the varnish off, by Flattery spread.

And lo, this varnish, with thy daubing brush
Smear'd o'er Miss Hannah, must by Time be *roasted:*
The Nymph in all her nakedness will blush;
And *courtly* Porteus, for a *flatterer* posted.

ARGUMENT.

Peter *fancieth* that he hath put the Bishop in a Passion.—He giveth his Opinion of a Book called Strictures upon Female Education, with Miss Hannah's name annexed.—He *subtracteth* greatly from the Merit of Miss Hannah in those Volumes.—Peter describeth Miss Hannah's Mode of *manœuvring*, by two apt and beautiful Comparisons, Hemp and Leather.—He likeneth Miss Hannah unto a Hen, who hatcheth the Eggs of another Bird.—He confesseth her exemplary Piety, and Snow-like Appearance; but severely reprimandeth her *Uncharitableness* towards the *frail ones* of her own Sex.—Peter praiseth his own *celestial* Disposition in favour of *fallen* Beauty.—He addresseth the *barbarous* Part of the Female Creation; asserting that *Love* and an *old Lady* are *not incompatible*.—He giveth the Judges a Stroke for their *amorous* Faces on Trials of Rape and Crim. Con.—Peter windeth up sublimely and *charitably*.

Now, Porteus, I behold thee in a passion,
And thus exclaiming: "What! Miss Hannah More
No genius! what is then her 'Education,'
So praised and echoed *o'er* and *o'er* and *o'er?*"

I'll tell thee, Porteus, *what*. Miss Hannah's Strictures
Are *decent* things; perhaps Miss Hannah's Plan.
But, trust me, they are all some *parson's* pictures:
These, Hannah never *drew*, nor *colour'd*, man.

At times she finds of *hemp* a little wad,
Begs some young Levite spin it:—" nothing loth,"
He adds large quantities of *flax*, *kind* lad,
And with the mixture fabricates a *cloth*.

Again: Miss Hannah finds a scrap of leather,
Horse-skin; and slily to some Crispin goes:
Crispin adds *calf-skin;* puts them both *together*,
And makes a tolerable pair of shoes.

Miss Hannah may be aptly term'd a *hen*,
Who sits on *pheasants*' eggs, to kindness prone:
Hatches the birds, a pretty brood; but then,
Weak vanity! she calls the chicks *her own*.

Miss Hannah's *piety* we all admire,
Her Life a field of Alpine Snow so white;
And, what our good opinion *must* inspire,
With *bishops* she could *talk* from morn to night.

Oh, had *good* Hannah been not so severe
On each young Victim of her tempting bloom!
Instead of sarcasm, dropp'd a pitying tear;
And with a beam of *comfort* cheer'd her gloom!

I cannot drag the Nymph to grinning day;
I cannot curse the Nymph of *yielding* charms:
Instead of casting the poor Girl away,
Lord! I would rather clasp her in my arms;

Hang on her lip; bestow the generous kiss;
Catch the pure drop that leaves her liquid eye;
And, *gently* chiding the *unlicens'd* bliss,
Reclaim the beauteous Mourner with a sigh.

Oh think of Love, ye Ladies of *hard hearts!*
Lo, Nature weaves it close in every cranny!
Even from *old women* rarely it departs,
The subject sweet of many a shaking Granny.

Even Judges, for their *gravity* revered,
I've seen upon Crim. Con. with passion gape;
With wanton questions wag the watering beard,
Point the hot eye, and chuckle at a Rape.

Prudery I hate, the Hag whose breath would blight
The opening buds of gentle May and June:
Blest to spread darkness; like the Cloud of night,
That hangs a dirty malkin on the Moon.

Oh, be the wounded Prude who dares *reprove*,
And furious charge the *feeble* Maid or Dame,
A Nymph who, *cautious* of the Torch of Love,
Has never *singed* her honour at its flame!

ARGUMENT.

Peter declareth that he liketh literary Emulation among the Sex, but contendeth for *fair Play;* that is to say, People should publish *their own* Works.—Peter knoweth Miss Hannah's *havage*, knoweth all her *Points*, and pronounceth her unqualified for a *first-rate* Racer, whatever her Powers among the *Ponies*.—Peter elucidateth the Frauds in Literature by a *Smock Race*.—Peter turneth to the Bishop, and asketh a shrewd Question.—He solemnly calleth on the Bishop's Attention, and sayeth *oracular* Things.—Peter supplicateth the Bishop to think *charitably* of his rhyming *Intentions*.—He dreadeth the *fatal* Effects of his Flattery of Miss Hannah; making her hold up her Nose in Contempt of the under-World, knowing none but *Quality*.—Peter asserteth such Flattery to be a Sin: as it stirreth up Pride; which, *every body knows*, ruined the Devil.—Peter citeth a Proverb taken from *Hell*.—He again beggeth the Bishop to think well of his *Intentions*—proclaimeth his *Love* for Bishops, *perhaps* equal to that of the *unbeneficed Clergy*.—Peter draweth a Parallel between Bishops of old, and Bishops of the present Day.—A *terrible* Portrait of the *old* School—a *most engaging* one of the *new*.—Peter piously concludeth with a *Prayer* for Bishops.

I LIKE a *rivalship* in Art, I own;
Yes, let there be a spur to emulation:
But let fair Justice sit upon her Throne,
And keep a little decent *regulation.*

Lo, for the laurel prize Miss Hannah starts!
But Nature, to Miss Hannah's heels unkind,
The hopes of honour and of glory thwarts;
Left is Miss Hannah far, yes, far behind.

Miss Hannah's heels are *greasy*, let me say;
Miss Hannah's joints are very stiff *indeed:*
Her form is rather fitted for the *dray*,
Than on Newmarket turf to show a speed.

Some years ago, I saw a female race;
The prize, a shift—a Holland shift, I ween:
Ten Damsels, nearly all in *naked grace*,
Rush'd for the precious Prize along the Green.

Sylvia, a charming Lass (who, if an *air*
And *face* had been permitted to contend,
Had carried all before her), luckless Fair!
Was to her Sister Racers forced to bend:—

When Orson, mounted on a goodly Mule,
(Whose love for Sylvia to her cause inclin'd him,)
In spite, ye Gods, of every racing-rule,
Whipp'd up the Damsel on the beast *behind him;*—

Then off he gallop'd; pass'd each panting Maid,
Who mark'd the *cheat* with disappointed eyes;
Soon brought her in, unblushing at his aid,
And for his Favourite boldly claim'd the prize.—

Oh say, has nought been *very like* it, *here?*
Did no *kind* Swain his hand to Hannah yield?
No *bishop's* hand to help a heavy *rear*,
And bear the Nymph triumphant o'er the field?

List to the Oracles I now advance:—
A man stark blind should never *races* run;
A Cripple never should pretend to *dance;*
A head of *wax* should never court the *sun.*

Then bid Miss Hannah More her pen confine:
Repress the vainly rhyming, prosing rage,
That makes us *sinful* damn the nerveless line;
Un-Job-like, curse the *penury* of the page.

Good Porteus, think not Envy prompts my strain;
'Tis Pity, Pity bids me Verse compose:
Thy flattery's fumes must turn the Virgin's brain,
So fierce its incense burns beneath her nose.

Oh, hadst thou crawl'd a *curate*, let me say,
Harmless thy flattery *then* had spent its breath:
Just whisper'd to the World, and died away;
Like thy own sermons, and *dead* lines on *Death.*

Miss Hannah's head is now among the clouds,
Borne by thy necromantic art of praise:
The Nymph from *vulgar* eyes her glory shrouds,
To mix with "*high toned*" Quality her *rays*.

To them Miss Hannah strutting forth so fine,
In all *thy* gaudy flowers superbly drest,
Must raise a smile on graver mouths than *mine;*
Such seeming mockery, such a *solemn jest!*

An Oracle behold Miss Hannah grown!
Each Child of Title lisps Miss Hannah's name;
A *bishop's plaudit* sanctifies a *Joan:*—
What *better* passport to the house of Fame?

Thus then, O Man of God, thy flattery *sins:*
For thou hast conjured up the Woman's vanity;
Bestowed false consequence on Heads of Pins,
And given (oh blush!) a substance to inanity.

Thus then thy praises of Miss Hannah's head
To Pride, that Pitfall of old Satan, win her.—
Porteus, there is a Proverb thou shouldst read:
"When flatterers meet, the *Devil goes to dinner.*"

Deem not, *good* Porteus, that in this my Song
I mean to harrow up thy *humble* mind;
And stay that Voice, in London known so long,
For balm and softness an *Etesian* Wind.

My *love* for *bishops* is *proverbial* grown;
Sweet is the race, and *so* Miss Hannah *says:*
Where'er I wander, lo! I make it known.
How *different* from the tribes of *distant days!*

Long were a Bishop's tusks in times of yore,
His gaping Gullet flamed the Track of Hell:
Loud as the Libyan Lion's was his roar;
His Frowns like Lightning, *blasting* where they fell.

Then Persecution raised her iron crow,
And saw, with doating eye, her power displayed;
Enjoyed the flying brains at every blow,
And *bless'd* the knives and hooks with which she *flayed:*—

Grill'd, roasted, carbonaded, fricaseed,
Men, women, children, for the slightest things;
Burnt, strangled, glorying in the horrid deed;
Nay, starved and flogg'd God's great Vicegerents, Kings!

But things are *changed*, assume a *different* tone:
The teeth of Bishops are a *gentle* set;
Content, if nought is near, to pick a *bone;*
So *little* pamper'd with *delicious* meat.

How *sweet* the smile, when Bishop Bishop greets!
How flow the *honeyed* streams of salutation,
Even in the middle of our London streets;
Rich lessons of good-will, to all the Nation!

No *scorn* now frowneth from a Bishop's eye,
No sounds of *anger* from his lips escape;
Save on a *curate's* importuning sigh,
Save on the penury of *ragged crape.*

Now God preserve the Bishops, every skin,
To blaze like Beacons to the *darken'd* nations;
To roast old Satan, knock down Gammer Sin,
And for a pack of Rascals hang the Passions!—

Thus ends my Song, *perhaps* a child of Fame.
And now, for Justice' sake, let me petition:
Should Fortune chance to give thy Charge a *name,*
Omit *Miss Hannah's* in the next edition.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Miss Hannah More having, with unmerited severity, nay, illiberality, attacked the poor Poets *en masse*, *alias* in a lump, in the following terms, viz. "The Poets again, who, to do them justice, are always ready to lend a *helping hand* when any *mischief* is to be done;" I have, *unlike* Miss Hannah, preserved a *christian* spirit on the occasion, a spirit which she every where so fervently recommends; and *meekly* made my complaint in poetical Expostulation; hoping that she will, with the *usual assistance* of her good friends the Clergy, vouchsafe me an answer, in some measure to justify the slander, or expunge it, in the next edition of what are called *her* Strictures on Female Education*.

P. P.

* Vide Strictures on Female Education, vol. 2. p. 128.

EXPOSTULATION.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begs to be informed of the *Cause* of Miss Hannah's Wrath.—He praiseth the *Mildness* of the Poets.—He putteth sly and shrewd *Questions* to Miss Hannah.—Peter complaineth of Miss Hannah's general Sarcasm on himself and Brother Bards.—Peter *puffeth* himself—boasteth of the Royal Attention to his Works—*also* of *one* of the Princesses; all the Favourites of Peter, whom Peter admireth and laudeth—*also* of Miss Tryon, late Maid of Honour; and the present Maids of Honour—*likewise* of the immortal Kosciusko.—Peter, with his accustomed *Liberality*, exhibiteth the *Reverse* of the Medal; describing the unfavourable Opinion entertained of him by the Blue-Stocking Club.—He giveth the Anathema of a little Old Man in Petticoats, called Urganda, an important *Membress* of the Society, and much attended to in the Debates.—Dame Urganda calleth upon Miss Hannah to be the Little David of the Club, and slay Goliah Peter.—Peter cannot account for Miss Hannah's Attack on the Poets.—He maketh Miss Hannah a *grand* Offer of composing a glorious Panegyric on her splendid *Genius*, the very Instant Miss Hannah *informs* him *where it is to be found.*

TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Say, angry Hannah, on a gentle throng
  Why boils thus o'er the caldron of thine ire?
A Dove-like offspring are the Sons of Song;
  A Cherub race, the Children of the Lyre.

Poets were ever deem'd a *sacred* band,
Abounding with much virtue, meekness, grace;
Indeed a peaceful *treasure* to the land,
The Robin Redbreasts of the human race.

Oh! has *no* Bard to Hannah pour'd an air;
With Hannah's *beauty* bid no stanza glow;
Her cheek's warm *roses*, and her *flaxen* hair,
The *lip* of purple, and the *neck* of snow?

Oh! hast thou pass'd through life *without* a Rhyme?
No sweet *acrostic* on thy liquid name?
No *rebus*, no *conundrum's* happy chime,
Proclaiming *graces*, and a *hopeless* flame?

Tell me, did no fond Lover ever write
A decent distich on his *favourite* Maid?
Not to his dear Lucretia *once* endite?
For sonneteering is the Lover's trade.

Somewhat has *wounded* thee, 'tis very plain:
Revenge, I fear, lies rankling in thy heart.
Then say thy *cause* of anger and disdain;
Why on poor Poets hast thou been so *tart*?

Much for the Poet's character I feel;
And *me* a Poet, *Majesty* will own:
Nay, nay, my *glory* why should I conceal?
My Works, *morocco-gilt*, are near the *throne*.

The charming Princesses who court the Nine,
Whom Taste delighted proudly leads along;
These, with a smile, have *read* my early Line,
And with their names shall grace my latest Song.

Miss Tryon, Maid of Honour to the Queen,
In rich Morocco bid my Works be bound:
Beneath the pillows of the *rest*, I ween,
The Works of Peter Pindar may be found.

Me Kosciusko deems a Bard divine;
My Works illumed his dungeon of affright*:
'Twas there the Hero read my Lyric Line;
Yea, read my Lucubrations with delight.

To me the Hero rich Falernian sent,
To sooth the horrors of our gloomy weather:
To him in Leicester-fields with joy I went;
For Bards and Heroes *pair* like Doves together.

* When a prisoner in Russia.

Yet let me say, be done fair Justice too.—
Some damn *in toto* my *poor* thoughts and style;
The toothless gums of half the grave *Bas-bleu*
Watering, and *wondering* how the World can *smile*.

Urganda, with more *beard* than female grace
(If old Urganda has not learnt to *shave*),
Makes, at my name, most horrible grimace;
Screaming, "I'd buy a *rope* to hang the knave.

"My dearest, sweetest, *panegyrist*, More,
Pray, pray oblige me with your flippant pen:
Lord! you have *so much* wit; yes, such a store!
Pray, Hannah, *cut* us *up* this worst of men.

"Oh, cut the fellow into mince-meat, pray!
Whene'er I hear his name, I'm in a *stew:*
He's worse than Johnson, ten times, let me say,
Who gave himself such airs on the *Bas-bleu*.

"O Lord! O Lord! what is Parnassus now?
A dismal, barren, melancholy waste:
Brambles and weeds, and briars, on the brow;
No fruit, no fruit, to gratify the taste.

" In short, this once great celebrated Hill
Exhibits only Children at the Nipple;
A Hospital indeed that Idiots fill,
And every sort of lame and hopping Cripple.

" On you, our Little David, mind, we call,
To knock this vile Goliah on the head:
Down with him! like a Bullock let him fall;
Down with him!—Lord! I *long* to see him *dead.*

" *Then, then,* the horrid monster grins no more;
Then at our Club the Owl no longer hoots:
Thus shall our Club the *glorious* deed adore."—
Thus spoke the little proud old Puss in Boots.

But now to thee, *fair* Hannah, to return,
For much I long thy fury's cause to know:—
Nought have *I* done to bid thine anger burn;
My ink can never blot the vest of snow.

Lo! to do justice, with a liberal spirit
I'm now on tip-toe, to begin my Lays:
Hint to the Poet but thy various *merit,*
I'll make Parnassus thunder with thy praise.

How *unlike* the Bishops of *old*, are our *modern* Men of Lawn! *Formerly* they were all *pride*, *hypocrisy*, *insolence*, and *rapacity:* but behold! the *present* race are *mild*, *affable*, *charitable*, and *generous;* and, though so eminently *exalted* above their half-starved Curates, appear to have been bred *(gentle* Doves!) in the bosom of *humility*.

DUPLICITY;

OR,

THE BISHOP OF OLD.

A Bishop (not a *British* Bishop; no:
Ours are a *sweeter* set of *saints*, I trow)
Was by his Sovereign sent to rule abroad:
Immediately upon the news
Of his arrival, came some Jews
To compliment the mitred Man of God.

"Jews!" bawl'd the Bishop, in the direst passion:
"D'ye think *I'll see* that vile apostate nation?
Run, Pierrot, drive them off; run faster, faster:
Tell them, they crucified my Heavenly Master."—

" But Sir, but Sir," quoth Pierrot, stepping back,
Devoutly whispering in the Bishop's ear:
" These *Jews* bring *presents:* Lord! at least a *sack.*"—
" Ah, ah!" replied the Bishop, *less austere,*
" *These* people could *know nothing* of the *sin:*
Poor creatures! well, well, Pierrot, *let 'em in.*"

SIMPLICITY;

OR,

THE CURATE.

How difficult, alas, to please mankind!
One or the other every moment *mutters:*
This wants an eastern, that a western wind;
A third, petition for a southern utters.

Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow.
How can Heaven suit *all* palates?—I don't know.

Good Lamb the Curate, much approved,
Indeed by all his flock beloved,
Was one dry summer begg'd to pray for rain.
The Parson most devoutly pray'd:
The *powers* of *prayer* were soon display'd;
Immediately a *torrent* drench'd the plain.

It chanced that the Churchwarden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadow not yet *saved* the hay:
Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring.
It happen'd too that Robin was from home;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the Parson, like a Lion roaring.

"Zounds, Parson Lamb! why, what have you been doing?
A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!
What! pray for *rain* before I *saved* my hay?
Oh! you're a *cruel* and *ungrateful* man.
I, that for ever help you all I can;
Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay,
Whenever we have something on the spit,
Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;—

"Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
Whose bones you are so fond of picking;
And often too a cag of brandy!
You, that were welcome to a treat,
To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
Making my house so very handy!

"*You*, Parson, serve one such a *scurvy trick!*
Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.

"What! bring the Flood of Noah from the skies,
With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes!
A numscull, that I wer'n't of this aware!
Curse me but I had *stopp'd* your *pretty prayer!*"—

"Dear Mister Jay," quoth Lamb, "alas, alas!
I *never thought* upon your field of grass."—

"Lord, Parson! you're a fool, one might suppose:
Was not the field just underneath your nose?
This is a very pretty losing job!'—
"Sir," quoth the Curate, "know that Harry Cobb,
Your Brother-warden, join'd to have the pray'r."—
"Cobb! Cobb! why this for Cobb was only sport;
What doth Cobb own that any rain can hurt?"
Roar'd furious Jay, as broad as he could stare:

"The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn*,
A few old houses only, and a barn;
As that's the case, zounds, what are showers to *him?*
Not Noah's Flood could make *his* trumpery *swim.*

"Besides, why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
Why force it down in *buckets* on the hay?
Would *I* have play'd with *your* hay such a freak?
No: I'd have *stopp'd the weather* for a *week.*"—

" Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,
I acted solely for the *best ;*
I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
Your anger for this *once* restrain,
I'll never bring a drop again
Till you and all the Parish are *agreed.*"

ODE

TO

THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

ARGUMENT.

Peter addresseth the old literary Ladies with much poetical Solemnity—beggeth their Pardon for *taking Liberties* with Miss Hannah More, one of the Columns of the Blue-Stocking Club.—He hinteth to them that Miss Hannah's last Book is *not* Miss Hannah's.—Peter illustrateth Miss Hannah's Manœuvres by a sublime Comparison of an old Mouser and her Daughter.—Peter indulgeth himself in another apt Comparison, of a Fish-theft ; thinking Miss Hannah may, in a *sly* Way, have *borrowed* her last publication : and adviseth the Restoration to the *Proprietor.*

Old Critics, Gammer Wisdoms, *sapient* Dames,
Who, fond of being deem'd *illustrious* names,
Proudly o'er Mount Parnassus cast your shoes ;
In grave Divan who most *sublimely* sit,
Pronouncing judgment upon Works of Wit,
Indeed on all the labours of the Muse ;

Accept a little Ode from Peter,
Who *charms* you *seldom* with his Metre.

Wise Dames, I know your motley Club
Has met with many a wanton *drub*
From that sly Proteus *cleped* Ridicule;
Whose talent is to sneer and laugh,
To call important matters *raff*,
And lower Wisdom sometimes to a *fool*.

Now, Ladies, don't be in a passion,
Because I've treated in such fashion
Miss Hannah, whom you idolize and foster:
I do assure you, solemn Dames,
Miss Hannah with no merit *flames;*
No, she's a *little bit* of an *impostor*.

I know you call the Nymph, the Sun so bright:—
Now she's *Miss Moon*, and *borroweth* all her *light*.

Who has not seen a kind old Mother Cat
Deliver a dead bird, or mouse, or rat,
To her young Kitten, Miss Grimalkin?
Miss catches it with *raptured* claws,
Locks it at once within her jaws,
Round with *cock'd tail*, and round, triumphant walking;

So carefully her treasure holding, watching,
And proudly purring, "This is all *my catching*."

Has not Miss Hannah been the *kitten* here?
Too strongly she resembles it, I fear.

Believe me, your Miss Hannah More,
As I have somewhere said before,
Starts like the Country Lasses for the *shift;*
And, just like Sylvia, left behind
By rivals, much against her mind,
Who stole before them by a lucky *lift*,—

Miss Hannah too a lucky *lift* has had
On some kind *priest's* (perchance a *bishop's)* pad.

Miss Hannah's Work, so much bepraised,
By Flattery's *puff* so highly raised;
Miss Hannah's pretty Education-book,
Of fishing-parties starts a Story;
Where one shall steal *another's* trout or dory,
And slily pull it in on *his own* hook.

Now, Ladies, as your *honours* are at stake,
I beg you, for your *reputation's* sake,
To sift this petty larceny of the pen;
And, as ye probably may find it out,
Confront Miss Hannah, kick up some small rout,
And make her *give* the man his *fish* again.

ODE

TO

SOME ROBIN-REDBREASTS IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

Sweet Minstrels of the sounding choir,
Your ditties sooth, delight. inspire;
That wake the Echoes from their deep repose:
  Soft Echoes dying through the Dome
  (As though from spirits of the tomb),
Soon as your voices sink in plaintive close.

Again, oh! lull me with your Lay,
And let it never die away.

How welcome rise your hymns to Heaven,
In gratitude so simply given!
  Celestials smile upon your songs of praise:
For, to the chaste angelic ear,
The grateful voice is ever dear;
  But loath'd the sounds that Affectation brays.
And yet how many a voice, and pipe, and chord,
Bray "to the *praise* and *glory*" of the Lord!

Hark, hark; what rude discordant sounds!
A jail broke loose! a pack of hounds!—
No, 'tis a *bishop*, *dean*, and *bawling boys*.
What uproar wild! The Wolves of Thrace
Howl'd to the Moon with sweeter grace;
Even Libya's Lions make not half the noise.

What human brain the thunder bears?
A *kingdom* for a pair of *patent ears!*

Yet, while they deal these direful sounds;
Din that disturbs, affrights, astounds;
How *merciful* is Heaven, to *bear* the *bother*,
And not knock one thick scull against the other!

Yet "to the *praise* and *glory*" of the Lord,
As oft they ope the volume of their throat,
Their gullets gape not of their *own accord:*
'Tis *money*, *money only*, prompts the note.
Heaven's Cherubs blush, and burning Seraphs *stare*,
To think that *bribes* must *purchase* praise and pray'r.—

Sweet race, to you I turn again;
Now all the ear-distracting train
Has left the dome, the Cherub Peace restor'd.—
How different *your* delighting throats!
How different all *your* liquid notes!
How different too *your merits* with the Lord!

For how can Heaven with *venal sounds* be taken,
Tainted with ale and gin, and eggs and bacon?

Yes; all is hush'd, the vault along:
Resume, resume the choral song,
And make atonement for the *horrid* cry.
Lo! in her shroud, near yonder tomb,
A gentle Spectre breaks the gloom:
She listens; lo! she listens with a sigh.
Ah! bid your airs divinely flow,
And soothing steal a tear from woe.

The deepening shades of Night prevail;
They wrap the hollow-sounding aisle,
And steal each column from the eye:
What solemn solitude around!
Here Nature's true sublime is found:
Hence Thought should travel to the sky.

Mild Tenants of the fane, farewell!
At early dawn I quit my cell,
And haste a pilgrim to these shrines again:
Simplicity will join my way,
And listen to your mingled lay,
And listening learn a lesson from your strain.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I am destitute of *friends* among the periodical Reviewers of Literature, I confess my fears of *foul treatment,* and tremble for this my *youngest* Offspring; which, in a moment of spleen or ignorance, may be put to death by the tomahawk of Criticism. Now, as "charity begins at home," and as every man is entitled to as much justice from *himself* as from his *neighbour,* I have, *sans cérémonie,* given a *free* and *impartial account* of *my own* Pamphlet: thus anticipating the Reviewers; and at the same time hanging out a sort of beacon to *guide* them, when it shall become the subject of their sage animadversion. In my discussion I have adopted the Aristarchal style of the day, and personated a Reviewer totally unconnected with the Author; by which means I have avoided an *egotism* so apt to gall the withers, or (to use a more fashionable phrase) to wound the *amour propre,* of every Candidate for a niche in the Temple of Fame.

"*Nil Admirari, &c.*

"Works of real genius are such *raræ aves,* such literary phenomena, that it is with the utmost pleasure we embrace every opportunity of relaxing from the severity of criticism, to offer the meed of honest praise.

" The present subject of our critical animadversion is founded on that part of the Bishop of London's Charge to the Clergy, which celebrates Miss Hannah More in the highest strain of panegyric for her literary achievements. The Bishop's encomium created a risible effect on his audience. The Poet, among the rest, surveying it in a ridiculous point of view, thought it a fair object of attack; in consequence, he has produced a smile at the expence of the Bishop and his fair *protégée*. It is with the most sincere satisfaction that we can pronounce, that Peter's Pegasus has rather *improved* than *lost* its speed; nothing yet appearing of the *peccet ad extremum ridendus:* Peter is still himself. The same fire, the same originality, the same poignant irony, the same *vivida vis animi,* the same luxuriance of imagination, the same powers of pathos and sublimity, which so eminently distinguish him from contemporary authors, characterize the present performance. Such a combination of various and opposite talents we never witnessed in the same writer: to use an elegant and nervous expression of his own, " he can be one minute an Eagle sublimely sweeping the heavens with his pinions, and the next a little elegant Wren twittering on the humble myrtles." Indeed we may say of his works what the brave Marshal Saxe asserted of the behaviour of the British troops at Fontenoy: ' It is an action we all must *admire,* but dare not *imitate.*'

" The number of literary abuses that are continually taking place, most certainly demands a reform. To beg a friend to correct the errors of *inadvertence,* or even now and then suggest an *idea,* is certainly not illaudable; but for an author to send his bantling to people, to add and alter in such a manner

that scarcely a single lineament of the original features shall appear, certainly requires all the severity of reprehension. Peter seems more than to suspect that Miss More has been too much obliged to *somebody;* and really there is such a wonderful difference between this *last* performance and several other pieces of this Lady's pen, that we must confess our astonishment at seeing her name prefixed to a work seemingly so *much* beyond *her* powers of accomplishment, though not entitled to that *torrent* of applause poured on it by the Bishop of London in his Charge to the Clergy. Indeed his Lordship's praise is of the most fulsome nature; and did we not *know* his Lordship's *most ingenuous* and *disinterested disposition,* we should have been tempted to suspect an *interested alliance* between Bishop and Bookseller.

" The Expostulation is a fair piece of satire, and executed in the Poet's happiest manner; *pleine de bonnes plaisantéries, de tours heureux, d'esprit, de bon goût, enfin de toutes les graces de la poésie,* as a French critic would have expressed himself on the occasion.

" The tales of the Bishop and the Curate are told with neatness, precision, and humour. The author seems to have combined the closeness of Esop with the elegance of Phedrus and *naïveté* of Fontaine.

" The Ode to the Blue-Stocking Club is rather severe in some parts, but tempered with a pleasantry that tickles even while it seems to wound.

" The Ode to some Robin Redbreasts in a Country Cathedral possesses an uncommon portion of poetical merit; displaying,

at the same time, such a benevolence and sweetness of disposition (truly characteristic of the author), as must make ample atonement for all the sins of his satires.

"It is with reluctance that we are obliged to censure our brother-labourers in the field of criticism, for endeavouring, by the most illiberal methods, to obscure this poetical star of the *first magnitude*. Think, indignant readers, of their either loading him with rancorous abuse, or hiding his classic name among bug-doctors, quacks, and rat-catchers: bringing at the same time forwards, mounted on the highest pedestal of their Reviews, miserable abortions, clothed in all the gold-laced frippery of adulation; from which the public must turn with contempt, disgust, and disappointment. Instead of coming forwards as the fair and candid interpreters of the Muses, they are too many of them the partial trumpeters of their own pigmy pretensions: or despicable pimps, hired to debauch the public taste, and mislead the judgment; to displace the statues of Genius, to make room for those of Arrogance and Folly."

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

I HEARD a voice, " Crim. Con., Crim. Con.,
Thou and thine empire are undone:
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's Wives!"

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

AN ADDRESS TO HYMEN:

AN ODE ON THE PASSIONS:

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN; OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY, A FABLE:

WITH A MOST INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

TO LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD,

THE increasing depravity of the Fair Sex cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a Peccadillo, and Fornication a mere Flea-bite: gigantic are the strides that Lewdness has taken to subdue the moral world; her steps are like those of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming: every Woman is *elegant;* every Woman is *accomplished;* every Woman is *handsome;* every Woman is a *witch.* In short, Beauty is so common, that I should not wonder (such is the caprice of mankind) at seeing a *public advertisement* for *ugliness.* At every turn, we pop upon a Cleopatra; and, what must murder the blushing *sensibilities* of Modesty, more than *half* of those Cleopatras are to be purchased for half-a-crown. What dangerous Traps of Seduction! what Lures of Loveliness! Even *I* (like your Lordship, rather *the worse for wear)* meet the smile, the

wink, the stare, of those Circes, on whose lips is written in capitals (says a *great* Lyric Poet*),

" Kisses, O gentle Shepherd, for a Crown."

The modest, the ingenious, the pious Bishop of Durham, has laudably exercised the pruning-knife of reform among the Opera-dancers: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumscribed their skips, and shaded their nudities. This *reverend* Bishop and his *reverend* Lady saw *so much* at the Opera as *astonished, confounded,* and *petrified.* They saw on a Saturday, *with their own eyes,* the wanton Ballet break in on the holy Sabbath. They turned pale at the contamination: they remonstrated, and threatened, and *preached,* but they could not *convince.* Taylor, the Manager, smiled at the Bishop's and his Lady's *reforming* zeal; the Performers lifted up their eyes and noses in contempt; while the displeased Audience exclaimed in a burst of thunder, " Out, out, out! out with the Pair of old Hypocrites!" My Lord, we may truly say with the nervous and moral Juvenal,

" *Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam*
In terris."

* Myself.

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered:

> True; Modesty in *Saturn's* days was seen:
> The devil a bit, indeed, in *George's* reign.

But now, my Lord, for that species of vice, Adultery, against whose brazen walls your Lordship means to make a push with your battering-ram. That your bold attack may succeed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads* of *great* Families, is my most devout desire; and to encourage your Lordship in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordship these my Prophetic Odes.

I am, my Lord, &c. &c.

P. P.

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

ODE I.

ARGUMENT.

The Bard, in the true Spirit of *prophetic* Poetry, commenceth his Ode with a Compliment to Wedlock.—Peter treateth the Hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical Contempt.—He prophesieth the Fall of Crim. Con.; her Acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a *sublime* Strain of Insult, Peter questioneth Crim. Con., and proclaimeth a total Annihilation of her Rams' Horns. Peter singeth of the Wonders done by Rams' Horns at Jericho. He giveth some History of Lord Auckland's Family, and biddeth them *beware* of Defilement.—The Poet candidly accuseth himself of having been a Votary to Pleasure, and prettily and poetically depicteth the Manner of his *Courtship;* illustrating with a most apt and original Comparison.—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the Princes of these Realms, for not joining the pious Efforts of Lord Auckland to destroy Crim. Con.—Peter complimenteth the Bench of Bishops for their *furious* Abhorrence of Crim. Con., for their *intimate Knowledge* of Heaven, and for their *great Humility;* but *not* for their great *Poverty*, in which Article these *holy* Men have always *varied* from their *simple* Predecessors, the Apostles.—Peter attacketh the Ladies' Petticoats, or rather *no* Petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric Jump, leapeth on the Shoulders of King David of Israel, and giveth him a stunning Blow; and, suddenly turning about, knocketh down King Harry of England; concluding with a Squint at some *modern* Princes.—Peter praiseth the unparalleled, though *ungallant*,

Behaviour of a King Lewis, of France; of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate Story, ending with somewhat more than a Suspicion that *certain young Gentlemen* would *not* have shown the *same* Fortitude under the same Circumstances.

Sweet is the song of Wedded Love,
The echo of the Turtle Dove;
Then who would turn that Song to sounds of Woe?
Bright are the Skies, and calm the scene
Where Hymen holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling Tempests blow?
What but a ruffian would the spot invade,
To dash the beam of bliss with hellish shade?

Doubtless, Adultery's a fat Hot-bed;
But what's the produce?—Heavens! a wanton weed.
No buds of promise ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume.

O Syren of the Cyprian Isle,
Crim. Con., who by a touch and smile
Darest lure a Lady from a Spouse's arms;
Make her desert her babes, her kin,
To listen to the voice of Sin,
That praiseth of *Variety* the charms!
Thy lawless reign at length is o'er,
And *ram's-horns* frighten man no more.

Yes: there's an end of all thy wooing,
Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing;
At thee, thy vile companions, every Rake
Shall start with horror, curse thy name,
Fly from thy Song of Death with shame;
Avoid thee like the fascinating Snake
That wily won the World's first Madam,
And put that fatal *trick* on Adam.

Tell me, where are thy *rams' horns* now,
To clap upon a Husband's brow?
Auckland has broken them to pieces:
And thou shalt soon be put to death,
Unpitied yield thy forfeit breath;
Except by wicked, wanton Misses,
And wanton Youths of our wild nation,
Of *prudence* less possess'd than *passion.*

By *rams' horns* Jericho fell down,
A very notable old town;
Yes, *rams' horns* laid the lovely city low:
Thus *rams' horns* also to the earth
Bring down the men of lofty birth,
And force them with humility to bow.
Look at Lord Grosvenor, whom high birth adorns:
How pitiful he squints amidst his *horns!*

Auckland, whose Wife is charming and well bred,
Auckland, ah! rather in the *vale* of years,
Thinks gentlemen should have the proper *fears*,
And try to ward the *antlers* from the head.

Rare caution! how *unlike* some folk,
Of present and past times the joke;
Who, till the steed was *stolen*, forbore
(What fools!) to shut the *stable-door!*

Yes, Auckland has his Wife and Daughters too;
And, as our sex will never cease to woo,
Their charms may fire some *tinder*-hearted man:
A sigh, a tear, a gentle squeeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a Lover's artful plan.
What though Lucretias? In a fatal hour,
The famed Lucretia fell by Tarquin's pow'r.

Auckland will give a deathful blow
To *some* sad purlieus of Soho:
No longer there shall lofty beds of down
Expect the muffled married Dame,
And blushless Youth of lawless flame,
Secure from Husbands and the prying Town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempest howl:

O'er Matrimony's smile to cast a cloud,
And put the modest lady in her shroud.
Such shall the Muse to infamy consign,
And crush with all the Thunders of her Line.

Blushing I own, I've been in love with Pleasure;
Look'd on the Nymph's acquaintance as a treasure;
Never pursued her once with scoff and hisses:
But caught the little Hussey in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty Garden of her Charms,
And pluck'd the Cherries of her lips, call'd Kisses.

I never cast off Pleasure from me, no;
But hugg'd her when I met with her, *and so:*
For lo! a piece of Velvet was *my* Soul.
Black velvet, mind: which, when the God of Day
Doth visit with his all-enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole.*

Velvet unlike the marble Rock indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the Sun would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the blessing in his face.

Yes, I was once a sinner, I confess;
But *now* my morals wear a *sober* dress.

Sorry am I for our good Princes
(Indeed my tender conscience winces),
To think they try to *save* Crim. Con. the jade:
The Bishops, in a goodly row,
All wish to give a fatal blow;
Such good examples *somewhat* might have sway'd:—

Rare Oracles; *so* just, *so* sweet, *so* wise,
So deep in all the secrets of the skies;
So prone to teach, assist, inspire, and bless one,
From which *Humility* might take a lesson:—

Sons of those holy men of yore;
As *pious*, but *not quite* so *poor;*
Since Fortune, to the World's surprise,
On Merit learns to *ope her eyes.*
Now when a Bishop for a favour sues,
Not, not in vain the plaintive Turtle coos*.

* The present Bishop of London (Dr. Porteus), I must indeed adduce as an exception. Wishing to turn his back on his Royal Patroness, on a vacancy in the see of Durham, he strained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thousand pounds a year; the Bishopric of London, worth only *poor four thousand* per annum, *scarcely sufficing* to supply the *extensive circle* of his *charities*. Good man! he was *disappointed:* not only disappointed too; his prayer was considered as a piece of *meanness* and *ingratitude*. If this be not a fact, I beg his Lordship's pardon.

Ye Gods, how wicked are the times!
Even *I* cry "Shame," the Man of Rhymes;
And Poets are *not overstock'd* with blushes.—
See! lovely Modesty is gone
From Britain, where she fix'd her throne;
And Impudence to fill her station rushes.

How loose our Ladies in attire,
To set our peeping Youth on fire!
A hundred instances I soon could pick ye.
Without a cap we view the Fair;
The bosom heaving, heaving bare:
The hips *ashamed*, forsooth, to wear a dicky*:—

Quite antique Statues; such the dress,
It *nothing* leaves for Fancy's *guess*.

Look at our Grannums, good old souls,
With caps and pinners, well-mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies; high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze.
How different from our modern Fair,
Whose every beauty *takes the air!*

Alas! they heed no frost or snow;
Nor winds around that chilling blow,

* A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

And swing their muslin gossamer about:
Showing what Modesty should veil,
Things very proper to conceal;
For legs and knees, *and so*, should ne'er *peep out*.

King David set a very bad example;
King Harry too, a very shocking sample
Of wedlock's constant, chaste, and lovely state:
And many other Kings besides, indeed,
Too prone on wild *variety* to feed,
Have broken Matrimony's tender pate.

Nay, many Princes *every day*
Do *something* in this wicked way.
But not so did a King of France,
Whose Story seemeth quite Romance:—

A KING OF FRANCE

AND

THE FAIR LADY

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of France, upon a day,
With a fair Lady of his Court,
Was pleased at battledore to play;
A very fashionable sport.

Into the Bosom of this fair Court Dame,
Whose whiteness did the Snow's pure whiteness shame,
King Lewis, by an odd mischance, did knock
The shuttlecock;
Thrice-happy rogue, upon the down of doves,
To nestle with the pretty little Loves!

"Now, Sire, pray take it out," quoth she,
With an arch smile.—But what did he?
What? what to charming Modesty belongs.
Obedient to her soft command,
He raised it; but not with his *hand:*
No, marvelling Reader; but the *chimney tongs.*

What a *chaste* thought in this good King!
How clever!—
When shall we hear *again* of such a thing?
Lord! *never.*

Now were *our* Princes to be pray'd
To such an act by some fair Maid,
I'll bet my life, *not one* would mind it;
But *handy*, without more ado,
The Youths would search the Bosom *through*,
Although it took *a day* to find it.

ODE II.

ARGUMENT.

An apologetic Song for Inconstancy, by a Son of the Devil.—This Son of a Devil pronounceth Love and a Butterfly to be similar Beings, and encourageth the Idea.—This Demon wisheth to take the licentious French Nation for a Model, who wish to change a Wife as often as a Shirt.—This Imp continueth to fascinate the Mind by beautiful Poetry in favour of the unlicensed Passion Love.—Peter reprobateth such Notions; and prettily telleth in Verse, a Story well known in Prose, of a King of France, who had experienced a Satiety on the Beauties of his Queen.—Peter triumpheth in the future Happiness of the British Empire on the Death of Crim. Con.—Peter exhibiteth a *natural* Picture of *Age;* exulting, amidst his Imbecilities, in the Idea of possessing blooming Virgins, smiling at the same Time at the *Horrors* of *Horns*.—Peter again, with his wonted Candour, reverseth the Medal; and suggesteth an Inconveniency that may arise from the Fate of Crim. Con., in the Character of a rotten Rake.—Peter here is truly moral, as well as poetical.—Another Rake is brought on the Stage, who glorieth in the Advantages to be obtained over a Wife by this Attack of Lord Auckland.—Peter, replete with historical Knowledge, relateth a Story of the great Cato; and also of the wise Men, not of Gotham, but of Greece.—The Bard again singeth the Song of Triumph.—He prophesieth.—He giveth a Picture of the fashionable Wives of the present Day, who visit Tom's and John's, in Soho Square, with as much Ease as Mrs. Snip the Milliner.—Peter prophesieth Peace in the House of Wedlock; and Security to that blushful Damsel, Chastity.—The impudent and threatening Speech of Miss Fornication on the intended Destruction of her Sister Crim. Con.

Now hear a Son of Satan, how he sings.—
" Chloè, thou art the sweetest of sweet things :

I hate dull constancy, 'tis such a *bore;*
It ruins Love, 'tis such a piece of lumber:
Kind Venus, let it not my back encumber.
Come, Chloe, come; thy beauties I adore:

"Come to the fields, thy Husband's gone to town;
Oh, come, and let me give thee a *green gown.*

"Love is a Butterfly that skims about,
From hill to vale, and stops at every flow'r;
Sucks all the honey with its little snout,
So pleased the rich ambrosia to devour:
Then, on wild wing, away it flies again,
The Sultan of the variegated plain.

"Chloe, we'll imitate the ways of France:
For *constancy's* a very dull romance,
Fit only for a poor old grunting Dame;
And blind old Darby, full of ail and groan,
Forced to be led about by limping Joan,
Of girls the titter, and of boys the game.

"But Love, my Dear, is neither lame nor blind;
All energy; his life, eternal spring:
Roams the wide world as wanton as the Wind,
And scorns the fetters that would bind his wing.

Then, Chloe, learn to prize the *varied* kiss,
And prove of sweet *inconstancy* the bliss."—

Such was the song of thousands: such the song
Of one King Lewis, of his Lady tired;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a Lady of his Court desired.

Yes, yes, his Majesty, much, much to blame,
Had a *colt's tooth*, and loved *another* Dame.

His Minister (a Bishop, I presume)
Inform'd him of the *danger* of his soul;
And pointed strongly to the Day of Doom,
And heaven-ward his two eyes began to roll:
Much as to say, "O King, if this way given,
Your Majesty will never get to Heaven."

"Stick to your virtuous Queen," the Bishop *sigh'd*.—
"Go to the Devil," the King in secret cried.

The King, not relishing the Priest's instructions,
His heaps of quoted Scripture, sage deductions,
Order'd him *partridge* constantly for dinner:
No dish beside, 'twas partridge every day;
From this at length the Bishop turn'd away,
Grew sick, and groan'd like a *repentant* Sinner.

Many wry mouths he made: "*Toujours perdrix!*"
Partridge and Priest, in short, could not agree:
He now felt *constancy* a mawkish thing.
A Proselyte, with long long face he came,
Desired to know the pretty Lady's name,
Turn'd pimp *himself*, and *brought her* to the King!

Die but Crim. Con., the region smiles,
And glory crowns the Queen of Isles.

Old Age shall soon be hobbling seen
With blooming virgins of eighteen,
Panting, and *coughing up* an amorous *sigh*.
Yes, wheezing wrinkled Age shall woo,
And paw and drivel, kiss and coo,
And shake his crutches, and in triumph cry:

"Horns, I *defy* you; horns *no more* I dread:
Fearless I wake, and *fearless* go to bed.

"In wedlock's cage my Nightingale shall sing,
And lull my senses with a charming note:
I dare that damned Rakehell a Red Coat
To pull a single feather from its wing."—

But then the batter'd Rake will boast:
" Though past my prime, my vigour lost,
And full of holes my aching bones;
Though gone my teeth, my cheeks all pale,
And foul my breath that taints the gale,
And Night a witness of my groans;—

" A Virgin of a thousand charms
Shall bring her beauty to my arms;
While happy (from dishonour safe),
My head at *rams* and *bulls* shall laugh."

What *modesty* the man inspires!
How *sweet* the scheme the knave proposes!
What *justice* too in his desires!
A Carrion on a bed of Roses.

" I will ascend," exclaims another Rake:
" Yes, I will mount the highest places:
The beds of virgin innocence shall shake;
I'll kiss the Daughters of the Graces.

" Thus will I spread (a King of Blisses)
My empire o'er the world of kisses.

" Wild as the Roe my Feet shall bound:
I'll *graze* in every neighbour's ground.

In vain my injured Spouse shall wake and weep:
Well hamper'd by Lord Auckland's chain,
She dares not of her wrongs complain;
Her sighs must whisper, and her anger sleep."—

How manners change! The times of old,
When Wives were lent, and bought and sold,
Must make a modern Husband smile.
Cato was often known to send
To this, and that, and t'other friend,
To *lend* his *wife* a little while.
If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? Why *lend* a pretty *daughter*.

What happen'd?—One of them was sent to Cato,
With as much cordiality and ease
As though the Sage had begg'd for a Potatoe,
A Pot of Mustard, or a Slice of Cheese.

The Grecian Sages also (monstrous strange!),
All Gentlemen of *moral* lives,
Met just like Horse-dealers, or Jews on Change,
To buy, and swop, and borrow, Wives.—

Now from digression to return:
Crim. Con. must die, and thousands mourn.

No more shall wanton Princes now
Attempt to *milk* a Subject's *cow:*
No more John Townshends shall attack a Duchess*;
Who, chaste as Dian, scream'd for help;
And, struggling with the wicked whelp,
Escaped all *spotless* from his savage clutches.

No charming Mistress Hodges shall appear;
Nor Mister Hodges *aid* his tender Dear,
To plant the horn upon his *willing* scull:
Lady Cadogans, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd Parsons to their arms,
Help'd by that pretty *pimp*, Miss Farley Bull.

Lady Westmeaths no more shall rise,
Victims of fascinating eyes,
To fill the trump of scandal, and inspire
Old prudish Maids with jealous fits,
Drive virtuous Wives out of their wits,
And set our envying Youth on fire.

No Betty Leekes, to talk of a *loose* dress
When Bradshaw came to woo the noble Dame;
No powder'd *towzled* couch their hours to bless;
No Coachman to proclaim their acts of shame:

* The Author is mistaken here. Her Grace was, at the time of his Lordship's amorous attack, in her weeds.—*The Editor.*

And, last of all, no catering Mister Hogg*,
To suit salacious tastes with prurient *prog*.

No more shall Hawkers gallop on,
Roaring away, "Crim. Con.! Crim. Con.!"
While Abigails from houses, with a caper,
Rush giggling forth to buy the paper:
To show their Ladies, happy, none will doubt it;
To wink and sneer, and prattle *all about it*.

No more a Counsel's *blush* shall spring;
Nor *loftier* Buller, with sweet *grace*,
Hide in his handkerchief his face,
When evidence has been *too near* the thing.

Counsel will not be forced to say,
"When did they kiss?—in garish day,
Or by the candle's conscious trembling light?
Were they in bed beneath the sheet,
Snug in embrace, both *tête-à-tête?*
And what were *things* that might appear in sight?"—
Such shall no more be heard in Court,
Making for idle ears a sport.

Too often Wives who lose at play,
With *honour* debts of honour pay:

* The Bookseller.

And slily to some Cyprian fane repair;
Invoke of Love the saucy Pow'r,
To Cupid sacrifice an hour,
And lo! return with so much ease and air
As though it were a millinery trip:—
" So out of breath in *quest* of *Mistress Snip!*"

All in the house of Wedlock shall be quiet;
No sighs to soften, and no pulse to riot:
And Chastity, in danger now no more,
Shall sleep without a lock upon her door.

" 'Tis a bad wind that blows no good,"
A proverb older than the Flood.—
Cries pert Miss Fornication, with a wink,
" Aye, kill my Sister, do; and soon
I'll play young Ladies *such a tune;*
Aye, *spinster-reputation* soon shall *sink:*—

" *I*'ll deal in *billets-doux* and sighs;
I'll open necks, and sharpen eyes;
I'll make their gowns and petticoats of gauze;
I'll *do the business* of the Maids;
I'll make more routes and masquerades;
" *I*'ll sharpen Mister Satan's claws.

" *I*'ll order it with Nymph and Swain,
That cheeks shall never *blush* again.

" I'll build to Methodism more chapels,
Where Lad with Lass so *sweetly* grapples
Soon as the *tell-tale* candles are put out:
Yes, yes, the *love-feasts* shall increase;
And Modesty, that mincing *piece,*
Shall say 'Good bye t'ye' to the groaning rout.

" I'll aid Hypocrisy's dark cause,
And for a *parson* choose a Haweis*.
I'll ope new turnpikes to salvation,
Or I'm not christen'd Fornication."—

Thus wildly she exclaims; and, by the Lord,
I think the Hussey means to *keep her word.*

THUS have I pour'd a Pair of Odes,
Which *some* may deem the Songs of Gods:
But hark! a second solemn voice I hear;
A second awful voice that cries,
" Bard, Bard, thine *oracles* are *lies;*
Crim. Con. has *nought* from Auckland's rage to *fear.*
That Lord from morn to night, and night to morn,
Shall *trembling* view the visionary *horn.*"

* While Alnwinkle exists, the *conscientious* act of this Huntingdonian Apostle will be remembered.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR,

THE ROSE AND THE STRAWBERRY

A FABLE.

YOUNG Women, don't be fond of *killing*.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To *hide* beneath the veil a charm;
Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every Swain with Love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if Prudence be not near,
Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled smile, and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own;
But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips, where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a *groan*.—

A Rose in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,

Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
What is a charm, if never seen?
You really are a pretty creature;
Then wherefore *hide* each blooming feature?—
Come up, and show your modest mien."—

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride
That wish'd to *dash* the public eye.
Indeed I own that I'm afraid;
I think there's *safety* in the *shade:*
Ambition causes many a sigh."—

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how *I* wanton in the wind:
I feel no danger's dread alarms.
And then observe the God of Day,
How amorous with his golden ray,
To pay his visits to my charms."

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her favourite theme:
A Clown had on her fix'd his *patte.*
In vain she screech'd: Hob did but smile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then *bluntly* stuck her in his hat.

ODE TO HYMEN.

Oh tell me, Hymen, how it comes to pass,
That folks live not in *unison,* alas!
That *all* thy Votaries are not *always* blest.
Thy pretty fane is enter'd all so billing,
So amorous, so obliging, smiling, willing;
When lo, Love's passion sinks *at once* to rest!

An ignorant poor Bachelor am I,
And stupid, knowing not the *reason* why.

Love seems at first within the *torrid* zone;
Now to the *temperate,* lo, his course he bends;
Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
And now the sweetest of all passions *ends!*

Look to the simple state, the state of clowns,
Born in a hut, and seldom from their downs!

Thus Lubin, in a Gloucester hamlet bred,
Soon as the honey-moon began to shine;
"Now, Deary," (I suppose the pair in bed,)
"Now put thy pretty little *totes* * to mine."

But when, ah me! the honey-moon was over,
Adieu the *lover!*
And, what the soul of delicacy shocks,
Instead of "Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,"
He turn'd his back, and grunted like a Swine,
"Why dost not heave away thy damn'd great *hocks?*"

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

The Passions are all prone to sad disorders,
Whose objects never should approach their borders.
"Oh lead us not into temptation,"
Is a choice prayer, and which I much admire:
So *many* things are dangerous to desire,
So ripe for soul-assassination!

Young Women, *par exemple*, oh how sweet,
How fascinating each wild sense they greet!
How much we long to smell to the fair Flow'r!

* An abbreviation, I presume, of *pettitoes;* frequently used in Gloucestershire.

How long the blushing Peach to pluck it,
And suck it;
To use an *epicurish* phrase, devour!

Now such desires are very dangerous things;
It does not signify to talk about it:
Yet seemed Solomon, first of wise Kings,
And *eke* his father David, *much* to *doubt it;*
For, wheresoe'er they met a pretty Lass,
Snap was the word; they could not let her pass.

How many a time I thought it not a sin
To press the Virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
And press her pouting Lip, that dew-clad Cherry;
And peep upon her Neck of Alpine Snow;
And pressing, panting, to her bosom grow!
Rich banquet, very; I repeat it, *very.*

But lo! I stand *reform'd,* thank Heaven,
So much of *grace* to me is given.

O Youths! whene'er the wishes warm of Nature
Tumultuous rise, destroy their dangerous dance;
The curb of reason to your aid advance,
And souse them with her buckets of cold water.

No harm is in the Passions, to be sure;
But then, they must not gallop wild to door:

Close keep them, just like Hounds that long for hare;
Or muzzle them indeed, like Ferrets;
And thus suppress their wanton Spirits,
That lawless wish to be as free as Air.

Well I remember (but the times are past;
Thank Heaven, this wickedness can't *always* last)
When, if a petticoat but caught my eye,
A petticoat, surrounding some fair Maid,
Lord bless us! how my heart's brisk fountain play'd!
Grace was abjured, and Prudence forced to fly.
The Passions sudden waked to watch her;
And, Hound-like, scamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The Passions, as I've said, are far from evil;
But, if not well confined, they play the devil.

Learn from that Candle: mark its *govern'd* flame;
How in its lustre gentle, steady, tame,
So mild, such trembling modesty, so quiet!—
But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
Who on such stuff delighteth to be fed,
Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
He pulls (for nought th' unbridled rogue reveres)
Like Samson, an old house about his ears.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

In my last Publication, called "Nil Admirari, or a Smile at a Bishop," I most *ingeniously*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of *my own* Work, with a view of *assisting* some *monthly* Aristarchuses in their literary discussions, and of fixing the muzzle of restraint upon the mouth of Calumny. But *quod petimus est nusquam:* I had reckoned without my host. Indeed I was deceived: the *poet* was damned, and the *man* overwhelmed with slander. Little Mister Mathias (the son of a Cobler, says Fame; nevertheless a Rhymemonger and Critic) united in hostility against me, with little squinting Master *Esop* Gifford (also a Rhymemonger and Critic, although some years ago actually a *cobler* in the little town of Ashburton in the county of Devon).—In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me observe, that this Master *Esop* Gifford has performed in several characters since his *elevation*

from his stall at Ashburton; having been created a Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum* to the *honourable* House of Grosvenor; in which *laudable* situation he acquitted himself with so much *dexterity*, and satisfaction to his *most noble* and *constant* and *brisk* Employer, as well as *great reputation* to himself, that he was appointed Bear-leader to his Lordship's *hopeful* Son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of painting and sculpture; the knowledge of which, little *Esop* had acquired partly by *inspiration;* and partly from the most excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which surrounded and adorned the inside of his humble mansion, that is to say, his stall; especially a portrait of Saint Crispin at Work, forming a beautiful frontispiece to a Ballad, whose well-known *exordium* floweth poetically thus:

> "A Cobler there was, and he lived in a stall,
> Which served him for parlour, and kitchen, and all," &c.

And which portraiture of Saint Crispin, being represented with a *crook back* and *squinting eyes*, was often supposed by the apprentice-girls and stable-boys of the town (who were accustomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes), I say this homely Por-

traiture of the tutelar Saint of Coblers was supposed, by those his companions, to be a *likeness* of *himself;* which idea he cunningly encouraged, having not only an itch *between his fingers,* but a brother-itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure* in *print.*

To proceed: the aforesaid *gentlemen,* fearful of their own abilities (for *Modesty* is of a timid disposition), united themselves with a young gentleman *cleped* Master Canning; who, being a *forward* lad at school, a *præcox ingenium,* composing in the shortest time the most copious parcels of Latin *nonsense,* hexameters and pentameters, (a common exercise for the *advancement* of *sense,*) was noticed and elected by Administration to *high posts,* from an idea that a *forward school-boy* would make a *profound politician.* Still to strengthen the phalanx, the aforesaid three young *gentlemen* made a further union with a young *gentleman* who received the *best* part of his education at that long-established seminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every description, called Newgate. *Further still* to augment their force, the aforesaid four young *gentlemen* united with a fifth, the *élève* of little *Esop; viz.* Lord Poluflosboio, whose *broadside* of

Greek once *thundered* with such a *happy* effect on the great Assembly of the Nation.

This formidable *association*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the Antijacobin Magazine and Review, for the purpose of confounding the enemies of their Country, supporting the cause of Literature, *and* getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor Pamphlet, with a view to its utter annihilation. To relinquish the metaphor, these men, wilfully and maliciously disregarding my *fair* and *candid* Criticisms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a *decent* effect on them is labour thrown away; in short, that I have exhibited my imbecility in trying to wash the Blackamoor white. Violent has been the torrent issuing on me from those Water-spouts of abuse. Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* Character, which I thought a fine Haunch of Venison, has been converted into Dog's-meat under their paws. In all the calmness of reflection, when Prejudice was asleep, I said to myself, "What have I done to these fellows, that they should so sluice me with the muddy and stinking torrent of abuse? I have, I confess, ventured to speak

my thoughts of that rhyming humbug, the Pursuits of Rancour, *aliàs* Literature, the united composition of the aforesaid *gentlemen* and Lord ****; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial decision! I *may* have said that the Authors of that boisterous, unmeaning, silly production, called the Pursuits of Literature, in which so many lines and half-lines are stolen, and such a farrago of impertinent quotation introduced, I say I *may* have called them the Rag-men of Parnassus; the Old-clothes Men to the Muses; *literary* Pincushions composed of scraps and bran. I must confess that I have at times smiled at the unmeaning noisy lines of two wretched things called Baviad and Mæviad, and smiled moreover at the self-consequence of their Author. I *may* have said, that if Mister *Esop* Gifford, instead of *Baviads* and *Mæviads*, had only composed *Cobleriads*, he would have been more *at home* on the subject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profession than little *Esop*, with his paring-knife in his hand. In short, he was the *cobbling* wonder of Ashburton and its vicinity; as no one of his profession, like him,

(So shining was his genius) knew
The *constitution* of a Shoe;

To put a heel-tap (we'll suppose),
Or mend a sole, or add a nose:
And as for an old Boot, in truth,
He gave it the black bloom of youth;
Eke comely ears to an old Patten,
Till some vile Demon cried, "Learn Latin."

I believe that I *may* have asserted that there is so much *flatulence* in those compositions, that his Muse, previously to her beginning her Song, must have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable possessing much flatulent energy. I *may* have asserted, that Stephen Duck the Thresher was a *much superior* Poet to Gifford the Cobler: as honest Stephen wrote *common sense*, and from the *heart;* and Gifford from a confused *muddy brain*, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting, a meaning. I *may* have asserted as much, and, more than that, I do assert it *now*, that the Thresher is a better writer than the Cobler. I *may* have said, that when a man receiveth *subscription-money* for a Work, and without any intention to produce that Work, he is a *literary swindler*, and deserveth a *rope*. I *may* have asserted, that the *dirtiest* of all occupations is a *pimp*. I *may* have said, that the wretch who can write lampoons on the Patrons

who took him from the dunghill, and placed him in a situation of respectability, is a *scoundrel.* I *may* have said, that a fellow with the *form* of the letter Z, who publicly attacks an unfortunate woman for a disorder of which the Divine Being is the sole author, is little less than a *demon* and a *fool.* And finally, I *may* have declared that the wretch who, after the most important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the most infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious consequence, is a *villain.*—But what is all *this* to *Esop?* These reflections might have been *general;* but, unfortunately for *me,* they have been considered as *particular:* so that *certain folk* have positively sworn, in the language of an old ballad, " That was levelled at *me.*"

I *may* have pronounced Mister Canning a *feeble* character (and I appeal to his *speeches* for my justification). I *may* have suggested, that the *puerile* Letter sent to Buonaparte could only be the work of *Master* Canning; and that Pitt and Dundas could not have been the authors of that weak performance, but under the brain-destroying influence of the jolly God. For this then have I been persecuted, grievously persecuted, in *prose;* and I expect the same persecution in *rhyme,*

if not *poetry*. But, O astonished Reader! not only *these* are my foes; but the *squad* belonging to another *thing*, christened the British Critic (it should have been named British *Hypocrite*, religion being made a stalking-horse for the purposes of mammon), this *squad* has spit its collected venom in my face: and for what? Have I been known to attack poor Parson Nares's still-born, pious, prose Lucubrations; or Beloe's Rhymes? I scorn to insult the *dead*.—Have I ever spoken *disrespectfully* of the *critical sagacity* of Messieurs Rivingtons (two booksellers of Paul's Churchyard), and their *reviewing ladies?* I scorn to trample on *paralytics*.—Have I ever attacked the *military* character of Mister Francis Rivington, whose Sword is as sharp as his Pen; and who is ready to *storm* the loftiest *dunghill* of the metropolis, with as much intrepidity as was displayed by the Commanding General at the battle of Jemappe? I have seen him on the *plains* of Bridewell, in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* Alexander. I have seen him *bayonet* a *pickpocket* at a fire. I have witnessed his *undaunted* appearance: and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field*, as he is terrible to a poor, petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *shop;* or to those drudges, the *scavengers* of his Review. Let justice be

done: *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* To use another classical quotation, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* Truth and Candour are the Deities at whose shrine I sacrifice: or may I resemble

A poor, mean, sneaking, literary shrimp;
Lie like Mathias, and like Gifford *pimp!*

To conclude. I shall forbear a long and elaborate *criticism* on the various and numerous beauties of my present production: contenting myself with *modestly* saying, that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew style; and, without blushing, might admit of a comparison with some Hebrew compositions of Lyric celebrity. Nay, I know some Readers that will assert perhaps of each of my Odes, that *decies repetita placebit;* others, *centies;* and some *millies*, peradventure. To confess a truth, I am somewhat like my great Cousin of Thebes in *one* respect, an *egotist;* indeed I am told of it: but then I am far from detracting, like him, from my contemporary rivals. I persecute not with calumny: on the contrary, I return good for evil. Messieurs Mathias, and Gifford, and Canning, and the *gentleman* of Newgate, and my Lord Poluflosboio, have received my *pity.* Their *Pursuits*, and their *Ghosts*, and their *Baviads* and *Mæviads*, and

their *speeches*, and their *monthly criticism*, shall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the lake of oblivion, to make a *second* feast for the table of Ridicule. May they sleep *in sæcula sæculorum*, beneath the placid expanse!

ODES

TO

INS AND OUTS.

———*Exulet Aulâ,*
Qui volet esse pius. Virtus et summa Potestas
Non coëunt. LUCAN.

HE who would gain Fame's good report,
Must have no dealings with a Court.
Virtue and Power, *fair* and *foul* weather,
Were never known to *pig together*.

ODES TO INS AND OUTS.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE most Courtiers, from my soul.
Upon each other how they scowl!
Yet all *politeness; wonderful* good-nature.
Each tries to get the *first* employ,
By every engine *to destroy:*
Yet *bows,* and *smiles,* and still persists to *flatter;*
And, when his Rival he has sent to Hell,
Kind whispers, "Sir, I hope I see you *well.*"

How like old Ocean, the old knave!
This moment placid, smooth, a bright expanse:
The next he thunders, raises every wave,
Roars, riots, tumbles, kicks up *such* a dance;
Booms o'er the Ship with *such* a shock,
And heaves her on the fatal rock.

Within an hour, one little hour,
No more his foamy billows tow'r;

But all so *crouching*, *humble*, *gentle* (rot 'em !),
With *timid* motion they advance,
Seem *sorry* for the *sad mischance*,
And, winding round the wreck, they *kiss its bottom.*—

Reader, didst ever scald thy mouth with *custard?*
Then thou hast cursed it twenty times, or more.—
Or didst thou ever to a *cat* give *mustard?*
If so, Grimalkin scratch'd, and spit, and swore.

Thus at my Rhymes our Courtiers swear and spit;
Ready to slay me, tear me bit by bit.

I dearly love to hitch the rogues in Rhyme,
And tell the World each various crime;
And folly too, ah! often felt and seen:
Indeed the act of many a Court
Would yield the Nation charming sport,
And chase the gloomy cloud of spleen;
But that this *folly* mingles with *much harm.*
Aye, "there's the rub;" the rub, too, to *alarm.*

But, Sirs, I'll have my *thoughts*, and *speak* them too,
In spite of ministerial chains:
If a Court scoundrel meet my view,
I'll laugh at penalties and pains;

Smile at the Ribbons that their *shoulders* deck,
And wish them good tight Ropes about the *neck*.

I'll *have* my thoughts, and *print* them too,
Even should there be an *imprimatur;*
Sing *what* is *what*, and *who* is *who;*
And, independent, scorn to flatter.

There *may* be ministerial chains,
Not only for the tongue, but *brains;*
The time *may* come when ministerial sway
Makes Despotism the order of the day:
Still will I talk and write as I think fit,
Whether *man John* be Addington or Pitt.

ODE II.

TO THE KING.

Written immediately on Mr. Pitt's Retreat from Administration.

An't please your Majesty, I'm very glad,
And so are all of us (of late so sad),
That you have thrown the Jonas overboard.
See, see the drowning cat! he spreads his claws:
Quickly, for God's sake, Sir, chop off his paws.
He dies, by not a single sigh deplor'd.

To Davy Jones's locker let him go,
And with old Neptune *booze* below.
Bad stuff though, Neptune's *mawkish brine!*
He'd rather *touch* Dundas's *wine.*

Pitt, Sir, has been a shocking steward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard;
We scarce can put a mouse into the pot:
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like Powder of a Post that has the *rot;*
And Fame each day sings louder, Sir, and louder,
"State-pillars will be made of this same powder."—
Now rotten wood, according to my νους,
Is bad material to support a house.

Pitt deem'd himself an Eagle: what a *flat!*
What *was* he? a poor wheeling, fluttering Bat;
An imp of darkness, busy catching flies:
Here, there, up, down, off, on; shriek, shriek; snap, snap;
His gaping Mouth a very lucky Trap,
Quick seizing for his hungry maw supplies.

Pitt makes, 'tis true, a monstrous noise:
He who's seduced, must be besotted.
The sound may fright the ears of boys;
A cannon's thunder, but not *shotted.*

No Farmer with more true delight
E'er saw a saucy soaring Kite
  Fetch'd by a leaden messenger to ground,
Than we, when Majesty thought fit,
And *wisely* too, to humble Pitt
  Headlong into the gulf profound;
Sunk him to Hell, at least *his lowest* Hell,
Where pride's prick'd bladder could no longer swell.

No Farmer with a greater glee
Beholds a dying Fox, than we
  Mark'd the last struggles of poor Billy Pitt.
On every visage see a smile!
Joy triumphs through the echoing isle.
  Upon his name Posterity shall spit.

Poor banish'd Liberty again
To Britain's fair and wide domain
  Shall bring her throne, her sacred throne:
The voice that long has learnt to mourn,
Shall hail with rapture her return,
  And change for sounds of joy the hopeless groan.

Well, Sire, whatever be th' event,
You do things with the best intent;

Distress'd when Fortune mars a patriot plan:—
And know, each true-born Briton sings,
"Health and long life to virtuous Kings!
We love the *master*, but detest the *man*."

POSTSCRIPT.

Sire, if your Majesty so please,
(And, Sire, it may be done with ease,)
I'll make a bargain. Keep out Pitt for ever,
My Song shall be the Song of *praise:*
To kings an *altar* will I raise,
And never tear it down; no, never, never.
And, should it please th' Almighty to take Pye,
Sire, *I'm* your *bard*, your *laureat: I;* yes, *I.*

I think this must be *some temptation*,
Considering my *vast* reputation.

ODE III.

TO LORD HAWKESBURY.

SWEET is the Muse's voice to *me;*
Nothing so clever, nought more *mighty*,
For taking from the heart *ennui*,
The spleen, blue devils, *tædium vitæ.*

Sweet also is the sweet Cremona's tongue,
Making the hours dance merrily along.

But, ah! not sweet indeed to *me*
Are sounds in Parliament *from thee:*
Through my whole frame such *torpors* creep;
I stretch, gape, yawn, and fall asleep.

Surely our men of *worship* should be *wise*,
Think deeply, and with speech *surprise;*
But *titles only* the mad Million hails.
Just like Bird-fanciers, heedless of the *song*,
Who ask *what feathers* to the Birds belong;
That, Bashaw-like, gain glory by their *tails.*

Thou deem'st thyself a first-rate Ship of War,—
Inform one, Hawkesbury, art thou *mad?*
What says each honest grinning Tar?
"Oh, damn my eyes! this is *too bad.*"—
Then flings his *quid* away, and raves,
"A *goose-feather* upon the waves!"

Now let me own, Jack's *cat* is much *too smart.*
'Mid the loud storm, and on the ocean's swell,
Hawkesbury, I'll tell thee *truly* what thou art;
A simple Cockle-shell,

Slipp'd from a stubborn rock into the sea.
"Ay?" thou exclaimest, "*who's* that stubborn Rock?
I wonder *who* that Rock can be!"—
Pitt, Pitt. Lord, thou art stupid as a stock!

Hawkesbury, amid this boisterous gale,
Since thou art mounted upon high,
On pinion wild, with dauntless eye,
Let me instruct thee with a Tale.

'Tis of an Owl,
A *solemn* fowl;
And very much conceited, much like *thee*.—
Excuse this Quaker-proneness to be *free*.

An Owl, a bachelor of no great soul
Nor intellect, but *very very* proud,
The tenant of a little dirty hole,
Wish'd from *obscurity* to clear the cloud:
Yes, Owl must have his sails unfurl'd,
And mount *majestic* on the world.

Close to his ivy house lived Crow,
Who on his errands used to go.

" Crow," said the Owl upon a day,
" I'm sick of solitude and gloom :
A Bird of my *deep sense* and *plume*
Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.
In short, dear Crow, I wish to *wed ;*
And, mind me, take unto my bed

" A bird of *birth*, the Eagle's daughter,
Miss Eaglet."—" Ah!" replied the Crow,
Ready to split his sides with laughter,
" Indeed! and are things really *so ?*
Right, Sir, to alter your condition.
O Lord! there's nothing like *ambition.*"—

" Well, Crow, you'll quickly seek the realms above,
With my proposals to the Bird of Jove."

Crow takes his leave, ascends the skies,
And to the Eagle's palace flies
The black Ambassador from Owl :
Delivers his credentials to his Grace,
With Auckland's diplomatic face ;
Conceiving, like a *penetrating* Fowl,
How politics would go *above ;*
What answer leave the Bird of Jove.

Thus spake the Royal Bird: "Sir Crow,
To my Lord Owl be pleased to go,
And tell him that I *like* the match:
I'm *much obliged* to him indeed,
For *honouring* the Eagle breed.
I've been a good while on the watch
To throw a little *lustre* round my house:
Commend me to the Thunderbolt of Mouse.

"Miss Eaglet is at his command,
Shall join his Lordship in the straw,
Who such alliance cannot well withstand;
Happy to take him by the *claw*.
Bid him ascend *sans cérémonie*, free,
And *pick his mouse* to-day with me."

Off flew at once the sable Fowl,
And quickly reach'd the house of Owl,
And told him all that he had seen and heard.
Owl instant comb'd, and wash'd his face,
Cut all his claws to *such* a grace,
Trimm'd all his feathers nicely, clipp'd his beard;
Bid to his humble hole good-night,
And rose amid the realms of light.

Mounted *a mile or two*, behold,
The Sun's bright blaze of burnish'd gold

Flash'd on the Owl's poor weak and watering eyes.
Just like a Paper Kite, whose string,
Deserting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall again, and rise;
So shuffled Owl, lost, reeling, blind,
The sport of every gust of wind;
Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
The *jest* of every Bird below.—

Now, Hawkesbury, tell the Man of Rhyme,
How feelest thou *thy* flight sublime?
Thy weak eyes seem already *winking*.
Poor Bird! I fear 'tis quickly over:
Yes, yes, already I discover
Symptoms of *sinking*.

Pitt's mouth may make a little blast:
The Paper-kite comes down *at last*,
And sharply watching are we all;
And, when laid flat upon the ground,
Thy *paper stuff* we shall surround,
And make us merry at thy fall.

Remember Icarus's height.—
Perhaps the observation stings:
Thou shouldst have ask'd, before thy *flight*,
Dame Wisdom for *a pair of wings*.

ODE IV.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Pray, Mister Addington, *go out:*
Your *change* on madness seems to border.
You're a good School-mistress, no doubt,
To keep the noisy Brats in order;
But to be *minister!*—God bless ye!
Why, what the devil could possess ye?

Pray, Mister Addington, *go out*,
And let some *abler* man come in.
Such child's play! What are you about?
The Nation's really in a *grin:*
And yet it ought to *cry*, Heaven knows,
So nearly going to the crows.

Good Mister Addington, *go out;*
Go calmly out, nor make a pudder:
And don't, like Grenville, push your snout
Beneath the good old State-cow's udder.
Poor beast! she can't *thy* thirst supply:
Pitt's famish'd *calves* have suck'd her *dry*.

And hear me, Sir; learn some small wit:
Don't be the dirty tool of Pitt.
Think on a tale, the Monkey and the Cat.—
Chesnuts were roasting in the fire:
Jack's jaws both water'd with desire;
He begs Miss Puss to lend her pretty *patte*,

Then, handy as the handiest stoker,
He makes her velvet paw a *poker*,
And stirs away at *such a rate!*
Puss squalls, but what is that to Pug?
He holds poor Miss Grimalkin snug,
And gets the chesnuts from the grate.
Jack grins; indulges his rogue jaws:
Puss goes in *mourning* for her claws.—

Now Mister Chancellor will say I *squint;*
That, as to my *surmise*, there's nothing in't.
Now, Mister Chancellor, I call no names;
But lo! the *father of reform*
Will take you by persuasion, or by storm.
And put your pretty fingers in the *flames*.

He wants that organ in your mouth, call'd *tongue:*—
And, like an *organ* in the house of God,
With deep-toned energy divinely strong,
That fills with holy awe the dread abode;

He wishes *yours* to stun Saint Stephen's sphere,
And get him some ten thousand pounds a year.

Yes, you must thunder for a *pension*,
For services of *high pretension;*
For him who, labouring with the *happiest* pains,
Saved England's *life* by *dashing out her brains.*

ODE V.

TO GEORGE ROSE, *ESQUIRE.*

Forced from affairs of state, George Rose,
With pretty Treasury *pickings*, goes;
In humble hut, on Scotia's plains,
To feast upon his *honest* gains.

Thus with a dainty heap of apples,
With teeth and claws, a Hedgehog grapples
(The epicure), and eats his fill;
Yet on the heap behold him roll,
And loaded steal into his hole,
A golden pippin on each quill.—
Thus loaded, into Scotland goes
Ex-secrétaire George *Hedgehog* Rose.

Fed like a Horse in a King's stable,
George, didst thou happy rise from table,
As Horace says, *utì conviva satur?*
I really think 'twas no such matter.

Forced from the venison of the State;
Forced to desert a well-cramm'd plate;
Forced from the trifles, and the jelly;
Forced from the thousand sweet *nick-nackeries,*
Prettily made by state-cook quackeries,
To fill each crevice of thy bloated Belly,
Looking a downright Football by its tumour;
I think thou gottest up in a bad humour.
Yes, George, thy stomach it is such,
It thinks it *cannot* have *too much.*

Yet why art thou not dubb'd a *lord,*
To rise with *lustre* from the Board,
As *title* much the vulgar world bewitches?
Then mayst thou seek the barren heath
Or dell where first thou drewest breath,
And blaze the Jack-o'-lantern of the Ditches.

Joan *Jenkinson,* and Madge, and Bet,
And Peg, and Nan, a *savoury* set,

Have risen to *ladyship* in this *kind* reign:
They ride to Court, obtain a smile,
Make dips and curtsies all *in style*,
And carry off kind *nods* from King and Queen.—
Now this was all *old Jenky's* doing,
By dint of labour and Court-wooing.

Hast *thou* not too some poor Relations
Wishing to change their ragged stations,
And on the bright Court hemisphere be *stars?*
If *favour* will not gain it, *buy;*
And hoist thy cousin Joans on high,
Upon the *virtuous* plunder of our wars.

Sure, *thou* mayst do all this with ease;
As Honours are as thick as Fleas,
Pitching on *this* man's shoulders, now on *that.*—
As Heraldry has wondrous charms,
Heard shall *invent* a coat of arms,
And to a *tiger* turn a *mangy cat.*

ODE VI.

When Pitt was out of office push'd,
What *horror* smote the Levee Mob!
Mad into street of Downing rush'd
His Minions, always ready for a *job*;—

A most obsequious stud of Hacks,
Who bore him on their humble backs
Through *dirty lanes*, through thick and thin.
No matter what the object, no:
When Pitt *commands, it must be so;*
Whether to *clothe* the naked Realm, or *skin.*

Muse, would it be too harsh to say,
The tumult on that *kick-out* day
Was mob-like at a house on fire;
Where *friends*, amid the conflagration,
With a *kind* thief-acceleration,
Whip off the goods they guarded by *desire?*

Unfeeling as a Stone, or harder,
In rush'd Lord Grenville to the larder,

Caught up a goose for self and Wife.
In ran Dundas with hungry paunch,
Snatch'd up a turbot and a haunch.
In bounced Charles Long; and, with his butcher's knife,
(For in the plunder *he* must also join,)
Cut off fair slices from a fat *sirloin*.

In scamper'd Windham: "Where's *my* share?
I *must* be partner in the spoils."
Then up he caught an old jack-hare,
A *proper* present for *his* toils.

"*I* must have something," Canning cries;
And fastens on some rich mince-pies,
As dextrous as the rest to rifle:
Ecod! and *he* must something do
For *mother* and for *sisters too;*
So steals some syllabubs and trifle*.

* With a ministerial fortune by matrimony; with *sinecures*, &c. to a large amount, squeezed from the vitals of the Nation; this *modest* and *generous youth* could not *afford* to yield his poor mother, Mistress Hunn, *aliàs* Mistress Reddish, *aliàs* Mistress Canning, a *pittance*. No: the Kingdom must be saddled with five hundred pounds a year for her support. *Such* is the *laudable* distribution of public treasure; such are the depositaries of the national confidence; and of *such* we are *ordered* not to *complain*, for fear of the imputation of *jacobinism*.

But where was Justice, all the while
That things were going off *in style?*
Poor gentlewoman! she was gagg'd and bound:
Her even scales, alas! abhorr'd,
In pieces broken with her sword;
Nor were the fasces to be found.

Such were the *guardians* of the State,
Just like a shoal of Sharks who swam in,
With Maws as wide as the Park-gate,
To *save* (by *eating us*) from *famine.*

ODE VII.

Possess but *faith,* 'twill move a Mountain:
Thus says the Bible; the great fountain,
The sacred fountain, of immortal truth.
There *are* who say that Billy Pitt
In this dear war has shown his wit:—
Lord! what a *statesman!* what a *clever* youth!
Keen as the keenest Eagle's view,
There's *nothing* that he cannot do.

Yes; have a portion of *credulity,*
And claw a Pyramid, you'll pull it t' ye.

Credulity's a pretty sand
To blind the people of the land:
Oh yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men;
Much like the sand that boys, in fun,
Fire from an engine call'd a *gun*,
To knock down a poor humming-bird or wren.

THE DOCTORS;

A TALE.

A FELLOW, troubled with the itch
(Like Courtier-men) of getting rich;
And learning that a Doctor *(not* a *quack)*,
By means of a most potent pill,
Did verily and truly fill
Full many a time with gold his sack;
Resolved, by pill, to make a fortune too:
So set about it without more ado.

Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
With Heads as empty as a Drum.
The Quack puffs off his pill: none doubt him;
And numbers quickly flock'd about him.

A Bumkin came among the rest,
And thus the Man of Pill addrest:
" Zur, hearing what is come to pass;
That your fine pill hath cured the King,
And able to do every thing;
D'ye think, Zur, that 'twill make me *vind my ass?*
I've lost my Ass, Zur, zo should like to try it:
If this be your opinion, Zur, I'll buy it."—

" *Undoubtedly*," the Quack replied:
" Yes, Master Hob, it *should* be *tried*."
Then down Hob's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand impostor push'd the pill.

Hob paid his fee, and off he went;
And, travelling on about an hour,
His *bowels* sore with pains were rent:
Such was the pill's *surprising* pow'r.

No longer able to *contain*,
Hob in a hurry left the lane
(How *decent!* what can *decency* surpass?),
And sought the *grove;* where Hob's two eyes,
Wide staring, saw with huge *surprise*
His long-eared servant Jack, his *ass*.

Ye Gods, how *happy* was the meeting!
Hob kissing Jack; and Jack, Hob greeting.

"Adzooks, a *lucky* pill!" quoth Hob:
"Yes, yes, the pill hath *done the job.*"—
Pill grew the subject of the Village tattle:
At last it gain'd a heap of fame;
Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
But good too for recovering all *stray'd cattle.*

"Now ponder well, ye parents dear:"
Pitt's no *catholicon*, I fear:
Pitt is a violent *cathartic;*
Creating very grievous gripes
(In butcher-phrase) among our *tripes*,
Making the stomach, head, and heart, sick:—

Producing much *evacuation*
Unto a poor consumptive Nation,
That wants *restoratives* called *pounds*,
To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though *clever* in his Treasury *rostrum*,
Pitt never yet possess'd a *nostrum*

For bringing all *stray'd millions* back again:
The Guineas he sent out, we find,
Were like so many Beetles *blind;*
Rambling the Lord knows where;—like Showers of Rain,
Making the German regions smile,
Instead of Albion's famish'd isle.

THE HEDGEHOGS;

A FABLE.

The Hedgehogs, in a war most fatal
(A war commenced with the Dog-nation),
Like us, *unlucky*, losing each land-battle,
And trembling all for their salvation,
Agreed to furnish *contribution*,
With *patriotic* resolution,
As much as every Hedgehog could afford.
One of the tribe (no Hedgehog subtler,
An Elwes or a Sir John Cutler,
And master of a comfortable hoard),
Affected to be scarcely worth a crown,
Therefore unable to *come down*.

The Hedgehog *council* sent to let him know,
The *tide* could never be so *low*.
" Enter my house, and be convinced," quoth *he*.—
The Messenger stepp'd in, and pried about:
Appearances left not a doubt;
Of wealth a vestige, not a soul could see.
In full conviction then they left the door:
" Squire Hedgehog *certainly* is *very poor*."

As from the door, the humble door
Of our Squire Hedgehog, all *so poor*,
Fully convinced, they pass'd along;
A hillock of fresh earth appear'd,
Seeming but very lately rear'd:
This hatch'd *suspicions* somewhat *strong*.

With teeth and claws they oped the mound;
Where *such* a treasure soon was found!—
Forth trots the *poverty-struck* Squire,
Begging and praying beyond measure,
They would not take away his treasure:
" Was *sorry* he had been so great a *liar*;

" Was ready with his *quota* to the State,
T' assist the war, and give the Dogs their fate."—

But no; it was against the laws, they found:
He could not have it, no such thing;
As treasure *under ground*
Belong'd of right unto the *king*.

Thus was Squire Hedgehog very fairly bit.—
Now to apply this fable to Squire Pitt.

Pitt, canst thou say with a good grace,
That thine is not a *hedgehog case?*
Believe me, thou'rt not *poor in purse*,
However thou mayst be in *spirit:*
Thine *income*, for the Nation's curse,
Is much, I fear, beyond thy *merit*.

The Cinque Ports, with a few *remunerations*,
Prove to John Bull some *trifling* obligations,
Which Windham *cheese-parings* might call;
Which *cheese-parings*, if in *my* pow'r,
Should, in the space of half an hour,
Return to where they started, like a ball.

Had Justice nicely weigh'd thy *true* desert,
What had she given?—I'll tell thee *what*.
The Dame had given, to please thy *lofty* heart,
Just *half enough* to feed a *rat;*—

An animal of vicious nature,
Who, after *breakfasting* and *dining*
And *supping* in a House, and *undermining*,
Leaves it a prey to *fire* and *water*
(As soon as all the plunder ceases),
To tear it in a thousand pieces.

ODE VIII.

TO PITT.

"BLESSED are those who nought expect,
For they shall not be disappointed."—
But *thou* didst hope a *grand effect;*
Great sighings from the Lord's Anointed.

Strong was thy *hope* that Majesty would send,
Of terror full, to his *good friend*
Of Downing Street, post-haste away,
Petitioning, "Pitt, *all* is *over;*
The French will quickly land at Dover,
And no one to oppose and slay.
Of strength *thou* art a *mighty tow'r;*
Come, come, and all thy *thunder* pour.

Without *thee*, England meets her fate;
Haste, haste, and save a sinking State."

Such were a very flattering sound:
How had the echoes rung around!
But no such voice, alas! was ever heard:
No thunder roll'd, no tempest blew;
But easy quite as an *old shoe*,
Saint James's for thy loss appear'd.
Soft as a Cat's indeed was thy retreat,
That moves *down stairs* upon her velvet feet.

But prithee swallow, Pitt, a question
That mayn't agree with thy digestion:
Where was the blush, the blush of *shame*,
When, to exalt the *blind* and *lame* *,
Thou gavest of eloquence that dainty dish?—
Yet people will in answer say,
"'Tis the world's way:
We never hear a man cry, Stinking fish!"

* A few of his fellow-labourers in the political vineyard, that remained after his expulsion. Mr. Pitt's *eulogium* on those rags of his Administration produced a universal smile, even from *his own party*.

TO PITT,

IN CONTINUATION.

'Tis whisper'd, thou wert turn'd to door,
Most Job-like, *very, very poor.*
Poor man! poor man! ah, what a pity!
Farewell to dinners in the city!
Farewell to grocers *every one:*
"Othello's occupation's gone!"

Yet *greater* men than *thee* have fall'n from glory:
Witness the following little Story.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A MIGHTY Sultan of the East
On every dainty used to feast:
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)
He drank too Burgundy, I ween;
For every thing *in style* was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a throne.

It chanced that War, all-powerful War
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,

And change the Master to the humble Slave,
Fix'd on the Sultan his steel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words, hard words,* instead of *victuals,* gave.

The King was *beat;* to prison sent, in short:
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort;
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner.
Enter a Dog; who, while the King
Was musing on some *lofty thing,*
Stole slily to the milk, the thievish sinner;
Forced in his head, and lapp'd each drop, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious *out.*

So off, with his *jugg'd jowl,* the rascal ran.
The Monarch, smiling, mark'd the theft;
And, of his dinner though bereft,
With much good-humour thus began:—

"Fortune's a fickle dame: but yesterday
A hundred Camels scarce could bear
My quantities of kitchen-ware;
And now a Cur can carry it away."

Oh, with a Disposition soft as Silk,
So *humble, affable,* and *mild;*
Art *thou* reduced, too, to a *jug of milk,*
Sweet Nature's child?
Speak, did the famish'd wolves, alas!
Eat *all* the flesh of the dead ass,
And leave thee nothing but the bones?
Say, hadst thou not the face to mump
One steak, from the poor Nation's *rump,*
To calm gaunt Famine's hollow moans?

Ah me! we *all* are *very poor;*
Tax'd to the very eyes, I'm sure.
Where is the *article* that pays no *duty?*
Nought scapes; not Woman's fascinating beauty.

Lo, many a little charming Phyllis,
For vending roses sweet and lilies,
And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses;
Although the growth of *their own* cheek;
Although the growth of *their own* neck;
Although the growth of *their own* lip, sweet Misses;
Are forced to Bridewell's horrid fare,
For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware:
Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and skips, and glee,
Because the Justice had not got his *fee.*

ODE IX.

TO PITT AGAIN.

Say, Pitt, dost thou so easy part
With Power, the idol of thy heart,
And, philosophic, yield to thy disgrace;
Leave Downing-street, and stately rooms,
For secrecy and spectre glooms
Of solitary poor Park Place;
To live within a little hole,
As melancholy as a Mole?

Thou thoughtest we should all wear *mourning*,
Black, *weeping* all for thy returning;
All with white handkerchiefs to catch wet sorrow:
Ah! know, there are not ten who care
Five farthings, were they *now* to hear
That thou wert in a jail to-morrow.

Pitt, thou hast been in office *long enough;*
Yes, thou hast had a handsome swing:
Thy Hide too, like a Bull-hide tough,
Has met indeed with many a *sting*,

Or *dart*, that must have kill'd all but the man
Whose *modesty* not only took our *flour*
(The *conscientious miller* of the hour),
But made its bow, too, to the *bran;*
Nay, ready too, upon its back
To carry off the very *sack*.

Suspended on a bit of steel,
Employed in *sniggling*,
A large and slippery Eel,
The World seems glad to see thee wriggling.

How hast thou work'd for life and soul,
To slip again into thy hole!—
Aye, gape, and writhe, and spread thy fin,
Poor Master Fish; you won't get in.

A bungling Chemist, thou hast managed badly;
Managed the state-alembic sadly,
With all thy cunning and thy pains:
The finer parts are *off* in *air*,
Howe'er thine ignorance may stare;
And nought but *caput mortuum* remains.

So much, Pitt, for our *sublimed* Constitution,
The subject of thy fierce and ceaseless fires:
And, lo, by dint of time and resolution,
Thou hast well *crucibled* thy Country Squires;

And Mother Bank, the blindest of old crones,
Extracting heaps of *gold* from *stocks* and *stones*.

When ye began this *righteous* war,
Where was your tutelary star?
Ye never dreamt of danger till *too late*.
"A War with France! oh, that's *soon o'er*:
A Fox-chase, Fox-chase, nothing more;
Fun, fun; just coursing a poor Hare or Cat."

Such was your speech: but, Sir, it doth appear
That this same Cat is now become a Bear;
Whose claws have lately held you snug,
And given a cursed *Cornish hug*.

ODE X.

TO HENRY DUNDAS, *ESQUIRE*.

For a great Empire fast undoing,
Something indeed should have been *brewing*,
Better than *brandy* and *strong beer*;
Something was wanting, to my humble thinking,
Besides *good eating* and *hard drinking*,
To keep the leaky ship from foundering clear;

Yet 'tis well known that, ere the Vessel's sunk,
The Sailors commonly *get drunk*.

Now thou art *off*, I long to see,
In thine own language, "*wha wants me*."
It will not be at all surprising
To catch thee, Harry, *advertising*.—
If mad to face a second storm,
Take an Advertisement *in form*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A *steady* Man, near sixty years of age,
Would very willingly engage
As *butler* to a Minister of State,
And overlook the *plate*.

But should the plate *by chance* be carried off,
And not a hogshead or a bottle left;
He begs to say, he won't be fool enough
To *answer* for the *leakage*, or the *theft*.

If *wanted*, he can have, by God's good grace,
An *excellent character* from his last place.—
Please to direct to Mister H. Dundas,
At the *old sign*, the Bottle and the Glass.

A MORAL CONCLUSION.

In this World's wild, uncertain chase,
What strange events at times take place;
Some bright with joy, some black with sorrow!
Omnium est rerum vicissitudo:
To-day what wonders *I* and *you* do,
That happen not again to-morrow!

Hawkesbury and Windham, Canning, Long,
Were understrappers to Will Pitt;
Forerunners, oft they *gave their tongue*
Before the Great Man pour'd his wit.

Thus Paul's four small Clock-quarters (prentice boys)
Instruct their mighty Master when to sound:
Paul solemn listens to the tinkling noise,
Then breaks in thunder to the world around.

But, herald understrappers now no more,
Pitt out of office, the broad farce is o'er:
Flung from his pedestal amid the rabble,
Deep-thundering Pitt is—poor old *Goody Gabble*.

Ah me! *sic transit gloria mundi:*
Such things will be till Moon and Sun die,
And earth our ashes, our pale embers, cover;
And really, when we sum up *all*,
What's Life? a Blast, a little Squall.
Death's calm must come at last, and all is over:
All in our tombs in peace, not one
To read "*Hìc jacet*" on the stone.

TALES OF THE HOY;

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Φιλέεσι μεν σε Μῶσαι,
Φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτὸς,
Λιγυρὴν δ' εδωκεν ὀίμην.

ANACREON.

THE Muses *love* thee *dearly*, Peter;
And eke the merry God of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a *charming* tongue.
We thought that Age had quench'd thy fire,
Or Law's rude hammer crush'd thy Lyre,
Or Royal Whisper sooth'd the rage of Song;
Or Pension changed thy Harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden* scissars clipp'd thy wings.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

It were needless, O *illuminated* Reader! to inform thee, that the hint of the Tales of the Hoy is borrowed from Chaucer, who borrowed *his* hint from the Decameron of Boccace, who borrowed *his* hint from the *Cento Novelle antiche.* Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry Predecessor, by omitting a prize-supper for the best Story-teller. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by diversity, which possesses a charm for the World in general.

Mine Host of the Hoy also differs from the Host of the Tabard, by delivering his opinions in *prose:* a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous*, by a number of *profound thinkers.* It would be thought presumptuous perhaps, to draw a

parallel between Harry Baily, the Host of the Tabard, and Captain Noah, our Host of the Hoy; but I must confess that I would rather be Captain Noah than Harry Baily. Not that Harry Baily was not a *clever fellow;* indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation: but Harry Baily had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney; whereas Captain Noah has been, like Ulysses, a *great traveller;* has sailed to various parts of the Globe; was on board the very ship of war with Mr. George Rose, our present *great* and *excellent* Secretary of the Treasury, when he was only a poor Purser's Mate; and was with him too when he was *elevated,* by *parliamentary interest,* to the rank of *purser;* and well remembers that he has often damned Mr. Rose's rotten peas, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse-beef. Captain Noah was likewise with Sir Joseph Banks at Otaheite, when that Great Man, for the *honour* of his *country,* was tattooed, and lost his breeches, in the boat with Queen Obercah. Captain Noah also can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time: nay, so far from being *illiterate,* he has published an *acrostic* in Mr. John Nichols's Magazine; nay, Captain Noah has actually given *literary hints* to Messieurs Riving-

tons and their Wives, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the *poetical* part of a Review called the British Critic; and before whose awful tribunal this very Work of mine, The Tales of the Hoy, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves at the Day of Judgment, be *saved* or *damned*.

Captain Noah possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more universal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious friend Gainsborough, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop, step, and jump*, over things: to borrow an image from the Captain's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks and drakes* with discourse. By the introduction of Dialogue, my Work assumes a pretty dramatic form: and which, with the leave of our present Petronius Arbiter of plays, the *accomplished* Lord Salisbury, may one day make its appearance on our Theatres; be honoured with the Royal presence, and *smile perhaps;* and prove that a Piece may obtain *success* without the most distant *obligations* to *flames* and *spectres*.

TALES OF THE HOY.

'Twas in that month when Nature drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that Winter, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his hall of storms,
And crush her flowers (delightful forms),
And banish Summer's poor last lingering ray;—

'Twas in that season when the Men of Slop,
The Jew and Gentile, turn towards their shop,
In alleys dark of London's ample round;
From Margate's handsome spot, and Hooper's-hill,
And Dandelion, where, with much good-will,
Of butter'd rolls they swallowed many a pound;—

I too, the Bard, from Thanet's pleasant isle,
Where, at a lodging-house, I lived *in style*,
Prepared with Gentile and with Jew to wander:
So pack'd up all my little *odds* and *ends*,
Took silent leave of all my Margate friends,
And sought a gallant Vessel's great Commander;
Who, proud of *empire*, ruled with conscious joy
His wooden Kingdom, call'd a Margate Hoy.

Lord! how my gaping Readers long to know,
Which gallant Vessel's valiant Lord
(A natural curiosity, I trow)
Hail'd the Great Poet and his Trunk on board!
If Kydd, who nicks the passage to an inch;
Or he, his high and mighty rival, Finch.

No matter. Be it known to my Readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of Mother Earth, on Hooper's-hill, looking towards dear Dandelion of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the praise of Margate:—

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

Dear Margate, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where *all* seem happy; sweethearts, husbands, spouses:
On every cheek where Pleasure plants a smile,
And Plenty furnishes the people's houses.

What's Brighton, when to *thee* compared? poor thing,
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep.
Or what is Weymouth; though a Queen and King
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep?

Go bid the Whiting's, the boil'd Whiting's Eye,
In brightness with the Gem of Ind compare;
Or bid the skipping Jack-o'lantern vie
With Heaven's keen Flash that lights the realms of air:—

Go bid the humble Thorn, the Cedars ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread;
Go bid a Curate in his tatter'd crape,
Like Doctor Porteus lift the lofty head:—

Bid Rose's* *Sun*, like Sol with lustre shine;
Or bid that *thing*, misnomer'd the *True* Briton,
Like Brother Papers yield a *decent* line:
Poor dying imps, whom Truth and Genius spit on.

* A *great man*, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of Newspapers, to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive state of his two miserable Bantlings, which George weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of Atlases to support his *world* of *character*, gave birth to the following Ode of Condolence:—

AN ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO

GEORGE ROSE, *ESQUIRE*,

On his two Newspapers, *most unfortunately* baptized "The *Sun*" and "The *True* Briton."

FORBEAR thee, George, such whining, puling, sighing,
Because thy poor consumptive Brats are dying.

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,
And with a bush of laurel deck thy name;
Lo! I, the sweetest Bard of modern days,
Admiring, turn the Stentor of thy fame.

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain of delicate sensibility, very much like the Hebrew Bard weeping over his favourite Jerusalem, I thus again broke out:—

Whate'er from dirty Thames to Margate goes,
However *foul*, immediately turns *fair*.
Whatever *filth* offends the London nose,
Acquires a *fragrance* soon from Margate air.

By *thee* begotten, how could they be *strong?*
So very like *thyself* in all their features,
Unhappy, miserable, dismal creatures,
The World now *wonders* they have lived *so long*.

What but insanity could well expect
Perfection from such radical *defect?*
A *sow's ear* cannot make a purse of *silk:*
We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
What folly too, to put out each poor imp
To nurses yielding not one drop of milk!

Then prythee for thy Papers sigh no more;
So worthless, for oblivion they are ripe.
Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er:
Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my pipe.

Even Rose's News-hunters, his Scandal-crimps,
Are changed to *wits*, so great are Margate powers.
Yes; his poor *trumpeters*, the noisy imps,
Become sweet *Philomels*, in Margate bowers.

The Taylor here, the port of Mars assumes;
Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board:
Forgets his Goose, and Rag-besprinkled rooms,
And Thread and Thimble, and now struts a Lord.

Here Crispin too *forgets* his End, and Awl.
Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks;
Forgets the Beef and Mutton on her stall,
And Lights and Livers dangling from the hooks.

Here Mistress Tap, from Pewter Pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;
Mounts her *swoln* heels on Dandelion's lawn,
And at the Ball-room heaves her heavy *rear*.

Changed by their travels, mounted high in soul,
Here Suds *forgets* whate'er remembrance shocks;
And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the Pole,
Wigs bob and pigtail, Basons, Razors, Blocks.

Here too the most important Dicky Dab,
With puppy-pertness, pretty pleasant prig,
Forgets the narrow fishy House of Crab,
And drives in Jehu style his whirling Gig.

And here, 'midst all such consequence, am *I*
The Poet, *semper idem*, just the same;
Bidding old Satire's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the shops of Booksellers with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the Pier, alongside of which Pier was the Vessel ordained to *transport* me *from* Margate.

In sorrow, let me say, I descended, to go on board the Vessel,—

Which like gilt Gingerbread did ride
(How garish!) on the silver tide,
To whose smart ribs was golden varnish given:
Her blushing ensign proudly waving;
Her pendant now in ocean laving,
Now sportive floating on the breeze to heaven;—
Like gaudy mortals, steady now, now tripping;
Now in the *zenith*, now to *nadir* dipping.

At length I got me on board the ark, where Master Noah, *aliàs* the Captain, was busy, amidst scores of Passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions, in getting ready for the voyage. The anchor was soon apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal Milton sublimely *would have* sung:

With dewy gems adorning herb and flower,
Moved meek-eyed Evening on the western hills
With modest mien; and on the calm expanse
Of Ocean's mirror look'd, and looking tinged
Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush,
A blush empyreal.

Or, as the no less immortal author of Hudibras *would have* quaintly said:

Now Madame Eve, with gown of pink,
Stepp'd down to Neptune's *tap* to drink:
Where Phœbus just before had been
At his old famed salt-water inn;
To end the labours of the day,
And give his Horses oats and hay,

And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
To fit them for next morning's travel.

Again, as the illustrious Butler *would have* said, or sung:

Night, in her weeds, with bats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls),
Came forth; and, changing colour, Day
(According to her *vulgar* way),
Like healthy Felons hang'd, alack!
Turn'd from deep *red* to dismal *black*.

And now Captain Noah, with a voice more like that of the Raven than the Nightingale, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, "Ladies and *gemmen* of the *best* cabin, please to walk below." At such summons we descended, where our Palinurus thus began:—

"Ladies and *gemmen*, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach London till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old Care in the bowl. Here's a pretty little *pond* of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another: so God prosper the Vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down

with the French, and damn Buonaparte! Cheer up, Lads and Lasses! While we live, let us *live*. We must all go at last to Davy Jones's locker: no help for it, all must go down; *fortune de le guerre*. We shall never be a day younger. May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, Ladies and *gemmen*, take your places round the table: dip your whiskers in the *nectar*. Drown old Care, as I said before. A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head. Old England for ever! Come, Ladies and *gemmen*, I'll be toast-master. Here's my chair of state, and here's my hammer. I'll be the Mister *Jupiter tonans* of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave; so, Ladies and *gemmen*, please to obey my orders. A toast-master, Ladies and *gemmen*, is the greatest man in the world: no appeal from a toast-master. He is despotic: like our Prime Minister, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. Ladies and *gemmen*, a toast-master is *all-wise:* let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent;* for the chair must be supported, and therefore he can command every thing. A toast-master may say, 'Moab shall be my washpot, and over Edom will

I cast out my old shoe.' A toast-master is the first man in the world. Were his Majesty of England here *now*, in this very cabin *here*, (God bless him,) and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason*, I would order him a half-dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that*, a pint of salt water; and were *his* Majesty to demand of *my* Majesty a *reason* for such proceedings, then should *my* Majesty order *his* Majesty a *pottle;* which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry* before he could say *Peas.*"

The Captain ended; when the dark solemnity which saddens the faces of Englishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
Breeds Clouds like Malkins, old black Rags indeed:
The lands below look dismal, drear;
When suddenly see Sol appear!
He pushes boldly through the dark his head:
At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

Captain Noah now mounted his large elbow-chair, assumed his sceptre (*aliàs* hammer), and, commanding silence, entered upon his Song.

Song.

Again we begin to be Britons, my boys:
While united, success we command.
Lo! each Tar on the ocean a triumph enjoys,
And laurels shall cover the land.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
And cry for our ruin aloud,
The Genius of England their fury defies,
And bursts like the Sun from a cloud.

May the King live for ever; the friend of our isle,
That revolts at the name of a slave;
Whose eye for fair Merit possesses a smile,
And a tear for the tomb of the brave!

No man to his mistress or wife will return,
And say: "I have fled from the foe:
My honour is gone; in the grave let me mourn
A disgrace that no Briton should know."

France the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,
When for mercy she put up her pray'r;
With nought but her perfidy left, and her spite,
And her pride, to console her despair.

The Spaniard too late shall his folly confess,
When his Indies no longer remain;
And the Dutchman, a frog in the days of Queen Bess,
Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in war,
And proclaim what a universe knows!
Let Langara, De Grasse, and De Winter, declare
What it is to have Britons for foes.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mistress Bliss, my good old acquaintance, here's success to *you* and your pretty little white-legged Chicken. A Song, if you please. Love, almighty Love, I suppose, will be the subject. All alive, Nymphs and Shepherds. God's lambs *will play*.

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, Captain, my Song will be a *serious* one: nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear girl, Corinna; the best creature in the world, as

well as the most beautiful. She was cruelly used: she died a *martyr* to the tender passion.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Oh! I recollect her. Poor Corinna! I could *cry* for her, Mistress Bliss: a sweet creature! *So* kind, *so* lovely, and *so* good-natured! She would not hurt a fly. Lord, Lord! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha, Mistress Bliss? Gone? Poor soul! Oh! she is in Heaven, depend upon it: nothing can hinder it. O Lord, no; nothing: an Angel, an Angel by this time; for it must give God *very little trouble* to make *her* an Angel, even if it were a *first-rate;* she was so charming. Such terrible figures as my Lord Cardigan, or my Lady Mary, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* Angels; but poor little Corinna wanted very few *repairs*. Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on in our cabin: who knows? Charming little Corinna! Lord, how funny *it* was! for all the world like a Rabbit, or a Squirrel, or a Kitten, playing with its tail. Gone! as you say; *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

Corinna's Epitaph.

Here sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain:
Here lies what was *beauty;* but pluck'd was its Rose,
And flung like a Weed to the plain.

O Pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of art:
Even Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye Prudes, that a sigh or a tear
Can offend of all Nature the God:
Lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the lily will bloom on her sod.

Captain Noah.

Very pretty; very clever: thank ye, Mistress Bliss. Rather doleful, very pretty though; touching and tender: it would do for *my wife*, Mistress Noah, very well. I *wish* Mistress Noah *could have it.* Have ye nothing a little more lively, Mistress Bliss? Come, come; something *giggish*, something merry. Poor, sweet Corinna! Yes, something *alive.* Have not you a *what-d'ye-call-it* about ye? a bit of gaiety, or so?

We must not be always at a *funeral;* must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes: it would be a dismal world else. Come, Mistress Bliss, let us have something in the *tol-de-roll-loll* way, funny: hang dismality; leave that to Parsons. I don't admire Parsons: a Parson in quest of *preferment*, is one of the saddest dogs in the world; you never have his *opinion.* So *sanctified* too! demure as an old Bawd at a christening. Oh, damn it! and then a Parson *on board ship* is the Devil. I never sailed with one but we had a *storm.* Well, Mistress Bliss; one more, and then I shall call on my little sprig of Parnassus, Master Tagg. Silence, Ladies and *gemmen.*

SONG.

WHEN William first woo'd, I said *yes* to the Swain,
And made him as blest as a Lord;
For, ye Virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
That *no* is a dangerous word.
The Girl that will *always* say *no,* I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an *old maid.*

The Gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing;
And if so (for I really believe it), good me!
What joys through one *no* might be missing!

Since the Girl who will *always* say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an *old maid.*

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the *toil;*
Whole mountains at once ye remove:
You brighten the eyes of the Swain by a *smile*,
For Smiles are the Sunshine of love.
Say *yes*, and the World will acquit you of *art;*
Since the *tongue* will not *then* give the *lie* to the *heart.*

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mistress Bliss; very true Song; very good: *no* is a dangerous word. And yet a *bishop* always says *no*, and is never *disappointed.* Mister Buck, you are called on. Silence.

BUCK.

Mine is the Widow of Ephesus, Captain; an *old* Tale.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to *work on*, a widow; a nice bit of stuff. Widow of Ephesus, ha? Aye, aye, a Greek gentlewoman. I have been in her country when we sailed up the *Arches.* Pretty girls, Greek girls. I used to get their sweet little velvet skins *cheap.* Whip

up their veils; board their juicy lips; and give them a good British *smack*, that you might hear a mile. Oh! the *Arches* beat the London *market* all to pieces. Ladies and *gemmen*, the Widow of Ephesus. Silence.

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS;

A TALE.

Balm are the Sighs, for breathless Husbands shed;
And *pearl* the Eye-drops that adorn the dead.

At Ephesus (a handsome town of Greece)
There lived a Lady, a most lovely *piece;*
In short, the charming Toast of all the town.
In wedlock's *velvet* bonds had lived the Dame:
Yes, brightly did the torch of Hymen flame;
When Death, too *cruel*, knock'd her Husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke:
Prudentia's gentle heart was nearly broke;
Tears pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform;
Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast;
Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,
As though she really had *devour'd* a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead *love :*
How like the wailings of the *widowed* Dove!

All Ephesus upon the *wonder* gazed :
Men, women, children, really were *amazed.*
'Tis true, a few Old Maids *abused* the *pother :*
" Heavens! if *one* Husband dies, why take *another,*"
Said they, contemptuous cocking up the nose :
" Ridiculous enough! and *what* about?
To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
There are as fine as *he,* one might suppose.

" A body would presume, by grief so mad,
Another Husband was *not* to be *had.*
But men are not so very *scarce,* indeed :
More than are *good,* there are; God mend the breed!"

Such was the conversation of Old Maids,
Upon this Husband's visit to the shades.

At length her Spouse was carried to the tomb,
Where poor Prudentia moped amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,
Show'd the dark coffin that contain'd her *dear;*
And gave a beauteous sparkle to each Tear,
That *rill*-like dropp'd, or rather like a *stream.*

Resolved was she, amid this tomb to sigh;
To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die:
No comfort, no; no comfort would she take.
Her friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amusement; but in vain:
"No; she would *perish, perish* for his sake."

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd,
Her vestments loose, her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!
Her lids, in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd; and now she pour'd a sigh
(How *tuneful!*) on her dear pale Spouse below.

Who would not *covet* death, for *such* sweet sighs;
To be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes?

It happen'd that a Rogue, condemn'd to death,
Resign'd (to please the law) his roguish breath;
And near the vault did this same Felon swing:
For fear the Rogue's relations, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young Soldier watch'd the Thief and string.

This Son of Mars, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,

Stole to the place of woe; that is, the tomb:
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face
That look'd with *such* a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a Husband's doom.

The Youth *most naturally* express'd *surprise*,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes:
"Good God, Ma'am! pray, Ma'am, what's the matter here?
Sweet Ma'am, be comforted; you *must*, you *shall:*
At times misfortunes, even the *best* befall.
Pray stop your grief, Ma'am; *save* that precious tear."—

"Go, Soldier, leave me," sighed the Fair again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,
Casting her eyes of woe upon the Youth:
"I *cannot*, *will not*, live without my Love!"
And then she threw her glistening eyes above,
That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

"Madam," rejoin'd the Youth, and press'd her hand,
"Indeed you shall not my advice withstand;
For Heaven's sake don't stay here, to weep and howl:
Pray take refreshment."—Off at once he set,
And quickly brought the mourner drink and meat;
A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;

And bread and beer,
Her heart to cheer.

" Ah! gentle Youth, you bid me eat in vain;
Leave me, oh, leave me, Soldier, to complain:
Yes, sympathizing Youth, withdraw your wine.
My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food:
Thou knewest not my Husband kind and good,
For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine."

And then she cast upon the Youth an eye
All *tender*, saying, " Soldier, let me die."
And then she press'd his hand, with *friendship* warm.—
" You shall *not* die, by Heaven!" the Soldier swore:
" No; to the World such beauty I'll restore,
And give it back again its only charm."

Such was th' effect of her delicious Hand,
That *charm'd* his senses like a Wizard's Wand.

" What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod!*
Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by God."

With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall.

" Well, Soldier, if you *do insist*," quoth she,
All in a saint-like, sweet, complying tone,
" I'll *try* if Grief will let me pick a *bone*.
Your health, Sir."—" Thank you kindly, Ma'am,"
quoth he.

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair Dame
Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking;
So hard is it a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the sighing pensive soul from thinking:—

So that the fowl and wine *soon pass'd* indeed;
Quickly away too stole the beer and bread,
All down her pretty little swelling throat.—
And now, whate'er Philosophers may think,
Sorrow is *much obliged* to *meat* and *drink*,
Whose *soothing* virtues *stop* the plaintive note;

And, says the anatomic art,
" The stomach's *very near* the heart."

Prudentia found it so: a *gentler* sigh
Stole from her lovely breast; a *smaller* tear,
Containing *less* of anguish, did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;

Her eye's dark Cloud dispersing too apace
(Just like a Cloud that oft conceals the Moon),
Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
Her rosebud-lips expanded with a *smile:*
Which pleased the gallant Soldier, to be sure,
Happy to think he saved the Dame from Death;
Yes, from *his* hug preserved the sweetest breath,
And to a wounded heart prescribed a cure.

Now Mars's Son a minute left the Dame,
To see if all went well with Rogue and rope;
But, ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
The Knave had deem'd it proper to *elope.*

In short, attendance on the Lady's grief
Had lost him his Companion, the hang'd Thief,
Whose friends had *kindly* filch'd him from the string.
Quick to the Lady did the Soldier run:
" Madam, I shall be hang'd, as sure's a gun:
O Lord! the Thief's gone off, and *I* shall swing.

" Madam, it was the Royal declaration,
That if the Rogue was carried off
(Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*,
No matter), *I* should take his situation.

" O Lord, O Lord! my fate's decreed:
O Ma'am! I shall be hang'd indeed.

" O Lord, O Lord! this comes of creeping
To graves and tombs; this comes of *peeping;*
This is th' effect of running from my duty.
Oh curse my folly! What an ape
Was I, to let the Thief escape!
This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty.

" Yet, Ma'am, I beg your pardon too;
Since, *if* I'm hang'd, 'twill be for *you.*"—

" Cheer up, my gallant Friend," replied the Dame,
Squeezing his hand, and smoothing down his face:
" No, no, you sha'nt be hang'd, nor come to shame;
My husband here shall take the fellow's place:
Nought but a *lump of clay* can *he* be counted,
Then let *him* mount:"—and lo! the Corpse was mounted;
Made a good Thief; nay, so complete,
The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the gibbet to the tomb again
Haste, arm in arm, the Soldier and the Fair;
T' exchange for kisses, and the turtle's strain,
Sad hymns of *death*, and ditties of *despair.*

Captain Noah.

There was a damned jade for ye! What a sniveling hussey! It was a devil of a trick, to be sure; but "A *living* Dog is better than a *dead* Lion," as the saying is. The young Soldier, to be sure, was not *much* to blame; for who would not rather be pressing a little warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night at a dead thief? Ladies and *gemmen*, silence. Now, Master Tagg, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a Fly, that I have just helped out of the punch: there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a Ship in a Storm. Come, fire away; and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my Lord Salisbury's poetry, on a Fly that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-court. My Lord's Butler, who was my passenger the last trip, showed it to me as a great curiosity. The King and Queen have seen it, and *admired* it. All the servants agree that he is a *pestilent* man for a rhyme. O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the *quality* now; much *improved* of late: could not read nor write *formerly*, I've been told; *now* they write verse and prose like mad. And then there's my Lord Carlisle can tip ye a hundred rhymes in half

an hour: but my Lady *does not like* his verses; for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the poetry-fit is upon him; and then he makes up *such* wry mouths, and grins, when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My Lady watches his face like a Cat; and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my Lady, to take notice of his rhyming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But, Master Tagg, the *extempore*, the *extempore* on the Fly, or you shan't have your passage for *nothing*.

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

Poor little reeling, thoughtless soul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!
Death to thy thread had clapp'd his knife.
Go, wipe thy nose, and wings, and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudlin eyes,
And thank the Captain for thy life.

In future, get not *quite* so drunk:
Thy Girl, perhaps a lass of *spunk*,
May wish thy *amorous powers* to prove;

And shouldst thou, drunk, the Wanton chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace:*
And *who* would look a *fool* in love?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, Master Tagg; a *sly* hint; modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tippling fornicators. Now for my Lord Salisbury's Fly.

VERSES ON A FLY,

THAT PITCHED ON THE CHEEK OF A MOST BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BY LORD SALISBURY.

HAPPY, happy, happy Fly!
Were I *you*, and *you* were I!
But *you* will *always* be a Fly,
And *I* remain Lord Salisbury.

Ladies and *gemmen*, a very pretty thought; tender and sentimental, and touching. You see that my Lord is a dab at a distich. Master Barnacle, a Tale or a Song.

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in *one*, Captain Noah, and set to music by a charming fellow, Will Shield, whom every body knows; and on whom some queer genius wrote verses, just after poor Shield's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them, repeat them.

VERSES ON THE FALL OF THE STATUE OF APOLLO FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ORGAN, ON THE HEAD OF SHIELD, AS HE WAS PLAYING.

ON a day, on Shield's crown
Apollo leap'd down,
And, lo! like a Bullock he fell'd him.
Now was not this odd?
Not at all; for the God
Was mad that a *mortal* excell'd him.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny. Fine man, Shield: great at the gamut; an angel in his airs; deep, deep musician.

He carried me to the Opera once, and told me about all the Singers: *Signor this,* and *Signor that,* who squalled away at a most cat-like rate. I was not much pleased with *that;* but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully: it was, to think that the descendants of those *rogues,* the Romans, who beat us poor Britons about like so much Stockfish a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—hæ! ladies and *gemmen*—come, I must be *decent*—to *lose,* to *lose*—I mean, to be *made eunuchs,* and come a thousand miles to squall to us. Great change, wonderful change in the world! What *ups* and *downs!* Poor fellows! I *pity* them too: never have any children, I'm told; all dead men; blanks, blanks; cut off from the Ladies: great misfortune that! all done when young too; infants, babies. Were *I* served the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it; father or mother, uncle or aunt, godfather or godmother, I'd *eunuch* them, with a devil to 'em. Horrid, horrid, horrid! Mister Pope, the great Poet, hath wrote upon that *Lowsyweesy* (or what is the young Lady's name?) and *Ablard,* very fine: but I don't understand the whole, it is so *wrapp'd up;* but I *guess, guess:* a very *peppery* Poem, and yet all young Ladies know it by

heart; yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what's what*.

Joan of Naples used to have a bath under her window for the young men; where she sat and picked out those for her *pleasure* that she liked best. Bad, bad; she should have been put into the pillory. Ladies and *gemmen*, to order. A Song from Mister Barnacle.

POOR TOM.

Now the rage of battle's ended,
And the French for mercy call;
Death no more, in smoke and thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright;
Ah! condemned by cruel Fortune,
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halyard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave Captain stood.

" O my noble Captain! tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a Seaman's duty
On this great and glorious day?

" Tell a dying Sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast;
Have I done a Seaman's duty?
Can there aught my memory blast?"—

" Ah, brave Tom!" the Captain answer'd,
" Thou a Sailor's part hast done:
I revere thy wounds with sorrow;
Wounds by which our glory's won."—

" Thanks, my Captain: life is ebbing
Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
But, oh! grant one little favour,
Ere I from the world depart:—

" Bid some kind and trusty Sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catherine,
Cut a lock from this poor head.

" Bid him to my Catherine give it,
Saying, hers alone I die:
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.

" Bid him too this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with panting breath:
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When the hand is cold in death."—

" That I will," replied the Captain,
" And be ever Catherine's friend."—
" Ah! my good and kind Commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end."

Mute towards his Captain, weeping,
Tom upraised a thankful eye;
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
Sunk with " Kate " on his last sigh.

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature;
Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now, in his white hammock shrouded
By the kind and pensive Crew,
As he dropp'd into the ocean,
All burst out, "Poor Tom, adieu!"

Captain Noah.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks. Brook Watson legs are good enough for *them.* Pity, pity! but it can't be helped; a Man is no more than a Sparrow with God. A strange World this! very bad World indeed, in some parts: *hogg'd* the moment it was launch'd; a number of rotten timbers. I think it must have been built by *contract;* yes, in some private dock or other, sure as fate. But we can't help it: if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps a-going. All's one a hundred years hence. What *business* have we to *die?* Fine fellow Xerxes, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive! Fine thought, *pretty* thought; *natural* too! I should like to have shaken a paw with Xerxes, poor fellow! but *then* I should not have been *here,* Ladies and *gemmen,* to enjoy your good company. To order, to order: Master

Squibb, tumble up; examine your wallet, and give us something good.

SQUIBB.

My dear friend, my hearty honest Host of the Hoy, principal Proprietor of the Prince of Packets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer; not a bit of a Ballad, not a slice of a Song, nor a tittle of a Tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not *you*, Squibb? the Prince of Paragraph-makers, the Nabob of News, the Imp of Invention, the Lion of Learning, and the very Paper-kite of Politics! What, *you* aground!

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear friend, if I possess a particle of power. I really, my dear friend, am as stupid as that stupid stock, my hum-drum chum, Barnaby Bufflehead, who never so much as *blundered* on a *bon-mot*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with "my dear friend," and "dear friend." I hate the word; there's

so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* gentlewoman; makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue. A pox on palaver, say I; so give us *something*, Mister Modesty, if you please.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, damme.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb; then hey for Coventry!

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing, I'll sing.

SONG.

Dearest creature
Of all nature,
Oh! I die, I faint, &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, Squibb. I *excuse* the rest. No Pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise: no Dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully. Why, zounds, my cur Dumplin should howl more musically: and then the words; they put me in mind of that most mawkish of all mawkish stuff, the Sorrows of the Heart, baptized "a Novel." O the cursed trash! Poor Squibb! Why, what a difference between thee and a brother Quid-nunc that sailed with me last trip! I mean Brass Wildfire, a piece of an editor, a fine news-hunter; would *spin* ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a dare-devil: he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He showed me his pocket-book: rich lessons of roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, Squibb; but this must be said in

his favour, he had candour enough to *confess it*. No hypocrite, no; no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal, nor a breakfast, nor a dinner, nor tea, nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost every profession: he kept his *feet* dry by puffing a *shoemaker;* his *legs* warm by puffing a *hosier;* his *rump* and *back* by puffing a *taylor* and *mercer;* his *head* by puffing a *hatter;* and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a *pot* ready for his maw, by immortalizing an *alehouse*. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the Actors and Actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs; and then for the Singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little Nightingales!

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb. He used to get away all their trinkets from them; watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch; orders for the play and opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb. He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Beersheba in a twink. To enliven the paper, he would fly to Constantinople; rouse the Janisaries; hang up a bashaw of three tails; poison the grand mufti; set fire to the seraglio; make the ladies scamper forth in their smocks; and the Grand Signor run like a Lamplighter, in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie, Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the Gospel, Squibb. At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey; step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred *hogsheads* of *ears;* step away into Egypt, and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake; then hey for Smyrna, and kill a *million or two* with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb. If he wanted a piece of Indian

news, presto, be gone! he murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca; put a ship for a fortnight on her beam-ends in the Straits of Sundy; then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes among the Mahrattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own *confession*, Squibb. Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelmandel, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

Oh, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb. If he wanted to *fill up*, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up

his old friend, the Yellow Fever, and lay you dead *thirty thousand pounds-worth* of Officers in *one room;* set the Council, Assembly, and Governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish Town to Kingston; hop up among the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb. A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the proprietors; quite a Filch. Oh, a blessed babe of grace! Did a family refuse to take in the Paper to which he was a hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, Squibb. If an author did not advertise in *his* Paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse; was

"a dull hound, a thief." Then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale, put it into his Paper, get the abused parties about him: "It could not be helped; he had a handsome sum for inserting it: he *must live;* family of children; hard times; open to all parties; nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in." Well, an answer is inserted: he *answers* the *answer*, with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathizes, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain.

SQUIBB.

Is it possible?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, Squibb. It is surprising that Justice Colquhoun, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *giant* of nuisances, this damned plague to society; but he was afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike, Captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid, God forbid: *some* Pigeons, and *many* Crows, I presume.—My little lovely Lucy Languish, a Song from thy sweet lips. Ladies and *gemmen*, Miss Languish's Song: silence.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

Lo! the pipe of poor Colin, mute, mute, how it lies;
No more to be swell'd by his hopes, or his sighs!
"Go, leave me," said he, "since unprized by the Fair."
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who, like Colin, could give it of rapture the sound,
Which the echoes with rapture repeated around?
Or give it, like Colin, a soul to complain?
And who like the Shepherd e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
To sooth with its music the ear of the Maid:
'Twas here that he waked its sweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor Colin was fated to bleed.
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relics are laid,
'Mid the bower that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the Nymph who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a Youth of the vale.
Come, Virgins, we'll gather the flowers of the grove,
And strew on the victim of Sorrow and Love.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible disorder, love! I think I see him now, just like Patience on a monument, *smelling* at grief, as the Scotchman said: yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the Swallows in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to take a journey under water. Strange, strange, that men and women *only* should die for *love!* Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the passion so *sensibly*. Ladies and *gemmen*, suppose we adjourn the court for a handful of minutes, take a peep at Mistress Moon, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, Captain Noah leading the way up to the deck.

Thus, as the flocks amid the valley feed,
Behold! the Bellwether (the rover),
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taste a neighbouring field of clover:
He *dares* th' opposing hedge, he beats it *hollow*,
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribe of fleeces follow.

THE

MIDDLESEX ELECTION;

OR,

POETICAL EPISTLES,

IN THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT,

BY MR. JOSEPH BUDGE, IN LONDON,

TO

LORD ROLLE, AT WEYMOUTH.

VOAKES talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make me sweat
To hear their lees, I doubt mun:
Zome cry mun up az thoff divine;
And if they do in *manners* shine,
I wish they'd *carr't about* mun.

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Thou must know, O most courteous Reader! that "Mr. Joseph Budge" is not a *fictitious* name; a mere creation of the fertile brain of me, Peter Pindar, Esquire: but the actual name, real name, of a Man and a Hero, who was the actual Squire, and Attendant, and Mentor, of my *great* Countryman, Lord Rolle; and who fought with him in his Irish campaigns, and partook of the various skirmishes and battles that now *illuminate* the pages of History, and *immortalize* the present Reign. Mr. Budge, ambitious of cutting a figure on Parnassus as well as in the field, and resolving to give his Patron a specimen of his great historico-poetical abilities, found a subject in the Middlesex Election.

Joseph being therefore on the spot, and an eye-witness to the scene, felt a divine impulse: and, like the Mantuan Bard, exclaimed, *Paulo majora canamus;* and became the historian of a most important event. The Letters were written at the once-much-frequented house of a worthy Peruke-maker in Wyche-

street; and sent to his Lordship at Weymouth, enjoying the smiles of his Sovereign, as well as the inspiring and salutary fragrance of sea-weed and mud. In respect to the execution, Mr. Joseph Budge seems to possess a genius very much like that of Mr. John Ploughshare, of Morton Hamstead, in Devonshire, who a few years since wrote a Poem of extraordinary merit and celebrity: the same provincial expression, the same spirit, the same happy vein of humour, the same mode of thinking, would induce us to imagine that they must be the inspirations of the *same* genius; *ovo prognatus eodem.*

P. P.

MR. JOSEPH BUDGE

TO

MY LORD ROLLE.

LETTER I.

CONTENTS.

A Lick at the City of London.—The Cleanliness of the Londoners compared with Mr. Budge's Acquaintance in the Country, who admit Pigs and Poultry into their Parlours.—The Population of London described by a *stinking* Comparison.—Observation on the Ladies of London, with a *wicked* Suggestion of Mr. Budge.—Mr. Budge imitateth Virgil, in his fourth Eclogue to a Mister Pollio; who exclaimeth, "*Paulo majora canamus.*"—Mr. Budge hinteth at the Middlesex Election—professeth to write the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.—He complimenteth his Lordship on his *great* Connexions at Weymouth, and Powers of exciting *royal* Risibility.—Mr. Budge entereth on the Subject of the Election—defieth Sir Francis Burdett, and maketh sure of Conquest—exulteth over Sir Francis, with a Quotation from the Devil to a Crab—abuseth Sir Francis in rather an indelicate Comparison—applaudeth Mainwaring for close Adherence to *magistratial* Duty, and *his Excellency* Governor Aris.—A bold Attack on Sir Francis.—The Popularity of Mainwaring at the Alehouses.—The Licentiousness and unparalleled Impudence of Sir Francis's Mob before the Palace Gate.—Mr. Budge's heroic Resolution.—He vows to cudgel Sir Francis, and fight any of his Friends.—Mr. Budge boasteth—praiseth Mainwaring's Speech in *part*, but not *in toto*.—Mr. Budge quitteth the Subject of the Election, for a Conversation with our

Ex-minister, Pitt.—Mr. Pitt's melancholy Answer to Mr. Budge's kind Inquiry.—Mr. Budge's fine original Comparison between the *Court* Game of Put, and the *Country* Game of Put.—Mr. Budge commendeth Lord Rolle for adhering to Mr. Pitt, as he was the Author of his Lordship's *unexpected* Elevation.

And now, my Lord, I've zot me down
To write vrom theese perdigious town,
  Vill'd with more *sin* than *grace:*
Learge az Jerusalem, I'm tould;
Aye, or az Babylon of ould,
  Zo wonderzom the place.

Exter's a fool to't, let me zay,
And zo is Plimmoth evry day;
  The howzes high and big;
And in the parlours too, zo neat,
Where all the Gentry munch their meat,
  I've never zeed a *pig* *.

No, nor a Hin †, making a rout,
With Chicken rennin in and out,
  Hunting about the room;
Nor Goose-checks, no, nor gabbling Ducks,
Flapping their wings all wet and mucks,
  And quaakin vor a crume.

* In many of the farm-houses and villages, *pigs* and *poultry* are generally *parlour bourders.*

† Hen.

Things be *quite different* here, my Lord;
They be, they be, upon my word:
Fine clath upon the vloors;
Fine chairs, fine pectures pon the wall;
Fine glasses in the sarvants'-hall,
Brass locks upon the doors.

O Lord! my Lord, I'm in a maze,
I do so look about and glaze,
Just leek a slinking Hare:
And than the Vokes, Lord, what a heap!
Thick as the Meggots pon a sheep:
I'm always in a fair.

And than the Ladies, zuch a rout,
Walking and gigling zo about,
All in their silks and lace;
And, though zo fine, they make me stap,
Geeing my shoulder a small rap,
And zmiling in my face.

But meend, my Lord, that I've be tould
Thoose *gentry* may be *bort* and *zold*
Leek Bullocks or leek Sheep;

And, thoff zo handzom, vor small pins
One now and then mert* buy their skins:
How wonderzomly cheap!

But now, my Lord, vor gerter things;
Vor now I'll screw my fiddle-strings,
Forsooth, a leet† bit higher.
The vokes nere thoft that Middlesex
Would rear its head, the Curt to vex;
But the fat is in the vire.

And now, my Lord, you may believe
I shaant be laughin in my sleeve,
And telling packs o' Lees;
And yet, zo vur az I can spy,
From London people's mouths they fly
In swarms, like swarms of Bees.

Therevore, whatever I shall write,
No soul shall zay it is not right;
They shaant zay no zich thing:
And if I tell the truth, and zo,
I'll gee ye leave, my Lord, to show
My letter to the King.

* Might. † Little.

Vor well I know that evry day
You've zomething clever to'n to zay,
You be so wondrous frisky;
Vor when at Exter, if you meend,
You often teel'd un all an eend *
To laugh leek any pisky †.—

Well now, my Lord, than to begin,
The Curt voke wodn't gee a pin
T'ensure their man Mainwaring;
When (who'd a thort it?) fath and soul ‡,
Out leap'd Sir Francis vrom his hole,
And zot us all a staring.

But never meend, we baant afeard;
Vor, Sir, az zur as I've a heard,
We all shall ha our wish:

* To place in a state of much expectation.

† When his Majesty did the city of Exeter the honour of a visit, Mister Jan Rolle (afterwards *his lordship)* endeavoured to crack a few jokes in the Royal presence, to display to the people his familiarity with Crowned Heads. One was most *unsuccessful*, as it carried stronger marks of *impudence* than *wit;* for, on introducing a Country Clergyman at the levee, "An please your Medgesty," cried the Squire, "Passon —, a very good subject; and, leek your Medgesty, hath *made* a howzevull o' cheldren."

‡ A small oath.

Burdett wull zoon look dev'lish blue;
And zo we shaant much meend the crew,
No more than stinking vish.

But still to make shor o' the game,
The Curt hunth out the blind and lame,
And mainly stir their stumps:
Zo that I think the game is shor,
If Fortune isn't a damn'd old whore;
As we have got the *trumps*.

Burdett *waant do*, my Lord, he waant:
He can't succeed; he can't, he can't:
He conquer *us*, the scab!
He, that ne'er renn'd a race before!
"Yes, you're a *racer*, to be sure,"
Cried the Devil to the Crab.

Mainwaring is a clever Justice;
In *he*, Lord, evry body's trust is:
Burdett's a ratten medler.
Volks shud tern round and zee their backs,
And meend old proverbs; *Little packs*
Become a little pedlar.

He zaid he did not care a lowze
About his setting in the Howze;

But that my Lord's a hum:
Zee how he begth and stirth his zell;
A fellow must love bacon well,
To kiss the old sow's bum.

Burdett shud cast accounts at Coote's;
The counting-howze his genius soots,
And there he may be saving:
There he may sheen, and be a king;
A *handsaw* is a useful thing,
But never made for *shaving*.

Mainwaring is a clever man,
Doth evry bit o' good he can,
Az evry one believes;
Attendth the office very duly,
Never takth bribes, behaving truly,
And hangth a power o' thieves.

And then a hath a power o' spies,
To zee that no rebellion rise,
And markth down all black sheep;
And thoose he dooth suspect, he zens
To Aris, to vill up his pens,
And there *in clover* sleep.

They've got the Sheriffs, whose damn'd droats
Approve their own poor ratten votes,
  While ours they dare deny all:
Cunning enew there, to secure ye;
A *fox* should not be of the jury
  Upon a *goose's* trial.

And should Sir Francis git the day,
Lord! what will all the country zay?
  Why, that it gitt'th a rogue.
Burdett and Middlesex agree!
Agosh! a marriage it will be
  Between a Cat and Dog.

Look to the public howzes all:
I've beed into mun gert and small,
  Drink'd beer from evry tap;
Mainwaring's health went always round,
With zich a noble clattering sound,
  With zich a glorious clap!

Think o' their impudence, his crew:
They zet up zich a hallebulloo,
  Close by the Palace-doors!
Just leek a pack o' Lions roar'd,
They did, the dogs; they did, my Lord,
  The saucy sons of whores.

I wish that I'd a beed the King;
I'd a made jobbernowls to *ring*,
And cool'd mun var ther bras:
The Maids of Honour should a got
In evry hand a chumber-pot,
And wash'd mun all leek shags.

Vokes said it was a burnin shame,
Disgrace, too, to the English name,
To zet up zich a howl;
The *soldiers* shud a help'd the Crown,
And shet mun just like sparrows down,
And sent mun to the Dowl.

Zome zay, ther gang have sense and larnin:
Why then, it is, to my disarnin,
Good wine in filty flasks;
Or, if you please, my Lord, good beer,
Zich as you brew in Devonsheer,
Put into stinking casks.

I'll do my best to make mun zick:
I daant know that my oaken stick
Wull do *much* execution;
But, zich as 'tis, they're welcome to 't;
And with my oaken stick, to boot,
Good will and *resolution*.

Agosh! I long to try a bout
With zom o' Burdett's rabble rout;
I'd quickly pug their guts:
I'd gee mun zich a lammin* lick,
I'd make mun of elections zick;
I'd gee mun all the butts.

If courage wull but win the day,
By gosh, my Lord, I'll nack away;
I'll zoon be in their beef:
Now if I could Sir Francis meet,
All by his zelf, and in the street,
Dam un I'd whap† the thief.

On e'er a one o' mun, agosh,
A pack o' saucy trumpery trosh,
That stiddy nort but treason;
On zich rare fellows let *me* looze,
Zoon as I'd kill a duck or gooze,
I'd sliver evry weasen.

I'll answer, I'd nack down, my zell,
Iss, to the ground, I'd waage, I'd fell
A dezzin to my share:

* Violent. † Beat.

When I'm put to 't, Dowl take my skin!
Life is not worth a grammar's pin;
I'm mad az a March hare.

And that Burdett may vend perchaunce:
I think that we shall make un daunce,
Or hugely I'm mistaken;
Agosh! az I zee metters go
(And perty well I simm to know),
The rogues waant save their bacon.

Mainwaring made a perty speech,
As vur's my judgment well coud reach;
And what he coud, he dood:
He made poor work o' Cold-bath howze;
The trap that wishth to catch a mowze,
Shud never smell of *blood*.—

My Lord, I giss you wish to hear
What vokes pallaver here and there,
All bout Squire Pitt's disgrace:
Ah, Lord! poor disappointed fellow,
I daant believe he gitt'th zo *mellow*,
Now zince he lost his place.

I zeed'n in Saint James's street;
Close by his howze, we chanc'd to meet;

" Ah, Budge!" zaid he to *me*,
" How doth Lord Rolle do, by the bye?"—
" Hearty's a farmer, Sir," zaid I;
" And how be *you*, Sir, hæ?"—

" Why, Budge," zaid he (but looking blue),
" Thank God, that I be well enew,
Considerin evry thing."
He zaid it too in zich a way,
As plain as thoff I heard un zay,
" Oh, Budge, I've *lost* the *king!*"

You know, my Lord, when, in wet weather,
You and me play'd at Put together,
The *king* would win the *knave;*
The *queen*, you know, coud do zo too:
Slam, off a went, without more ado;
Nort could his bacon save.

But, Lord! in Curts 'tis *alter'd* quite;
Ev'n *I*, with my poor blinking sight,
Zee quite a *diff'rent* thing.
No: there, agosh! 'tis not the same;
Vor there they *backwards* play the game,
And *knaves* can win a *king*.

I speak not in Squire Pitt's despraise ;
Because you simm'd to leeke his ways,
Though by zum vokes abhorr'd :
You, to be shore, wan't let'n down,
Who did so worry the poor Crown
To dub ye a gert *lord.*

For hadn't it beed for Mister Pitt,
I daant think *we* had got the wit
To get the pretty feather.
And let me zay t' ye, fath and soul,
You still had beed but poor *Squire* Rolle,
Nether one thing nor tether:—

That is, my Lord, nothing at all,
Nor high nor low, nor gert nor small;
In short, what vokes call *fudge.*
And now, my Lord, by the next post,
I'll write if things be *winn'd* or *lost.*—
Your sarvant, Joseph Budge.

LETTER II.

CONTENTS.

Mr. Budge proudly triumpheth in the Prospect of Success—is inclined to *curse* Sir Francis and his Party—is jealous of Mr. Fox, Lord William Russel, and Sheridan—describeth the Cavalcade.—He is witty on the *Virtues* of the Patriots.—Mr. Budge is *violent* towards the Ladies that wished well to the Cause of Sir Francis.—Very *ungallant* is Mr. Budge indeed—he enumerateth the *Duties* of Women.—Mr. Budge commenceth an Attack on the charming Duchesses that employed their Interest for Sir Francis—draweth a Comparison between the Duchesses, and a *great* Lady and a *great* Man.—He giveth an Account of an odd Fellow that came every Day, in a Lawyer's Dress, before the Hustings, and harangued the Counsellors of Mainwaring (viz. Sylvester and Maddox), and Mr. Mainwaring the worthy Candidate himself.—Mr. Budge greatly hurt at the Exhibition of Irons, Whips, &c.; the *insignia* of *his Excellency* Governor Aris, of the Cold-bath Fields Jail, commonly called the Bastille.—He wisheth *this* Bastille the Fate of his great *Brother* and *Predecessor* of France.—Mr. Budge displeased at his Treatment by the Mob.—The *Aperture* of Mr. Budge's loyal Mouth, unfortunately *filled* with a Cabbage-stump—treated in a most *ungentlemanly* Manner—hustled—robbed.—He reproveth the Mob.—Mr. Budge's Conversation with one of the Mob, more *consequential* than *edifying*.—Mr. Budge concludeth in a Strain of Exultation and Defiance; with *less Sublimity* than Isaiah on the Downfall of the King of Babylon, but with *equal Rage* and *Abuse*.

THINGS go on zwimmingly, my Lord;
Dree hundred votes ahead we've scor'd:
Dree hundred! aye, and more.

Had I ten thousand pounds, d'ye zee,
I wuddn't one brass vurdin gee
To make th' Election shore.

To help a lame dog, there's that Fox,
And there's Lord William, with a pox,
And Sheridan the Devil:
Aye, let mun go; but poor Burdett
Wull vend to's cost, that zich a set
Wull gee his *corn* the *weevil.*

They ride to Brentford to harangue:
Lord! how I lang to shet* the gang!
They make me look dam zour;
With gert good will, vor theese black job,
I'd take my wetch out o' my fob,
And cuss mun by the hour.

In coaches vull as they could stuff,
Dam mun, off zot the Blue and Buff,
Parading droo the Strand;
Zich holding up of derty paws,
Zich waving hats, and *zich* huzzas,
Enough to stun the land!

* Shoot.

With mizzick too, God damn their bones,
Crouds, horns, and organs, with their groans,
Zich as we hear in charch:
Now, had they ax'd me vor a tune,
Well had Iss * vitted mun, and zoon;
I'd gid mun the *Rogue's March.*

Amongst the derty lowzy crew,
There's zich a touse and hallibulloo,
Enew to stun Ould Nick;
With zich a mob, too, to their tails,
Peek'd, I suppose, vrom all the jails,
Leek meggots all zo thick.

Vokes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make us sweat
To hear their lees †, I doubt mun:
Zome cry mun up as thoff divine;
And, if they do in *manners* shine,
I wish they'd *carr't about* mun.

Peepel shud *practise* what they know;
Or where's the use of it, I trow?
No, no, I'm not the fool

* I. † Lies.

To think that they have much to *spare;*
Vor he that goeth vor *manners* there,
Goeth to a *goat* vor *wooll.*

The Women too, the bissy jades!
Zome o' mun *gentle*vokes, zome *trades,*
Push vorth their polls from windors,
And toss their hankitchers about:
I wish I had the rabble rout
One minute in my grinders;—

I'd gee the devils *zich* a squeeze,
I'd make mun look zo small as meeze*
Well chow'd by our ould cat.
Iss, iss, I'd gee mun zich a grip;
I'd bang mun well, had I a whip:
I'll warrant mun vor *that.*

Iss, iss, I'd make the Madams squall:
I'd lerrick† mun; iss, one and all:
I'd pent their pretty skins.
What bissens‡ have *they* to rant and stare,
And hoist their nackens‖ in the air,
And show their nasty grins?

* Mice. † Beat. ‡ Business.
‖ Handkerchiefs.

What bissens ha Wimmen wey Election ;
That shoud be always in *subjection*,
And know we be their *lords?*
Zwunds, let mun meend their howze and stitching,
And net be vor Election itching:
We want none o' their words.

Their bissens is to wash and mend,
And car and vetch, and Husbands tend,
Make puddins, pies, and tarts;
Zee that their Maidens meend their broom,
To zweep the spiders, cleanse the room,
And wash the shefts and sharts.

The Ditchesses be mainly blamed:
Vokes zay, they mert be all ashamed
To trollop with the men.
My Lord, vor sartinty I know
Thoose Ditchesses must never show
The nose at Curt agen.

If well they wud their zels demean,
Let mun take pattern from the Queen,
That *jewel* o' a oman;
Zo *good*, zo *generous* to the Nation;
Zo *kind* to evry poor *relation*,
A thing zo main *uncommon*.

In Windsor when there was zich bustle
About a Member, zich a tussel,
Did *she* go round to vokes,
And zay, " If you daant vote vor Powny,
Meend, not a vurdin of my money
Shall go to you vor smocks?"

Did *she* run round her *zell*, and Maids,
To shopkeepers and wother trades,
And moil, and make a fuss?
Zay to the Mercer, " Maister Inkle,"
And to the Vishman, " Maister Wrinkle,
You geef your vote vor *us*.

" We be great peepels, Maister Inkle;
We be rish peepels, Maister Wrinkle,
And haf a goote long puss;
An dan we haf grete power, mine Gote!
Now dink pon diss; an give your vote,
Vidout more vords, vor *us*."—

Or did vokes hear zich zounds az thoose?
" Must vote, must vote, mustn't refuse:
No, no; hæ, hæ? no, no.
Won't buy, won't buy a broom or mop;
Hæ, hæ? won't recommend your shop:
My borough; must, must be so.

" *My* borough this; hæ, hæ, Tape, Tape?
Shan't come and buy my coat a cape,
Shan't purchase at your shop.
Must vote for Powny; must, must vote;
Or mind, I never buy a coat:
No, no, man; not one slop."—

My Lord, you tould me in your laast,
You wish'd to know bout all that past:
My Lord, now you shall hear.
A fellow, but we daant know *who*,
Belonging to the wother crew,
Comed vore, and talk'd dam queer;

Comed vore the hustins evry day,
And leek a Lawyer talk'd away,
In a lawyer's wig and gown:
Made our poor Counsel cursed zick;
Tich'd Counsellor Maddox to the quick,
And nack'd Sylvester down:

Zayd to Mainwaring zich *hard* things;
Zwear'd that he was a tool o' Kings,
And kiss'd the tail o' Pitt;
That az vor glory, or disgrace,
Az long as he could hold his *place*,
He did not care a nit:—

" That az vor Englishmen, he thort
Twas best their commons should be short,
A gang of saucy knaves;
That geeves, and whips, and little met,
Wud *manners* (what they *wanted)* get,
Full good enew vor *slaves.*"

The varmint had got wit at will,
And gid the Lawyers *zich* a pill,
Though a was'nt worth a shilling:
I must zay this, I vow to God,
A was zo commical a toad,
He zot us all a grilling.

Maddox stood buff, and stood it out,
Though soundly pull'd, fath, by the snout;
He veel'd zom ugly blows:
But poor Sylvester, he, poor soul,
Just leek a mowze, sneak'd to his hole,
And never show'd his nose.

I wish your Lordship had be there,
To zee the saucy dog, and hear
Zome lees, and zome things true:
His Wit was leek a two-edged Sword;
And I do really think, my Lord,
He was a match vor *you.*

My Lord, it nearly tern'd my brains,
To zee the vetters, whips, and chains,
They carr'd about the town:
Sound of "*Bastille*" makth menny quiver,
And petrifieth their very liver;
I wish the place was down.

Vor why?—becaze tis *zich* a *name*,
I shud not grieve to zee't in flame.
I'm cruelly afeerd
The chains wull do the cause no good:
They push'd mun nearly as they coud
Up to Mainwaring's beard.

My Lord, I daant leek Lendon ways:
Vor, hapning mongst the mob to praise
Mainwaring, zounds, at once,
One scoundrel gid my tail a kick;
Anether, with a slammin stick,
Comed souse upon my sconce.

Tis true, my pate was roundly maul'd:
I open'd than my mouth, and bawl'd
"Mainwaring and his cause!"
Bevore I closed my mouth again,
A rascal ramm'd, with mert and main,
A cole-stump in my jaws.

And than they hustled me about,
Drode me along (the rabble rout),
And, what was worse (odd chuck it!),
Zoon as I got up vrom the ground,
Where I lied sprawling, Lord! I vound
The dogs had peek'd my pucket.

My pucket-hankicher and gloves
I *neatly* lost between their shoves,
(Confound mun, with a pox!)
A corkscrew, and a penny bun;
And, ah! (the worst of all the fun)
My poor old backy-box.

"You ought to be ashamed," zaid I
To one o' mun that stude close by,
"To sarve one zich a trick.
Wud *Exter vokes* ha sarv'd one zo?"
Quoth I, to'n: "no, they wud'n; no:
They'd zooner zee Old Nick."

Zo then they laugh'd: pon which quoth I,
"I'll tell my Lord of this by'n by,
And zend ye all to jail."—
Quoth one, and winking with his eye,
"What Lord dost mean?"—"Lord Rolle," zaid I:
"*Hc'll* make ye drap your tail."—

" Lord Rolle," quoth he, " may come and kiss
" My"—" What?" quoth I.—Quoth he, " Why *this*,"
And then he tack'd his rump.
Zaid I, " I'll tel'n o't, be ashor'd;
Dam me if I daant tell my Lord,
And *he* shall make thee jump."

Zo zays the rogue, " With all my soul,
And give my sarvice to Lord Rolle;
I've heerd a deal about'n."—
Zaid I, " *No harm*, ye dog, dost zee."—
" No, nor *no good*, by God," zaid he.—
Lord! how I lang'd to *clout'n!*

But let mun bluster it away;
Let the poor Jackasses all bray,
Their bacon waant be saved:
Their poverty is plain enew,
The Devils wull zoon ha all the crew:
Bald pates be quickly shaved.

Stap, stap a leet, and we shall zee
Who will the lords and measters be;
They'll ha no cause to *laugh:*
There wull be bellowing enow;
Egosh! exactly leek a Cow
Just parted vrom her Calf.

POSSKREP.

WULL ye be pleased, my Lord, to go,
Jest run to Gloucester Lodge, or zo,
You know tis but a stap;
And ax the sarvants, they can tell,
If any *old clothes* they've got to zel:
Becaze I've got a chap.

Or *candle-eends*, or *zome zich thing*,
Belonging to the Queen or King,
Wud vet a *perty penny*.
Pray trat away, and ax, my Lord;
And be zo kind to zend me word,
My Lord, if there be enny.

I'm told *old gowns*, zome good, zome bad,
And *cheap* too, may *zometimes* be had,
Smocks, *hankitchers*, and *shoes*;
And wother sorts of *ladies' geer*,
Little the worse, I'm told, *vor wear*,
That vokes may *peek and chuse*.

Pray go, and try your hand, my Lord;
Ax Lady Rolle, and zend me word,
Vor all I zay is true:

I want zome finery for my Dame;
Zo that, my Lord, I'll do the same
Vor Lady Rolle and you.

And could I get a King's *old wig*,
Lord! I shud look *zo* fine and big,
The parish wud *zo* stare!
And, as the man's upon the spot,
Ax Curnel Gwyn if he hath got
Zome *babby-clothes* to spare.

I think I have no more to zay,
But that my Dame and I both pray
Vor your and Madam's soul;
And hopes (if we may crack a joke)
That Exter and the Devonshire voke
May never want a *Roll.*

LETTER III.

CONTENTS.

Mister Budge seemeth in a most terrible *Funk* about the Election—prognosticateth woefully.—Mr. Budge talketh *mercifully* of his *Excellency* Governor Aris—repeateth a short and pithy Speech of the *Mob* to the Soldiers that guarded Governor Aris's Castle; also the *loyal* and *brave* Reply of the Soldiers to the Mob, proving themselves to be a Sort of *State-machines*.—Mr. Budge painteth the Abhorrence of the People to Governor Aris's Dwelling and Jail, and his Mode of treating his Prisoners.—Mr. Budge very *impartially* summeth up the Matter; and subscribeth to the Punishment of Governor Aris, provided his Guilt can be fully established.—The same *Impartiality* likewise in respect to Mr. Pitt, the great *Friend* and *Patron* of Governor Aris.—Mr. Budge breaketh out into Strains of *Pity*.—Mr. Budge most naturally professeth a Scepticism (that is to say, *doubts*) concerning the *Cruelty* of Governor Aris.—Mr. Budge most heroically supporteth Mister Mainwaring; with his poetical Cat-o'-nine-tails, belaboureth the Backs of his Calumniators.—He triumpheth in his own Discernment, and becometh positively vain-glorious.—Mr. Budge descanteth sensibly on the Fallibility of Rumour, and the sad Consequence of believing every idle Report; bringing in Kings and Bishops, and the Lord knows who.—Mr. Budge talketh of Scandal—not even the most *virtuous*, the most *meek*, the most *humble*, the most *economical* Lady of the Land, free from the Aspersions of Scandal.—Mr. Budge counselleth Sir Francis, and concludeth most *epigrammatically*.

O Lord, my Lord! Lord, what d'ye think?
Our cause, I fear, beginn'th to *stink;*
But God Almerty knows:

Tis thort by menny that Burdett
Will gee the Justice a damn'd sweat,
And zend'n to the crows.

Zome zay, Burdett wull git the field:
The mob vor'n all be mad and weeld,
They doat upon'n zo;
Because he mounth the stage, and rails,
Forsooth, against Bastilles and jails,
And wanth to lye mun low:

And nack up Aris, if they can;
Zome zay, a very honest man,
That keepth a sharp look out;
That watch'th his prisners leek a Hawk,
And dothn't care a fig for voke.—
All very right, no doubt.

Tis zaid his jailbirds all *complain*,
And *daant admire* his whip and chain,
Nor Hole as black as Soot:
But Aris swearth they may be damn'd;
Into the hole they *shall* be ramm'd,
If he thinkth rert to do't.

Mob wanth to tear un all to rags;
And pent "*No Bastille*" pon their flags,

And just leek Tigers growl;
And want to gee the *jailbird dogs*
The vlesh of cows, and calves, and hogs,
And dainty vish and vowl.

And than they to the Zoldiers zaid,
" O ye gert fools! Oh what a head,
To guard theese place! vor *who?*
Why, if ye dare speak out your meend,
In a veew minutes ye wull veend,
The place was bilt for *you.*"

But twudn't do: the Zoldiers zed,
" That by their trade they got their bread,
And lived upon the land."
And than they answer'd very well,
" That if they were zent off vor Hell,
They must *obey* command."

And yet the peeple cuss Bastille;
Zomthing about that place they veel,
That gall'th and mak'th mun shiver:
In short, my Lord, they hate the name,
And wish it, vrom their souls, in flame,
And damn the poor man's liver.

Aris, the Governor they call'n,
Their itching vingers itch to maul'n,
They zay he is zo cruel;
Stuffth prisners in a vile old hole;
Crammth men togcther, cheek by jowl,
And geeth mun water-gruel:

Flogg'th mun az twere zo menny dogs;
Call'th mun zich names, az though twere hogs;
And this he doth vor sport.—
Now this is what the peeple zay;
It *maant* be true, and yet it *may:*
Then let the knave be cort.

Than let un veel what *wothers* veel,
In theese most horrible Bastille,
And drink as *wothers* drink;
And eat the *trade* that *wothers* eat,
And sweat in holes as *wothers* sweat,
And stink as *wothers* stink.

If Aris be that cruel dog,
E'en let'n suffer vor a rogue;
A potcrook let'n veel:
I'd gee'n of whip his belly vull;
I'd make un bellow leek a Bull,
And sken un leek an Eel.

And, if Squire Pitt upholdth us in it,
I'd run and tear away, theeze minute,
His howze about his ears:
I grieve to think on the poor souls
That groan amidst their dirty holes,
And wash mun with their tears.

But I daan't take it in my head
To credit evry thing that's zed;
No, no, all is not Gospel:
People tell *hummers* evry hour;
Vor which, if I had got the pow'r,
I'd cool mun in a hoss-pool.

Maister Mainwaring's much abuzed,
Most greeviously for things accused,
By all the dowlish pack:
E'en let mun all their poison spit;
My Lord, there is no wooll zo whit,
That a dyer caan't make *black*.

They try to make the World believe,
He glorieth in a whip and geeve,
And things that can torment;
And when that Aris is attack'd,
He's always by Mainwaring back'd,
And so scapeth punishment.

I know *who's who,* and *what* vokes be;
I haan't yet lost the power to zee,
No more than that o' veeling:
I never make a Gooze a Swan;
A *thief* may be a *gentleman,*
That git'th *estates* by stealing.

I can distinguish Straw vrom Hay,
Can tell a Cuckoo from a Jay,
A Peacock vrom a Starling;
Dogs from a Pig that's in the looze,
A Christian vrom a pack o' Jews,
A Yaffer* vrom a Yarling.

I baan't so mazed, to put belief
In evry dirty lying thief:
It mak'th my hair to bristle.
Zom peeple gee themselves gert airs,
Zay evry thing bezides their pray'rs;
And thoose, agosh! they *whistle.*

If one believed in evry thing,
God bless his Majesty the King,
He'd look a little *blue:*

* Heifer.

If *zich* be martyrs to a *hum*,
Lord! then, my Lord, what wud become
Of zich as *me* and *you?*

And than how wud our Bishops stand,
And half the Parsons of the land?
Scandal's a fine keen blade;
He meet'th with zomething evry day,
And mainly cutt'th and hack'th away,
And simm'th to know his trade.

That vartuous Lady, our good Queen,
Zo *humble*, and zo *neat* and *clean*,
Caan't even scape the mucks:
The World wull always zomething zay,
To take a body's name away;
Odd rat their leeing chucks!

But zee! with all their leeing art,
They dare not vall upon her *heart*,
But vall upon her *nose;*
About her handkitchers and stuff,
And aprons vull of dirty snuff,
And how her nose she blows.

And than they talk of *poor relations*,
And tell zich lees, Lord! nations, nations;

O Lord! iss, lees galore*:
Lees that a body almost *veels;*
Making one's Hair stand up, leek Queels
Upon a hadgy-boar.

Let Burdett meend his countin-howze,
And know his zell to be a mowze,
Or zoon he'll be a ballet;
Let'n be humble, zuck his paws:
A *disell*†, by an ass's jaws,
Is thoft a pretty *sallet.*

Charles Fox and he may notes compare;
What one wull zay the tether'll zware,
And zo they stand haranguing;
And try to blend us all, d'ye zee.
Iss, iss, leek *bells* they all agree;
Want nothing now but *hanging.*

* In abundance. † Thistle.

LETTER IV.

CONTENTS.

Great Doubts and discouraging Presentiment in the Mind of Mister Budge, who seemeth not to like the Posture of Affairs.—He is hurt and offended at a Kind of Triumph among some of Sir Francis's Party.—Mister Budge *comforteth* himself with *Similes* drawn from Cock-fighting and Hunting.—Mister Budge meeteth his Lordship's good Friend Pitt, of whom he giveth a most melancholy Account: no Nod from the King, no Curtsey from the Queen, and the Avenues of Saint James's shut.—Mister Pitt not in total Despondence.—Mister Budge seeth Mister Pitt in a *broad Stare* on Saint James's Clock, and Saint James's Palace.—Mister Budge's deep Reflections on the Mutability of Fortune, with a beautiful and original Comparison.—Mister Budge more than *suspecteth* Mister Pitt's boasted Patriotism and Disinterestedness, from the Circumstance of oppressing the Nation with Pensions for his *Tools*, and *Wives* and *Mothers* of his *Tools*, at the Time of his Dismissal.—Mister Budge exhibiteth a splendid Account of Mister Pitt's Table.—He concludeth wittily.

My Lord, I daant leek things to-day:
Things look dam quare, as I may zay;
  Zomething is in the wind;
Zome ambuscade; zome mine, I fear,
To whisk us all into the air,
  As var az I can vind.

Odswinge, my Lord! we weer long jaws;
We simm to hold out tiger-claws,

Without the pow'r of *pinching*.
Our foes, the refugees of jails,
I'm much afeard, wull clip our nails :
Our corps, my Lord, simm'th flinching.

The Dowl the dirty rogues confound !
They simm more bould, simm gettin ground ;
Zich impudence they show !
" We be cock-sure," the knaves all zay ;
" Iss, iss, cock-sure to git the day."—
And zo they peertly crow.

But let mun crow, and flap their wings ;
We must not simm to meend thoose things ;
Battles baant got by *crowing :*
Foxes and hares baant catch'd by *noise*,
By huntin-horns, and yowlin boys,
By *hollowing* and *blowing*.

Zo let us put our trust in God :
And hope that he hath got a rod,
A handsome one, in pickle ;
To warm their pretty little sides ;
To please their nice and tender hides,
And gee a pretty *tickle*.

My Lord, I've zeed Squire Pitt again;
He shaked his head, and simm'd in pain
  Bout Mainwaring's election:
He shrink'th his shulders, wish'th un well;
But, vur az I can zee and tell,
  Caan't gee un much *protection.*

Vor Pitt his zell, I vend, my Lord,
Caan't git vrom *one* Gert Man a word;
  You know *who* tis I mean:
No, nor a syllable, I'm tould,
No, truly, not for love nor gold,
  Vrom his old friend the Queen.

Agosh! Saint James's doors be barr'd;
And that, you'll zay, is cruel hard:
  But Pitt is still in *hopes;*
Stoutly resolv'th to risk his all,
To storm the fortress, mount the wall
  By ladders or by ropes.

I zee un both by day and night:
A look'th a mallancholy sprite;
  Zo zad, zo woe-begone!
He hath most damnably been *dish'd;*
And zo *must* look confounded *wish'd,*
  When all is zaid and done.

Zome days I zee un go an airing,
And in the streat I've zeed un staring
Against Saint James's clock;
And when the yard I zee un spy,
"Ah, Lord! *zome people's* tails," zaid I,
"Have had a dowlish *dock*.

"*He* that was once so gert," thoft I,
"That cock'd his nose zo mainly high,
Zo gert in all the *shows**;
Is now chopvallin, tern'd out o' place:
Among the gold and silver lace,
A daan't put in his nose."

But to my zell I zaid agen,
"It is the common case of men;
Now *up aloft*, now *down:*
Leek boys and girls, a laughing rout,
In flying coaches tern'd about,
In fair and market-town."

And yet, my Lord, I cannot zay
Pitt travell'd with *clean hands* away:
Vor when at last he vound

* Levees and Drawing-rooms.

That all his cunning *wudn't do*,
And that a must be forced to go,
And coudn't keep his ground;—

What did a do? Why, bad enough:
All that his *tribe* could carry off,
Ecod, away they carr'd it.
Lord Grenville and his *mumping* Wife,
The Lord knows what they did *for life;*
Most *lovingly* they *shar'd it.*

Agosh! my Lord, twas leek the French:
When they be kick'd out o' the trench,
And forced, the dogs, to run;
They catch up evry thing they ken,
Daan't leave a duck, nor cock nor hen;
All goeth az shore's a gun:—

Zo that the conquerors, when they cum,
Caan't vend a drap o' gin nor rum,
No, nor a rend o' cheese;
All that they leave behend, agosh,
Is nort but mucks, and rags, and trosh,
Bezides the rats and meeze.

And than one Canning, a poor boy,
Took from a school to his employ,

Once thoft a huge deep thinker;
He, like a very duteous son,
Got nice *tid bits* for *Mother* Hun,
And *brother Tom* the tinker;—

And *zister* Peg, and *zister* Joan,
With scarce a flannel *dicky* on,
As vur as I can larn;
Broken down Actresses, they zay,
That in the country used to play
Vor herrings in a barn.

Now though this *curious* young man got
A hundred thousand with Miss Scott
(Egad! a fortune thumping),
Behold! a hadn't got the heart
To give his family a peart;
Zo zent mun out a *mumping*.

I caan't zay that I leeke the plan,
That evry lab'ring sarvin-man
Shud sweat to nurse *their prides;*
But zome (or there be lying tongues)
Can very *coolly* cut large *thongs*
Vrom *other* people's *hides*.—

My Lord, zince Mister Pitt's disgrace,
I often knack in at Park Place
(A liv'th at number vive);
And there I talk with Will and Tom,
About things past, and things to come,
And zee'f they be *alive.*

Vor though they zay the man is *poor,*
I zee no signs of *that,* I'm zure;
There's meet for man and mowze.
Where tis he get'th it, I caan't tell;
But fath I leeke his kitchen's smell:
He keepth a roaring howze.

Sarvants in lace zo fine and big,
And evry one as fat's a pig;
And why vor?—evry minute
Out com'th a bottle and a jug;
In com'th a choice and foaming mug,
And evry nose is in it.

While he, poor man! I'm bould to think,
Hath nearly now drink'd up his drink:
He may thank his own self vor't;
If any body might *suppose,*
And take a *guiss* from his red nose,
His *veins* all run with *port.*

You know, my Lord, that people zay,
How evry dog hath got his day;
Now Mister Pitt's was *fine:*
And you've had *yours,* leek all *gert men;*
And now, my Lord, I wonder when
That I shall look pon *mine.*

POSSKREP.

I'VE just knack'd in at Mister Pitt's;
The Sarvants half out o' their wits,
Zich running in and out!
Poor man, he mak'th most cruel groans:
Sir Walter try'th to ease his bones,
And call'th it *flying gout.*

I daan't know what a mean'th by *flying:*
I think the Gentleman is dying;
Now that's my sense of things.
"A flying gout!" well, zo it may;
And zoon I think will *fly away,*
With Pitt upon his *wings.*

Excuse the liberties I take,
And observations that I make;

God know'th, I'm no great judge.
Having no more to zay or write,
I wish your Lordship a good night;
And rest your sarvant, BUDGE.

LETTER V.

CONTENTS.

A wonderful and unexpected *peripetia* in the Election Drama, by the Means of the Millers in Ambuscade.—Mister Budge seemeth full of Lamentation.—His Friends put on sad Faces.—Comforteth himself with the Hopes of *future* Success.—Mister Budge desponds—wisheth to have a pitched Battle with some of Burdett's Party: but, on Recollection, deemeth it not prudent to exhibit his Prowess; giving an *Irish* Reason, rather unfavourable to the *heroic* Character of Lord Rolle and *himself*.—Mister Budge disliketh the Triumphs of Sir Francis, and also the honourable Circumstance of being drawn in his Coach by the Mob-ility.—He entertaineth Hopes from the *Virtue* of a *select Committee*.—Mister Budge telleth a very good Story of Farmer Tab, which seemeth to be *known* by many People *out* of Trade as well as *in* Trade.—Farmer Tab's Story *endeth*, and Mister Budge *concludeth*.

Good Gosh! my Lord, prepare to hear
Zomething that waan't much please, I vear;
A two-and-forty pounder.
Zounds! we have nort but loosing tacks;
We now be humbled pon our backs,
Lord! Lord! as vlat's a Vlounder.

When all simm'd quiet, neat and snug,
Safe as a Vlea within his rug,
Afeard of no vlea-killers;

Up vrom their ambush where they lied,
And rushing like a main Spring-tide,
Up leap'd a pack of Millers.

To tell your Lordship of our *looks*,
It is not in the powr of *books*.
Now, what then shall I say?
Why, fath, we look'd as whit as Witches,
At all those dourty sons of bitches;
Twas horror and dismay.

Sir Francis laugh'd: Mainwaring stared;
And, thoff a Justice, curs'd and swear'd,
And zed it could not be:
And all Mainwaring's friends about,
They kick'd and made the damdest rout,
Zo down in the mouth was he.

Twas sartinly a *cunning* trick,
And zo our Cock hath had a nick;
Iss, iss, we've lost the main:
His droat is cut, and there he lieth;
He must give up the ghost; he dieth,
He'll ne'er git up again.

It is in vain to curse and zwear;
Az Frenchmen zay, "*fortin a guere:*"

Tis nonsense to be subbing:
And though they *now* have got the battle,
Herearter we may meet the *cattle*,
And gee the dogs a drubbing.

My Lord, I lang'd to try a bout
With zum o' Burdett's rabble rout:
I'd zoon a pugg'd their guts;
And gid mun menny a lammin lick,
And made mun of Elections zick;
I'd gid mun all the *butts*.

And *it*, tis best as tis, *perhaps;*
We mert a catch'd zum arterclaps,
And be well drash'd vor sterrin:
Iss, iss, I mert a goad to pot,
And got less credit than we got
In *Ireland* by the *berrin*.

You meend, my Lord, the *famous* day
When vrom the *corpse* we *runn'd away*,
Afeard the French wud skin us;
Dreaving, nor looking once behind;
Coosing leek Greyhounds and the Wind,
Az though the Devil was in us.—

Well, now again for th' old affair:
We be zo mad az we can stare,
  Leek Curs we drap our tails;
While Burdett's rogues in triumph run,
And whoop and hollow, make zich *fun;*
  Zo proud they hoist their sails:—

And, leek gert fools, the rabble rout
Took from the coach the hosses out,
  To drag Burdett along.—
Had *I* beed *coachman*, I'd a drash'd mun
Leek Jackasses, I'd zo a lash'd mun,
  And wear'd out menny a thong.

The Mob waan't leave bevore they're hang'd;
They want most hugely to be bang'd,
  They caan't leave their vagaries:
Near Cold-bath Fields they lerk about,
To try to git the jailbirds out,
  And flay alive poor Aris.

We talk of *scrutinies*, my Lord;
The Curt th' *expenses* wull aford,
  And zom vokes in the *city:*
We *yet* may zend mun all to Hell,
If we contrive to manidge well;
  And chuse a *good committee.*

I'm tould, and I believe tis true,
There is not in Burdett's whole crew
Dree honest men among mun.
Though carrin, negers, mangy curs,
Oh how I lang to comb their furs!
Oh, damn it, how I'd thong mun!

They *shud* ha *zom veow* honest men,
At least bout one or two in ten;
But, zounds! they've *none* at all:
And if we sarch the crew all round,
Lord, Lord! what iz there to be vound?
Examine gert and small.

With your good leave, I'll zet bevore ye,
My Lord, a midget of a *story*
Of Farmer Tab, my neighbour.
Zays Farmer Tab, one day, to me,
" When I begun the world," zays he,
" I was obliged to labour.

" And zo," zays Farmer Tab, zays he,
" I thort that I wud *honest* be,
And never wrong a soul.
Ah! Lord, I quickly *went to pot:*
Iss, by my *honesty*, zoon got
Into a dirty *hole.*

" *Now*, what shall I do *now?* quoth I:
A bit o' *roguery* let me try.
And zo I tern'd a rogue;
And got a *mint* o' money *zoon;*
Could lie abed, agosh, till noon;
A charming lazy dog.

" But Lord, Lord, Lord! it was not long,
Poor bird, bevore I changed my zong;
Iss, I was forced to tridge
Vor *writing* pon a *piece o' paper:*
I really thort that I shud *caper*,
When brought bevore the Jidge.

" But by God's *marcy*, and a *bribe*
Deliver'd to a sartin *tribe*,
I saved my neck a rope.
Well, what, quoth I, shall I do *now?*
What method take, to speed the plough?
Ah, Lord! I'm out o' hope.

" Not *honesty* nor *roguery* do!
Says I, Lord, looking wondrous blue:
And then I scratch'd my pate;
And fath, *scratch'd in* a pretty thought,
That grist to mill abundance brought,
And made a good estate.

" And zo upon a scheme I fix'd:
Roguery and *honesty* well *mix'd*
May do, zays I, the feat;
And zo at once to work I went,
And mix'd mun to my heart's content,
Half honesty, *half* cheat.

" And *now*, thank God, I *turn a penny*,
Live *creditable* too as enny,
By *mixin* mun together.
By this, Jo, thee and thy old wife
May laugh at all the storms of life,
And ha good sunsheen weather."—

Zo end'th the tale of Farmer Tab:
But Burdett and his crew, the scab,
Treat *honesty* az *nort;*
And, thoff they've prosper'd theeze one time,
I hope that vor zom other crime
The devils wull all be *cort.*

LETTER VI.

CONTENTS.

Mister Budge, having finished his History of the Middlesex Election, giveth a History of his Visit at Mister Pitt's House, in Park Place; where a very curious Conversation taketh place between Mister Budge and the Servants, that showeth what *wonderful Liberties* Servants take with their Masters behind their Backs.

You bid me go, my Lord, and quare
Vor Mister Pitt; zo I went there
And nack'd, and zo stapp'd in.
Zays I, "My Lord hath zent to know,
How Mister Pitt doth do, and zo."—
Zo Thomas stroked his chin,

And hemm'd and ha'ad: at last says he,
"Look, Joe; I'll tell thee what, dost zee:
Our Measter is dam bad.
A drink'th too hard, muddleth his head,
And not till vour a goeth to bed;
That mak'th me cursed mad.

"Measter's a toper evry inch:
Egod, I never know'dn flinch;

Iss, Measter wull die *game.*
He'll never *run,* I'll answer vor't;
He waan't forsake the good old Port,
And *quinch* his *nose's flame.*

" And zo what signifieth the pills,
And trade, that a large basket vills,
That Doctor Farquhar zends?
Lord, Lord! why evry sarvant laughs,
To zee the boluses and draffs,
While Measter never *mends.*

" Ere long, he'll zing another tune:
I think we shall ha mourning zoon;
Death wull be vor'n too cunning.
We have rare times o't, to be shore;
No key upon the cellar-door,
The cock for ever running."—

" Thomas," quoth I, " I hugely itch,
To know if Measter Pitt be *rich:*
Hæ, Thomas? *lean* or *fat?*
By many peepel I've be told,
That, was a to be bought and sold,
A isn't worth a graat."—

" Zo many peepel zay," quoth Tom ;
" But trust me, Joe, tis all a hum,
A *trap* to take in ninnies :
Pertending to be cruel poor ;
But, az we zay here, that's a *bore.*
Our Measter *roll'th* in guineas.

" Yes, mun, he shams, and foams, and frets,
Pertendin a caan't pay his debts :
To prove to all the Nation,
He doth not take their goods away :
Stidding their *int'rest* evry day,
To bring about *salvation.*

" I, I," quoth Thomas with a wink,
" I fear my Measter's name will *stink*
Like carrion vore tis long :
Vokes make about'n *now* no rout ;
They all *begin* to *ven'n out,*
And freely gee their tongue.

" Meend me," quoth Tom, " the man I know :
To Walmer Castle zoon he'll go,
And simm *zo poor,* good Lord !
Pertendin there was nothing sterrin :
Zo make a *dinner* pon a *herrin,*
Upon an old *deal board.*

" He'll git a box of wood or tin,
To put his zalt and pepper in,
And munch his meal at noon
Without a rag o' table-clath;
And now shall ha a dish o' brath,
And use a wooden spoon;

" Make meals on barely-bread and tates,
Pon trenchers too instead o' plates;
Drink nort but dead small-beer;
And that too from a penny jug,
Not able to avoard a mug,
Poor man! no, that too *dear*.

" Old Chatham did the very same,
To git a little crumb o' name,
The damdest eat-all glutton.
He too could live, forsooth, pon *leet;*
Could feast upon an ounce of meat,
And peck a bone o' mutton.

" But when old Pynsant, the mad fool
(Beginning, I suppose, to *drule),*
Play'd zich a mazeg'rry trick,
And gidd'n all his fine estate;
(God help the poor old fellow's pate!
Twas comfortably thick:)—

" How quickly changed old Measter's pallet!
Down his long droat, Lord, zich a wallet
He stuff'd of vlesh and vish;
Vensun and terbot, evry thing
Fit to be put bevore the King,
With evry dainty dish.

" Zich slaying, Lord! vrom morn to night!
The cocks and hens in zich a fright!
Twas all *devour, devour!*
The pigs and poultry, ducks and geese,
And terkies worth a crown apiece,
Cried ' Murder' evry hour.

" Loads tumbled in of evry kind:
Cook laugh'd, and nearly burst her wind;
The sarvants all stood grinnin.
Twas roast, and boil, and fry away:
The spits were ternin all the day,
And all the jacks were spinnin.

" Iss, iss, old Chatham dood the same,
That made the kingdom cry out ' Shame;'
Aye, over, mun, and over:
And Measter's one of the old brood,
The heart and soul, the bones and blood,
As vur's I can discover.

" He trieth to zee the King, I zay,
Drowing his zelf zo in his way,
To ketch a wink or nod.
But, ah! that backy, mun, waan't smoke;
The King waan't take agen his yoke:
No, no, a waan't, by God.

" The King was hamper'd long enew,
And now bidd'th leading-strings adieu;
Iss, bidd'th mun go to Hell.
Now this geeth all the world delight:
The Gentleman is in the right,
Agosh! to please his zell.

" Thou zeest, Joe, that I speak my mind;
And trust me, zoon the world will vind
Our Measter's virtue *fudge*.
Tis true, Joe, ev'ry bit, I'll zwear:
As true, Joe, as that thee stand'st here;
Az true's thy name is Budge.

" One may zee daylight, iss, iss, faith,
Droo a small hole, the proverb zaith.
I neither make nor mend.
O Lord, I daan't tell all I know;
But mum, I'm dumb, I'm dumb, and zo:
Cats wink that be not blend.

" Zome friends call now and then to zee'n,
And little crumes o' comfort gee'n,
And tell'n about the King:
Then with a stare he shak'th his head;
Az much az though his mouth had zed,
Ah, Lord! tis no zich thing."—

" Now, Tom," quoth I, " about *reform:*
Thee meendst the gert and merty storm,
Bevore he got in place."—
" Aye, aye," zayd Tom, " I meend the day
When Measter starm'd and fumed away,
And put up his long face.

" I heerd un often, with his gang,
Aboo stairs pon th' affair harrang,
And joking with the Duke;
Yes, fath, I heard their conversation,
To think how nice the gudgeon Nation
Got hang'd upon their hook.

" But, Joe, th' Old Bailey was the worst,
Where Measter ginst his will was forced
To gee his davy in:
The Curt at once leek Bullocks stared;
His friends that followed'n were scared,
His enemies pon the grin.

" The Jidge, his friend, that wish'd un well,
Wish'd he would recollect his zell.
Ecod, he was near *cort*.
Zo Measter hemm'd, and stettering zaid,
He thort his mem'ry was *decay'd*,
And cruel, cruel short.

" And zo the Jidges zaid *they* thort:
And then a wink went round the curt;
And Sheridan, the thief,
Who never spar'th a man an inch,
Gid'n a dam confounded pinch;
Agosh! was in his *beef*.

" Joe, thee'st a zeed a Paper Keet
Heigh mounted, tackle all complete,
When, Lord, the string break'th, snap:
Than how a wheelth! now high, now zunk;
Dipp'th here and there, leek a man drunk;
When down a tumbelth, *zwap!*

" Agosh! zo our poor Measter vall'd.
Most cussedly the man was maul'd;
Iss, iss, a zing'd dam smaall.
Twas lucky too; vor, had the Jidge
Owed'n a spite, or bit o' gridge,
T'had been a *harder* vaall.

" But all's blow'd over now, friend Joe;
Thee know'st, that happen'd long ago:
Tis now become a joke.
But there, Joe, as vor thee and I,
We mustn't speak our meends; vor why?
We mustn't tich *gert* voke.

" Measter's a Greandenstone, zo rough;
He is not complaisant enough,
Not civil to the Crown.
And than remember the poor Prince:
Lord! how my Measter made'n wince!
Zwinge! how a let'n down!

" He did behave t'un cruel hard;
And now he meet'th with his reward:
It is too late to flatter.
His Royal Highness waan't forgee't;
He *lov'th* un, fath, I plainly zee't,
As the Dowl lov'th holy water.

" Holwood wull by and by be zold,
To make a vieow good bits o' gold;
Zo he mak'th wise and frets.
But meend, my Maister dothn't want *wit*:
Ere long, he wull contrive to git
Zome fool to pay his debts.

" He caan't come in agen, vokes zay;
Too menny bars be in his way:
Bezides, the People hate'n;
And, could they git'n in their claws,
Ecod, they'd pound his lantern jaws,
And leek a Bull they'd bait'n.

" Canning the school-boy lurk'd in here.
And zaftly whisper'd in his ear,
He'd git'n from disgrace;
He'd quickly take'n by the poll,
And lug'n vrom his dirty hole,
And make'n show his face.

" He zaid he had be'd sly about,
To veel the Marchants' pulses out,
And for *subscription* caall;
Vor a brass Image vor the town,
To which the people must bow down,
And worship leeke old Baal.

" But this was laughing in his sleeve;
Contrived to make the King believe,
That, when he tern'd out Pitt,
Off went the wisdom o' the Court;
All that remain'd was good vor nort,
It wudn't sarve a nit.

" The Marchants, thoose that deal'd in loans,
That fatten'd up their skins and bones,
All runn'd into the trap:
'An Image, Image!' was the cry.
Od dam the blockheads, then thought I:
What! gull'd by *zich* a *chap!*

" That *zich* a *boy* shud take mun in!
Lord! evry mouth was on the grin,
Dree pearts of theese gert town.
'Iss, *put* the Image *up*,' vokes zay,
'Iss, put'n; and that very day
We'll try to *put'n down*.'

" And zo they wull; except vokes race
To Newgate vor a strong safe place,
Or inside Bedlam walls:
Or, if the world must *zee* his phiz,
The Image must be made to *quiz*,
Aloft upon Saint Paul's.

" Zo much vor *images*, friend Joe:
But thee and I baan't blend, dost know;
I giss, we know what's what.
Well, Joe, as I were zaying, hæ,
Az no more hopes of *courts* I zee,
I'm looking vor my *hat*.

" I've made zome hundreds in my place;
But, az my Maister's in disgrace,
What must a body do?'
Thou zeest I speak my meend out, Joe;
And, as the Maister's *on the go*,
The Sarvant shud *go too*."—

Now zich was our discoose, my Lord;
I daan't know that I've miss'd a word,
No, not a single thing:
And if you shud think fit, or zo,
Your Lordship, if you please, may show
My letter to the King.

POSSKREP.

My Lord, bevore I wrote theese letter,
I heeard the Sarvants grin and chetter
About a thing in hand;
Tis caall'd a Statue for Squire Pitt,
To honour'n vor his powers o' wit,
And sense, that *saved the land.*

They do zo laugh, and make *zich* jeers,
And (damn mun) zo torment my ears,
And mock'n zo in print:

The cheeldish fools shud wear a bib.—
And zee, my Lord, a louzy *squib;*
I'm sure you'll zee nort in't:—

THE STATUE.

"Each good-natured Cit
Votes a Statue to Pitt,
For actions enormously evil:
'Tis supposed, very soon,
At the *full of the moon,*
They will order a *bust* to the *Devil.*"

O Lord! O Lord! I'm pleased enew:
Is *this* all London Wits can do?
Is *this* all it possesses?
I'd hang my Dog up to a stake
This moment, if a didn't make
Pon one leg better vesses.

Now this they christen London wit,
That leek a razor cutt'th Squire Pitt:
Aye, let mun make their bregs;
Against dree straws I'd bet my soul,
That Stephen Tag, of Nacker's Hole,
Should beat'n all to regs.

PITT AND HIS STATUE;

AN

EPISTLE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

STAY but a little month or so,
Your fondness will be much abated;
Even your own hands will overthrow
The Idol that ye have created:
No more your Pyramid supports its *rat;*
Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat.*

ALSO,

LORD BELGRAVE AND HIS MOTIONS,

&c. &c.

You call yourself a Pillar of the Nation.
I fear your Lordship means to *boast:*
Pray make a *trifling* alteration;
And, 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post.*

PITT AND HIS STATUE.

So then, Messieurs, ye Men of Loans,
Who eat our flesh, and gnaw our bones
  Clean as a dog would pick them, all so white;
With goodly *gratitude* ye look
To your great *friend*, the old State Cook,
  And kindly offer him your mite
To rear a *statue* to support his fame;
On crutches hobbling, rotten, lank, and lame.

'Tis very *kind* in ye, I'm sure;
  Yet 'tis but *rouge* on an old whore,
That can't conceal the wrinkles and the scab:
  The Nation's eyes are vastly clear;
  Their scrutinizing power severe,
Discerns a Vestal from a dirty Dab.

What sort of Statue will ye have,
  To snatch his *glory* from the grave,
That seemeth in a terrible decline?
  The *vulgar* Statues to surpass,
  Let it be form'd of *kindred brass;*
In *pure Corinthian* let your Hero shine.

Colossal it will be, no doubt,
To push his head among the Gods;
Cocking his pert imperious snout,
Much like the Bully of Old Rhodes.

Upon the pedestal his worth,
And great achievements, will start forth.
In staring capitals I mark "REFORM;"
With Colonel Sharman's volunteers,
With pointed muskets, swords, and spears,
To raise for dying Liberty a *storm**.

There shall we see the name of "War,"
That many a soldier sends, and tar,
To sleep with their *still* fathers and *still* mothers;
For War, though seeming very *dread*
By knocking thousands on the head,
Makes comfortable elbow-room for *others*.

In letters too all large and fair,
"Old Bailey" on the eye may stare;
Where Justice, with her sharpen'd shears,
Has lopp'd off many a *liar's* ears.

* The Letters sent to Ireland by a *noble* Duke and his *associates*, in order to *force* themselves into power, would have furnished the neck of an author of such treason, of the present day, with a *halter*.

In letters, too, superb and *bold,*
The name of " Income-tax" be told,
That made so many millions *blest;*
And *eke* of poor old "Penny-post,"
That gave so sweetly up the ghost,
T' *oblige* the gaping Treasury's chest*.—

* On Mr. Pitt's silly, cruel, and unproductive *imposition* on the Penny-post Letters, I felt for the humbler classes of society, who seem to be born with passions somewhat of the same quality with those of our *lofty* Rulers; and composed a pretty little Elegy, called the Tears of the Penny-post. The following stanzas are faithful extracts from that *tender* performance; which on some future day may probably be given *entire*, for the gratification of the Public:—

After a most pathetic *exordium*, Madame Penny-post thus lamenteth:

The pensive Housemaid, pretty Susan, sighs;
Susan, a soft, a sweet, and tender lass;
Susan, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
And pouting lips that might for Cherries pass.

"Oh, the vile Pitt," she cries, "poor folks to rob!
This with my humble wages won't agree:
With pleasure twice a week I wrote to Hob,
And Hob, dear Youth, wrote twice a week to *me*.

"Now *only once* a week can we afford
To breathe our souls on paper, harmless blisses!
But what is that to *him*, the savage, Lord!
Who careth not three straws for woman's kisses?

"Soon as a maggot crept into my head,
I caught a stump of pen and put it down:
'What is *a penny?*' to myself I said;
So sent it Hob, a dozen miles from town.

Now tell us *where* ye mean to place
Your favourite Hero's *brazen* face?
Even at famed Newgate let him soar,
And *swinging* grace the Debtor's Door.

" Unmoved by *love* is Pitt; for lo, at College,
He felt no charm in faces, feet, or hips;
But hunted, with the Proctor, to my knowledge,
Poor Girls that *lent* young Gentlemen their *lips*;—

" And when they caught one, like a brace of Bears
They griped her, swearing she should *pay* for *sinning*;
And, deaf as Haddocks to her squalls and tears,
Lugg'd her away, and set her to hard spinning.

" But they were paid in their own coin again,
For clawing the poor creature, huffing, snubbing;
For, with their sticks, with all their might and main,
The *good* young Gownsmen gave the Brutes a drubbing.

" O *gemini!* how I should like to spin
A hempen cord, th' *unnatural* rogues to throttle,
That give up Beauty for a Glass of Gin,
And leave nice Girls, to hug a nasty Bottle!

" But some low fellows, *wretches* let me say,
(But not my Hobby, I am proud to think,)
Think *eyes* were only made to *see* their way,
And *mouths* for nothing else but *meat* and *drink*.

" The very Birds their time on love employ;
And see our Pigeons, how they kiss and coo,
And nod, and bill, and flap their wings for joy,
And fondly whisper, ' *Dovey*, how d'ye do?'

Ye make *too much* of this poor man,
  Stifling your creature with caresses;
A simple Goose is not a Swan:
  Ye ought to *blush* at your addresses.

" What a great soul is William Pitt!
What mind! what energies! what wit!
  Give him a *statue;* vote him *money.*
Great creature! greatest thing alive,
The labouring bee of our large Hive;
  Fill his dear throat with *half* the honey.
His wants are many; ease him, ease him:
Even let the Nation *starve,* to *please* him."

How like Lord Froth and his Dog Faddle,
Who makes his Family's head addle
  With orders, cautions for his Pug!

" When Hobby leaves me with a kiss and squeeze,
  All brisk as Bees my Spirits in a minute,
I twirl my mop about with so much ease,
  And scrub and sing away like any Linnet.

" With such good will indeed I do my work,
  Thinking of Hob's caresses all the while,
I feel my Heart a-dancing light as Cork,
  And feed the pigs and poultry with a smile.

" This, this I swear: Though hungry as a Hound,
  The *stomach* shall not steal the *bosom's* bliss;
True to love's passion shall these lips be found,
  And lose even *beans and bacon* for a *kiss.*"

Faddle has got a four-post bed,
With pillows for his gentle head,
  Nice sheets, and comfortable rug,
With curtains of the finest chintz,
Fit for the chamber of a prince*.

Faddle, the favourite of Lord Froth,
Is comforted with richest broth,
  And victuals too of sweetest picking;
And while the servants of the house
Can scarcely give their plate a *mouse*,
  Faddle enjoys his *roasted chicken.*

Is Faddle sick, Lord! what a yelling!
Heavens, what a bustle in the dwelling!
  Susan and Molly, turn and turn,
Watch the poor creature night and day,
And *such* solicitude display;
  And sigh, and hang the head, and mourn;
And tread with cat-like step the floor,
And with *such* softness shut the door!
Such whispers, and *such* tiptoe stealings,
For fear of wounding Faddle's *feelings!*
And straw is also strew'd before the door,
That coaches may not spoil his *pretty* snore.

* This Dog-story is not imaginary: Portman Square knows *all about it*, and enjoys its laugh.

My Lord too, half his time attending,
O'er his sick Favourite kindly bending,
Administers *himself* his pills and potions;
Tucking, with sympathizing tears,
The bed-clothes round his chin and ears,
Examining too all his *motions;*
For fear that Faddle's tender tripes
(Poor thing!) might suffer by the gripes:
And quitting him at night, there's *such caressing;*
When, *bishop*-like, he leaves the Dog his *blessing*.

Now tell me, every candid Cit,
The *difference* between Pug and Pitt*.—

* I this moment am informed of the actual death of poor Faddle! The Ladies are locked up in their rooms, to indulge their melancholy: a death-like silence surrounds the kitchen; not a jack flying, not a spit turning, nor a poker stirring: his Lordship inconsolable, carrying about the house his lifeless Companion in a box, kissing his cold black muzzle, and bathing it with tears. Cards of *condolence* are expected from every quarter; and the Dog is to be sent, with all pomp, to W——, to be interred with due funereal honours; and to whose precious memory a monument (peradventure a *statue*, by the hand of our *female* Phidias, the Honourable Mistress Damer) is to be erected, with a suitable inscription:

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quàm tibi, Frothi.

It is universally avowed, that Faddle was killed by *kindness*. Mr. Pitt, the great favourite of his Pensioners, Placemen, and Loan-men, seems to be *dying* in the very identical manner. A parallel between the *manners* of Pug and Pitt, may probably form the subject of a future effusion.

Now, to be serious, *if we can*,
Speak, are ye *laughing* at the man?

What! to a *wolf* a Statue give,
That scarce would suffer us to *live;*
Tearing, poor bleating sheep, our fleeces!
Should Honour, Glory, ever stray,
And meet this Statue midst their way,
They'd pull the *folly* all to pieces;—

Exclaiming thus: "A *statue,* Gods,
To one that mischief only plods;
A nation's horror, such a known defaulter!
If *something* to his fame *must* start,
Let Master Ketch employ his art,
And weave the *gentleman* a halter."

I think subscriptions will be *thin,*
For flattering our great Nation's *hope:*
Heavens! how the guineas had pour'd in,
'Stead of a *statue,* had it been a *rope!*—

Before I finish, let me sing
(Sweet Nightingale) before the King;
And warbling tell him, that this fellow,

This Pitt, whose *virtue* damns a *punk**,
(Though not averse to getting *drunk*,
Even in his *soberest* moments *mellow*,)
Wants much to mount the old State-coach again,
If Majesty will give his hand the rein.

Yes, much he wants to mount the old State-car,
And hear a World *his highness* hail:
But *humbler* stations suit him better far;—
What think ye, Sirs, of the car's *tail?*

His Majesty in wisdom shone,
Soon as he brush'd him from the throne;
Just to his glory, to his kingdom just:
Yet see! the worm crawls round its feet,
Wants much to enter it to eat,
And render it a heap of rotten dust.

As for his knowledge in finance,
Not far his Majesty need dance
Before he found one of a happier wit:

* It is a known fact, that when at Cambridge, Pitt delighted in hunting down, with the Proctors, the poor unfortunate Damsels that came fresh from the country; who only endeavoured to sell their lilies and roses to the young Gentlemen, and sometimes to the *graver* Dons, of the University:—

The man that has not *woman* in his soul,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

In this good Nation may be seen,
And *felt*, state-razors full as keen
For shaving us, as Master Billy Pitt.
Pitts are as plentiful as *crabs;*
Or shall we say, Saint Giles's *drabs?*

With nice old proverbs some old books are stor'd;
One I remember of a *fowl:*
" A man must be hard driven to find a *bird,*
Who offers two-pence for an *owl.*"

Talk of an *Irish* face of brass,
While *Pitt* exists! let tongues be still:
A Common, to a Blade of Grass;
An Ocean, to a creeping Rill!

Why come *again* upon the heath?
Already we have lost our purses:
We've nought to give but blasting breath,
Deep sighs of poverty, and curses.

Pitt licks his lips again at pow'r,
Just like a Bull-dog that has tasted *blood:*
Wants the bull's nose; ripe to devour,
And split his belly with the vital flood.
Pitt brings to mind a Pupil of the Gallows,
Part of whose *history* is as follows:—

THE THIEF.

A Rogue, by Honesty long left,
Was by Dame Justice order'd to be stripp'd,
And whipp'd,
For burglary; that is to say, a *theft*:—

A work perform'd by men and boys,
Studying the *natural history* of shops;
Who most ingeniously, without a noise,
Contrive to ope their unsuspecting *chops*,
Drawing forth money, watches, muslins, laces,
With other trinkets that supply the Graces;—

Assisted much by Mistress Night,
Of whom the Bow-street *authors* write;
A Lady who, the World believes,
Keeps the bad company of *thieves*.

The cat o'-nine-tails to his hide
Was most ingeniously applied,
Graving upon his memory the word "shop."
Puss, *Pitt*-like, *deeply* drank the *purple flood*;
But, lo! the Rogue with Stoic patience stood,
As though Puss had not drunk a single drop!

As soon as Justice had perform'd her part
Upon the Rogue's unwincing hide,
He calmly turn'd his back upon the cart,
And, musing, roll'd his eyes from side to side
With a most solemn, philosophic face:
Like my Lord Eldon, on a crabbed case,
Which often comes into the Court of Chancery;
Where his *grave* Lordship, and *grave* wig,
Both with the first importance *big*,
Are very often *puzzled* how to answer ye;
So very *undecisive* in *decision*,
Leaving for *future* Chancery-traps *provision*.

"Well, what art thinking of?" exclaim'd Jack Ketch:
"Thy brain seems devilish hard upon the stretch."—
"I'm thinking," quoth the Thief, with sharpen'd ken,
"Of gutting *that there* shop to-night agen."

Now, *gentle* Sirs, pray ope your eyes,
And learn the art of being *wise*.
Your schemes are idle wholly, wholly;
Ye show a wondrous want of wit:
Th' *immortal* Statue raised to Pitt,
Immortalizeth too *your folly*.

Stay but a little month or so,
  Your fondness will be much abated;
Even your own hands will overthrow
  The Idol that ye have created:
No more your Pyramid supports its *rat;*
Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat.*

LORD BELGRAVE

AND

HIS MOTIONS.

PROEMIUM.

With a set of *weak* timbers most miserably put together, with neither mast, sail, rudder, compass, nor ballast, Lord Belgrave undauntedly ventured to launch his lugger on the surge of politics; which, as might naturally be expected, became the sport of every puff of wind. As the *trifling* intellect is too frequently and unfortunately ambitious of exhibiting its imbecility, his Lordship has been often indebted to the *compassion* of the House. The star that refused him ability, was not wanting in the gift of presumption. A stranger to the wisdom of political debate, yet resolving to be *something* in the annals of Parliament, his Lordship has of late dealt in *motions*. The principal *motion* was, for a vote of thanks to Mr. Pitt, for his *great services* to his Country. Lord Belgrave places his chief glory in fighting under the banners of the

Heaven-descended Minister; whom may God, of his infinite mercy, for the interests of this Empire, take to himself again as soon as he pleases! The sooner the better.

What an Herculean labour, to impose silence on petulant loquacity, and convince Folly that she possesses not talents! Ask Lord Belgrave his opinion of himself; "he shines in *discrimination*." It was his *profound judgment* that led him to his *golden-calf* idolatry. Through this error of the mind, he mistakes the Humming-bird for the Eagle; spiritless Declamation for Eloquence; Inanity for Solidity; the mephitic and deleterious vapours of a Dungeon, for the open and pure air of Vitality; and the cold, greasy, wandering light of a Will-o'-the-wisp, for the fervour and steady radiance of a vertical Sun.

GREAT Lord of Greek, it is my humble notion,
That yours was verily a *paw-paw motion:*
Much like a *motion*, by the Doctor's art
Produced, by jalap or by *sal cathart.;*
Working for Cloacina and her Maids,
In *water-closets* and *embowering* shades.

You've learnt to face a knock-down laugh;
And, though detected in a blunder,
And though your fancied Corn be Chaff,
You will not keep your windmill under.
No matter *how* folks *grin*, or *what* folks *say;*
'Tis *your own* Mill, and Mill *shall* grind away.

Too many a Goose hath deem'd itself a Swan,
And many a Monkey *thought himself* a Man:
With reason too; for, 'mongst the Monkey nation,
I've met with many a *happy imitation;*
Nay, if to speak the truth compell'd,
I've seen the originals *excell'd.*

How many a man, because he has *two eyes,*
Thinks himself capable of *seeing;*
And, finding he has motion, and *calf*-size,
Believes himself an *animated being!*

Discovering in his mouth a *tongue,*
He must not its *palaver* balk;
So keeps it running all day long,
And fancies the *red rag* can *talk.*—

Your Lordship tells me that I joke,
Swearing you never saw such folk;

If that's the case, upon my word,
You keep no *looking-glass*, my Lord.

Numbers are fond of hearing themselves chatter;
Promising Wine, and giving Milk-and-water,
Or that most mawkish mess call'd Water-gruel.
This is not fair, my Lord; 'tis very cruel.

Most men of splendid fortunes, glittering titles,
Think that in *wisdom* they must also *shine;*
As though a house whose front is very fine
Could not want handsome furniture and victuals.

You thought a speech would be the *bladder,*
To speak more pompously, *balloon;*
Nay, let me rather say the *ladder;*
To mount your Lordship to the Moon.

It was a fatal resolution
(Ambition oft mistakes its aim):
'Twas not the ladder of your *fame,*
Alas! but of your *execution.*

If Pitt was wonderfully great,
With wisdom, wit, and fire, replete,
Sublime, gigantic, half a God,

'Tis strange he should descend to *you*
And *yours*, so *ignorant* a crew:
This is a puzzling case, and odd.

And yet we see, without surprise,
A log of wood, a needle, nail,
O'er the fierce Lightning oft prevail,
And lure the Tyrant from his skies;
Send him about, a poor tame thing,
Just like a Lap-dog in a string.

There is a certain and true saying,
Of animals inclined to *braying;*
(My Lord, I hope to be forgiven:)
"An *ass's* voice ne'er reach'd to *Heaven.*"

There lives a Lady, christen'd Vanity,
Companion often of Inanity,
Much like a Finch that feeds the Bird of May
Call'd Cuckoo; a most silly bird,
Resembling, my dear Grecian Lord,
Resembling speakers that have *nought* to *say:*
For *words* are not *ideas*, although words
Are in such plenty found with *noble* Lords.

'Tis said, some men may make their wills
On their *thumb-nails*, for aught they can bestow;
And pray, my Lord, whose voice Saint Stephen's fills,
I should be very glad to know
If all your wit's and eloquence's *grace*
Might not be all bequeath'd in the *same space.*

Had I the power, my first endeavour
Should be, to stop your mouth for ever:
And really I am pleased when Sherry,
With his smart stick,
Unto your shrugging shoulders gives a lick;
Making the pleased spectators merry.

And yet, in spite of Sherry's sneers,
And my admonitory metre,
Your eloquence *must* drown our ears,
Must flow; *labitur et labetur.*
In short, this motion sad of thanks,
Seems one of Folly's *weakest* pranks.

Great is Imagination's pow'r;
Fancy bolts *bran*, and *thinks* it *flour:*
And thus, when Pitt was *bolted* on the Nation,
Numbers, to superstition given,
Thought it a *meteor* dropp'd from *heaven;*
Such was the effort of Imagination.

Yet, if we judge from *deeds* and *fiery face*,
This Meteor issued from a *hotter* place.

My Lord, I hold your knowledges *dog-cheap;*
Sad work indeed, indeed, you make:
You're like one ambulating in his sleep,
That does the actions of a man awake;
Leaps, runs, stands, listens, rides; and then
Unconscious goes to bed agen.

"And am I that poor mechanism?" you cry.
My Lord of Greek, I say it with a sigh.

You call yourself a *pillar* of the Nation;
I fear your Lordship means to *boast:*
Pray make a trifling alteration,
And, 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post.*
You cannot make, my Lord, I fear,
A *velvet purse* of a *sow's ear.*

I grant your life a *virtuous* life:—
I had it from the Baker's Wife*,
The fascinating Muffinilla;
Who, visiting your Lordship's villa,

* Pious and pretty, residing in the vicinity of Milbank; much addicted to *methodism*, and one of the *elect.*

Inform'd you how the Fiend with foot all cloven,
And horns, and tail, and goggling eyes,
Tried to take people by surprise,
And that he lurk'd within her Sunday's oven *.
And then she begg'd your Lordship's *help;* to stop
Her oven, and drive Satan from her shop.

The tears of piety and sweet devotion
That trickling wash'd the roses of her cheek,
Produced, undoubtedly produced, the *motion;*
What's strange, without one syllable of Greek:
A motion that most humbly hop'd
The Lady's *oven* might be *stopp'd.*

'Tis said moreover, that the Spouse
Of this same honest Milbank Baker
Has charms, has beauty, that might rouse
A smile on any Undertaker.

But what of that? 'Twas not the *smile,*
Nor *eyes* that might a Saint beguile,
Nor Muffinilla's dimple sleek,
That *won* upon the Lord of Greek.

* A strict observance of the Sabbath-day had long engrossed his Lordship's pious and sublime speculation. The wicked Bakehouse fell first in his way; and, had not the *motion* been *smelt* and *smoked* by the House, his Lordship had proceeded in his triumph to a most *tremendous* attack on Milk and Mackerel.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *cheek*,
The blushing rival of the rose;
Nor, swelling with desire, her *neck*,
Fair rival of the Alpine snows.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *waist*,
The throne of chastity, her pride;
Whose zone, so chaste, so very chaste,
None but the Baker's *self* untied.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *arm*,
That might a cold Marchesi warm;
Nor *hand* possess'd of *such* nice *points*,
Such fingers, all so round and taper,
Whose touch would make an Angel caper;
And then, *such* sweetly dimpled joints!

Nor was it Muffinilla's *foot*,
Nor *ancle* clean, nor tapering *leg*,
All, near Milbank, in *high* repute:
These ne'er had made him stir a peg.

No: 'twas a rage for curbing evil,
And drubbing that vile dog the Devil.
No: 'twas to break the legs of Sin,
Who dances in the pie and pudding;
A bramble, hooking Christians in,
For ever blossoming and budding.

And yet the World won't give you credit:
They say it, and have boldly said it;
"*Who* work for Virtue? poh, a pretty story!
Who would not rather toil for Vice,
Her pay and pleasures great and nice?
Who fish for Haddock, that can hook *John Dory?*

"Let Virtue preach, and Beauty ogle,
To gain the soul; Lord! which will win?
A pair of minutes ends the struggle:
Poor Parson Virtue must *give in.*"—

"'Tis no fair bet," the Million cries:
"Pit Virtue 'gainst a pair of Eyes;
A Peacock and a rusty Wren!
Jove's Eagle 'gainst a cackling Hen.

"A roguish leer from charming Phyllis,
Of which th' interpretation's clear,
Viz.—'Look, Sir; please to buy my lilies,
My cherries, and my roses here?'
(Most archly pointing to her neck,
And pouting lips, and crimson'd cheek;)
Even Metropolitans of London
Would find their pious efforts undone;—

" And *eke* the solemn *saints* of Canterbury
Might from their holy office slide,
Feeling of love a strong spring-tide,
And passions bustling, running *hurry-scurry*.

" Nay, Metropolitans of York
Would find it an Herculean work
To keep the Imp of Darkness under:
If so, a *weak* and *carnal lord*,
With little stock of grace on board,
For *him* to *founder* where's the wonder?"

Thus cries the World, my Lord, all sneering;
On Muffinilla's beauty leering.

Now, my *good* Lord, if you think fit,
We'll leave the Baker's Wife for Pitt.—

Some gratitude is due, I own,
To your staunch patron, Billy Pitt:
He took much care of you, 'tis known;
A *louse* most surely loves its *nit*.

Yes, Pitt took most especial care
To shield his *stupid* friends from harm;
And, when the day of trouble came,
To keep them safe, and snug, and warm.

Full oft he saved them from hard knocks
Of *wicked* Sheridan and Fox.

Thus, when old Mother Hen, for food,
Is prying, scraping, clucking, picking,
Amidst her scudding, squeaking brood,
The poor weak band of hungry Chicken;
Soon as the Winds begin to sing,
Or rather *play* their *overture* to thunder,
Immediately she spreads her wing,
For all her trembling Chicks to huddle under.

For God's sake, talk no more of Pitt,
His *taste*, his *wisdom*, or his *wit*.
A man with Music in his soul,
Would never keep vile squalling Parrots;
Nor leave a Haunch and Salmon's-jowl,
To dine upon Sheep's-heads and Carrots;
Whose palate wish'd to be thought chaste,
And get some small repute for *taste*.

Yet Pitt could keep his squalling Parrots,
And dine upon Sheep's-heads and Carrots,
When Nightingales had waited on his wish,
And every Table-dainty, flesh and fish.—

Now why that stare, my Lord? By God, 'tis true:
Ye Moths that flutter'd in his ray,
The favourite insects of the day,
I talk of *you*, and *you*, and *you*, and *you*.
What need I name what all the World supposes;
The Belgraves, Windhams, Giffords, Cannings, Roses?

My Lord, I've not one grain of spite;
I only wish to set you right,
And save your future hours from folly:
Of idle vanity the slaves,
Our Men of Rank are food for Knaves;
A common fact, and melan*choly:*
Keen parasites, whose cunning gains
Most plenteous crops from barren brains.

They bid you *talk: my* honest Song
Bids you for ever *hold your tongue:*
Silence, with *some*, is wisdom most profound;
Crack'd pipkins are discover'd by the *sound.*

Now, *good* Lord Belgrave, to conclude:
Since so unmannerly, so rude,
The Devil is pleased our hearts to *harden*
Against your state-schemes and devotions;
Whene'er you choose to make more *motions,*
Begin and end them in the *garden.*

PROH IMPUDENTIAM!

AN ODE.

PRETENDING *love* for his *dear* Country,
Not love for his *dear self* and *dear relations,*
Pitt came with all the family effrontery,
And took possession of the highest stations:
Began of politics the game,
Gambled and lost;
But *who* must answer for the *cost?*
Not *he* indeed, a *duck* confounded *lame:*
Not *unattended,* waddling: no; the Nation
Sent after him her warmest execration.

How like the Gambler betting high,
A thousand on the spinning die;
For *him,* poor devil, a large amount!
He lost; but how must he account?
"Well," quoth the fellow, "Gemmen, *kick away;*
For curse me if I've got one doit to *pay.*"

Pitt brings to mind, a Father to his Son:
"Tom, you are going into trade:
A handsome fortune may *perhaps* be won;
Perhaps you fail; don't be dismay'd,
And let your *modesty* ambition stifle;
So do not be a *bankrupt* for a *trifle.*"

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

AN ODE.

Fond is the human Heart of pow'r ;
  Indeed, it cannot be denied :
We see the tyrant every hour,
  Stuff'd like a Pincushion, with pride.

  Pride is a very stubborn evil.
Set but a beggar on a horse,
Lord ! what will be the fellow's course ?
  The knave will gallop to the Devil.

  Pitt with his green bag once *look'd small,*
  Could *beg* and *pray* in yonder Hall,
Courting the *honour* of a *brief ;*
  Ready to plead for *any* thing,
  Jacobin, traitor to his King,
And every despicable thief.

  But leaving off, at length, *brief-mumping,*
  And *strangely* into *office* jumping ;
Adieu the *modest asking* face !
  Features assume a *different* form :
  The *calm* is banish'd ; and the *storm,*
With all its blustering insolence, takes place.

Nothing his *grandeur* could withstand;
Hustling and bullying, *such* a rout!
In short, the *noblest* of the land
Were just like Footballs kick'd about.

How like the Negro on his Mule,
Tormenting him beyond all rule,
Beating him o'er the head and ears;
His spurs into the creature sticking,
Abusing, damning, cursing, kicking!
For Blacky like a *Christian* swears.

His *quondam* Master, passing by,
Beheld the Beast with pitying eye:
"You scoundrel, hold; is *murder* your design?"—
Quako turn'd round, with a broad grin,
Not valuing the rebuke one pin:
"Massa, *me* was *your* Nega; *dissy mine.*"

When Pitt is the subject, I scarcely know when to remit the lash; he is such a feast for Satire. Should he be restored to that power which, let me say, he in a manner *usurped*, and which he now *fawningly courts*, our liberties will have reason to tremble. The cala-

mities of Kingdoms have often been produced by the sole *ignorance* of a Minister: it is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that our late misfortunes arose *solely* from that pitiable source; and not from the dark, turbid bosom of *malignity* and *vengeance.*

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY
3 3125 00105 3350